Oct. 10, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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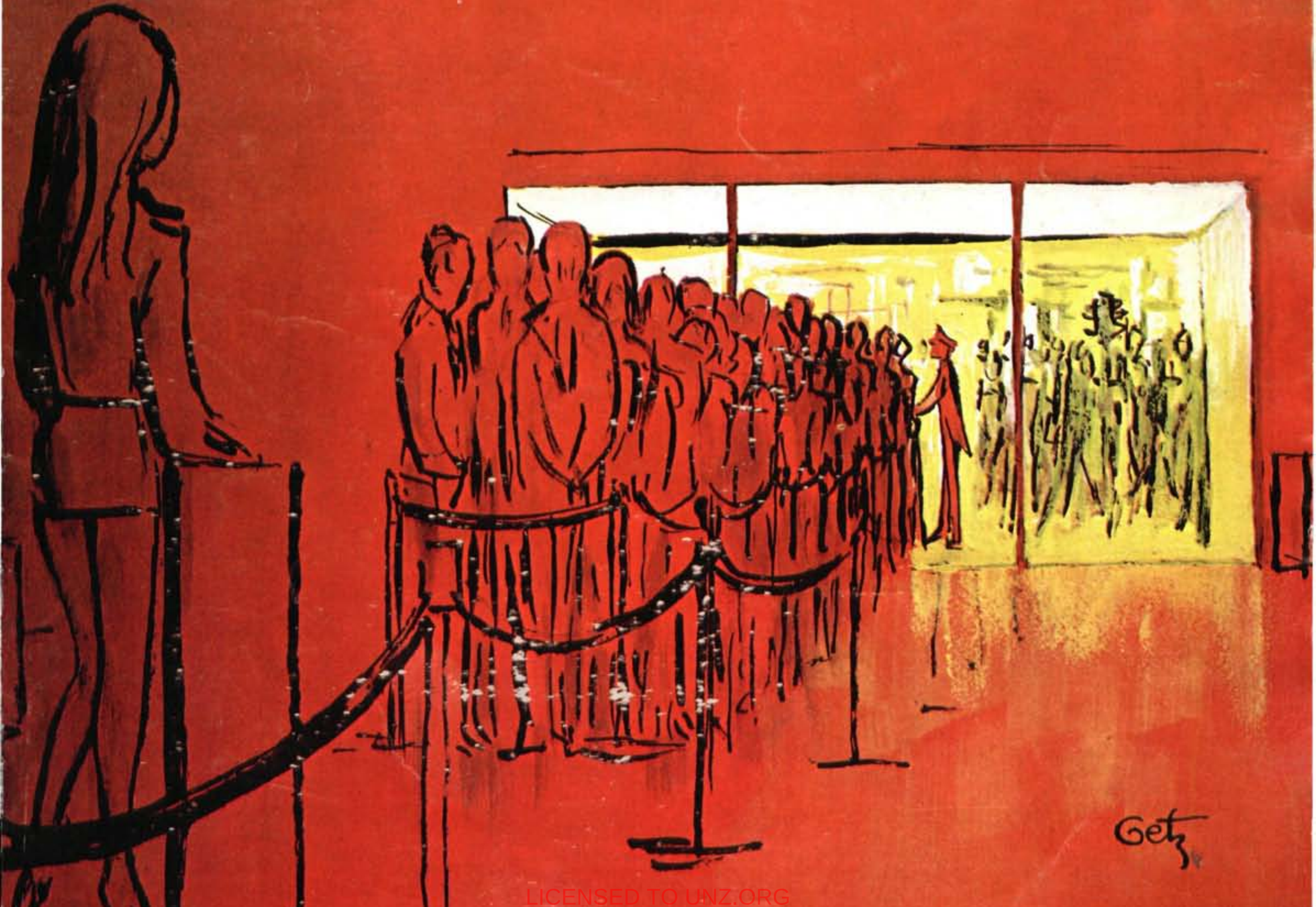

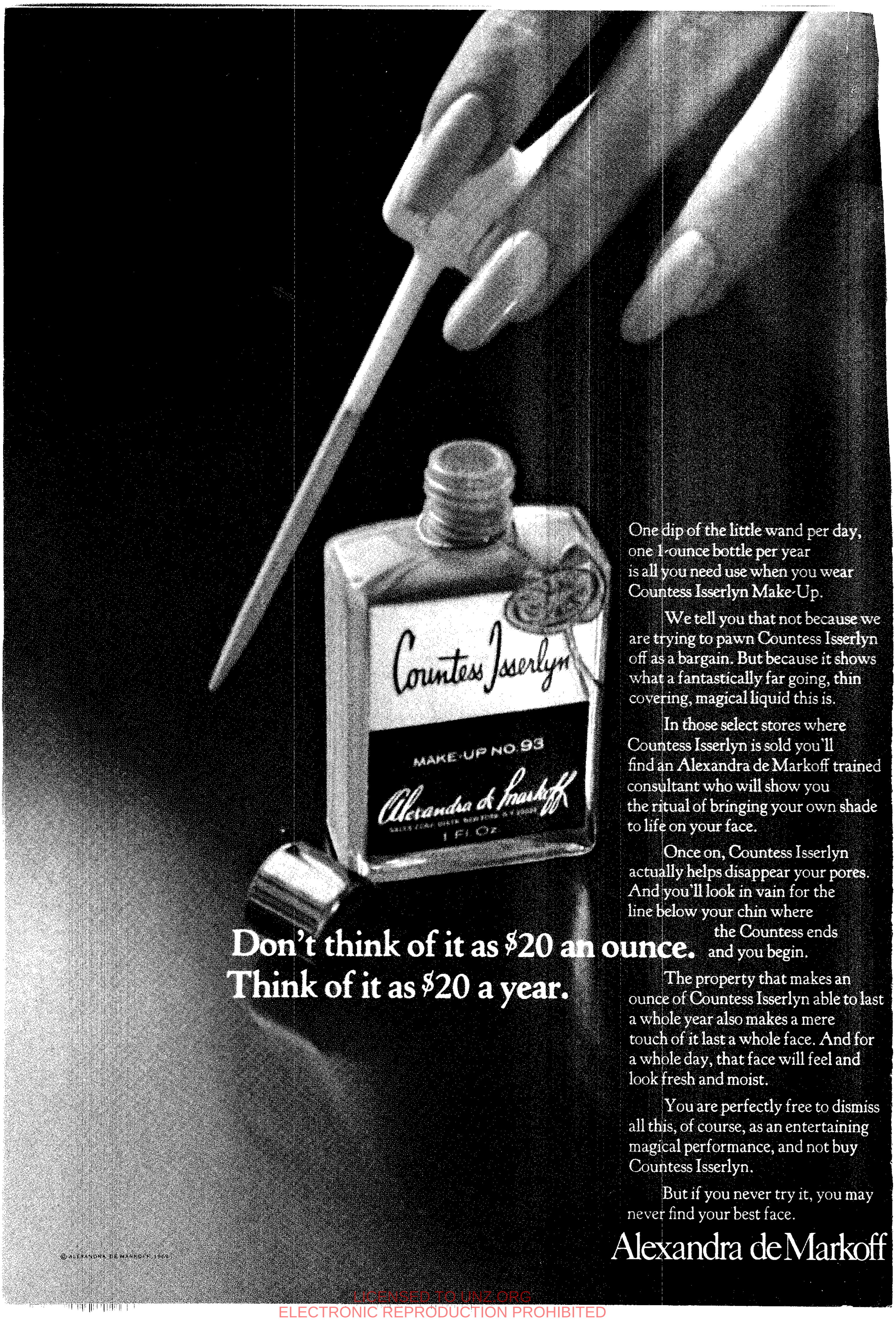

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A play by Barry England, imported from London, with Paul Jones, Jeremy Clyde, Michael Barrington, Donald Pickering, and Elizabeth Shepherd. Directed by Val May. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7-8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 10-11. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 12. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays, except Oct. 9, and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Special matinées Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Happiness Cage—A play by Dennis Reardon, the opening production of the New York Shakespeare Festival's winter season. (Public/Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—Kevin McCarthy in a play by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opium—Roc Brynner in his one-character play adapted from Jean Cocteau's "Opium, Journal of a Cure." Ranald Graham is the director. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—A revival of the Arthur Wing Pinero comedy, and another offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677 6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30 Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays a 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—adaptation and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **butterflies are free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, Rosemary Murphy will re-

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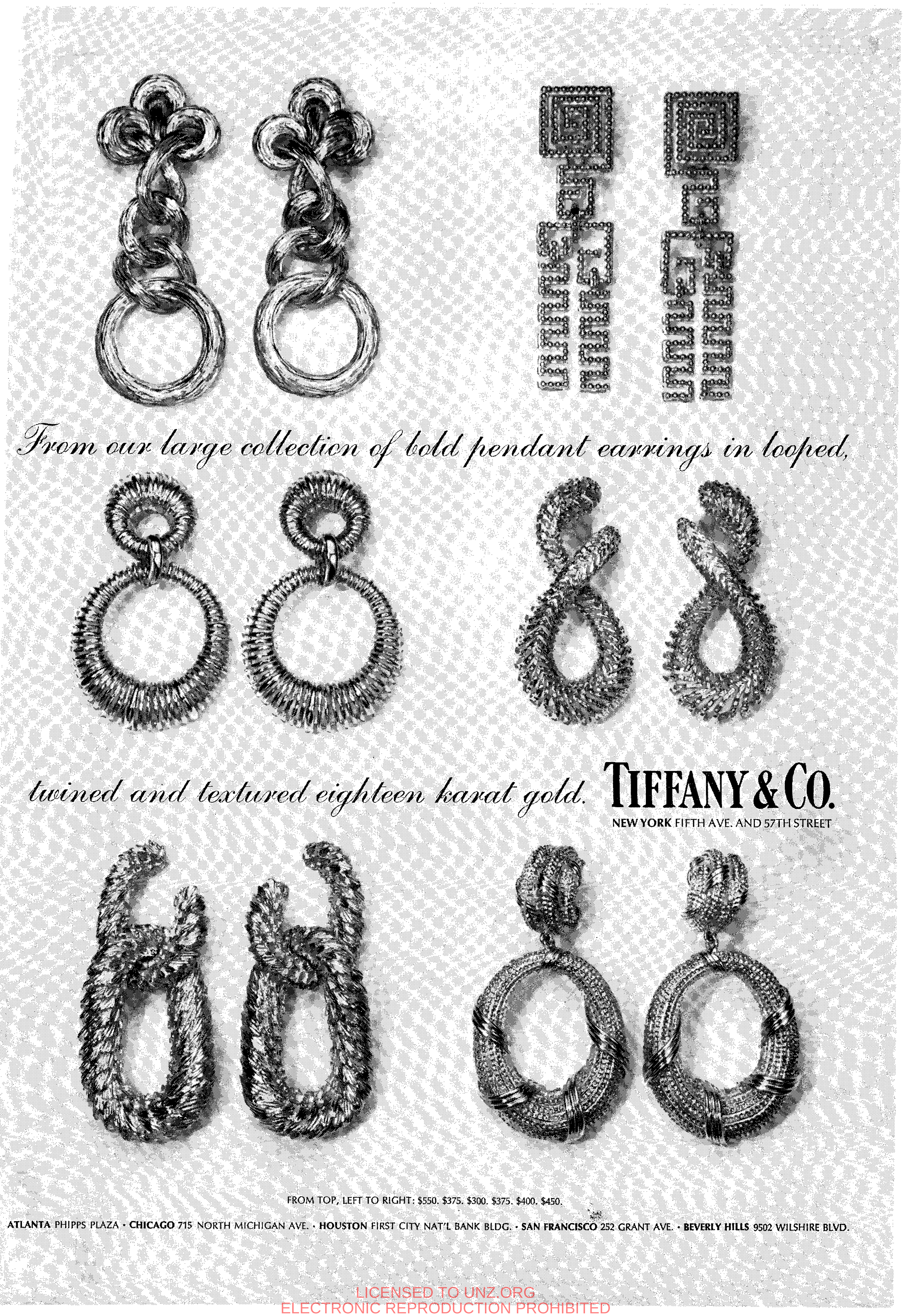

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

place Miss Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Oct. 12, at 2.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BAT—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —That's folk, he said very earnestly, for your book, Haines. Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice, lifting his brows: —Can you recall, brother, is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —I doubt it, said Stephen gravely. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "William Tell Variations," "Trinity" (première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: "William Tell Variations," "Trinity," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "William Tell Variations," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Time Cycle" (première), and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Olympics," "Time Cycle," an "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte.". . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30: "Pas de Déesses," "Trinity," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," "The Still Point," and "Cakewalk.' (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Oases," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Phaedra," "Appalachian Spring," and "Letter to the World." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

ROYAL LIPIZZAN STALLION SHOW—Forty white stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by American Albinos, Andalusians, Arabians, quarter-horses, and Morgans. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 9, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2 and 6; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—John Hartford sings quiet songs about coming together and moving apart. On Wednesday, Oct. 14, Ian and Sylvia stroll in with their basic folk approach, along with a singing duo called Happy and Arty Traum. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to Bobby Timmons on piano and Mickey Bass on bass. Table-hoppers drift about ingenuously. Music from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. On Mondays, Frank Conroy—temporarily switching muses—turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

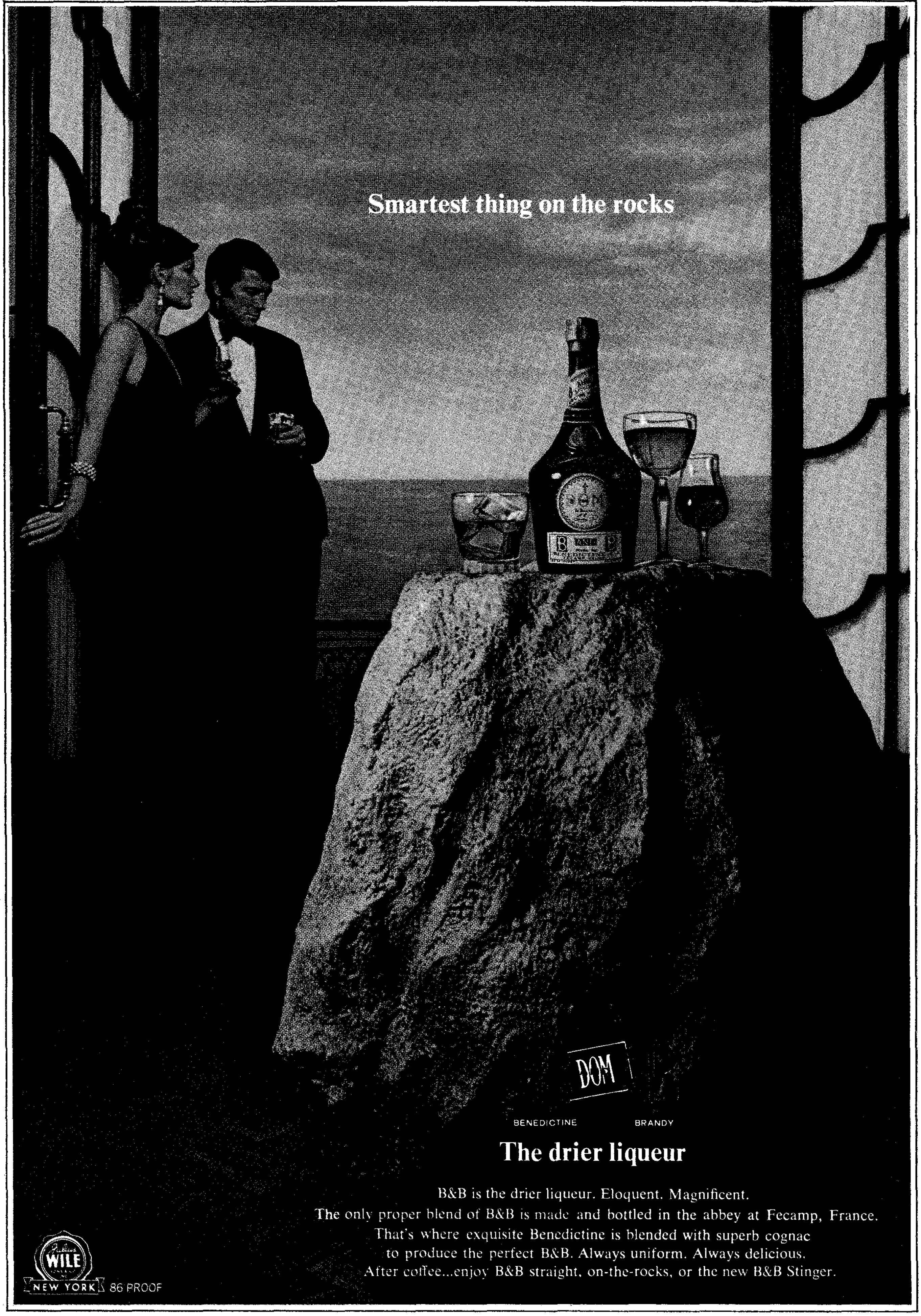
GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, playing twin axes until Sunday, Oct. 11, when Skeeter Best will arrive with a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Reed man James Moody leads a quartet that includes Don Friedman on piano, Mousey Alexander on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. On Tuesday, Oct. 13, another leader will take over. Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her stylized but engrossing approach to old and new songs. Some light Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH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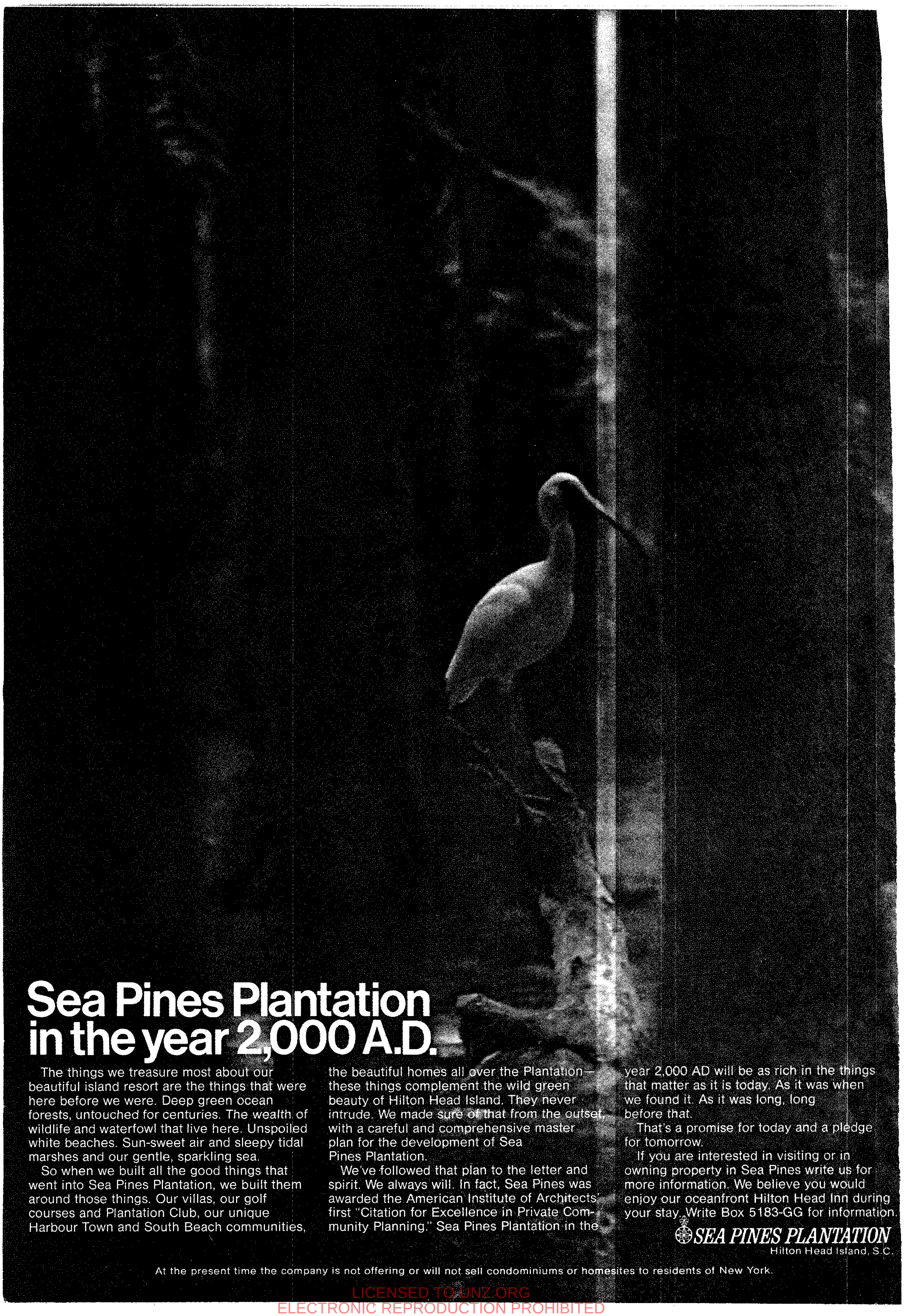

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and smile, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1970 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—McCoy Tyner's fast-moving quintet is onstage until Tuesday, Oct. 13, at which point the Lee Morgan quintet will move in. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio does inventive and bluesy things, sounding pretty good despite the fact that this club has accepted the hip (or hype) myth that all music—even jazz—must be ear-splitting to be good. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy continues. Wednesday, Oct. 7, Elephant's Memory and Molimo; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 8-10, Elephant's Memory and the Cates Gang; Sunday, Oct. 11, 7th Century; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 13-15, guitarist Billy Mitchell and (Oct. 13) King Kong, (Oct. 14) the Munchkins, (Oct. 15) 10th Street; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, Children of God. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Pharoah Sanders, a man of many reeds, is leading his quintet in this dark, funky, and historic basement. On Tuesday, Oct. 13, Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, will bring in a quartet that includes Frank Foster, George Coleman, and Wilbur Little. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of old Manhattan, Dick and Jane are dancing energetically to swinging live groups as well as to records. Between sets, our madcap couple gaze out at the neon glitter of storied Times Square. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Some discothèques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. The records, which are generally well chosen, begin at ten. Dinner is served until ten. Reservations are recommended.

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Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, the Zaras sing and play and so forth. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—It looks like a village street—one that is superior to the real thing by virtue of the absence of motor vehicles. Shops, bars, and an amusement gallery front on the street, and people dance to records on the pavement. Active from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Frontier plays hard until Thursday, Oct. 8, when E Pluribus Unum will make the scene. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

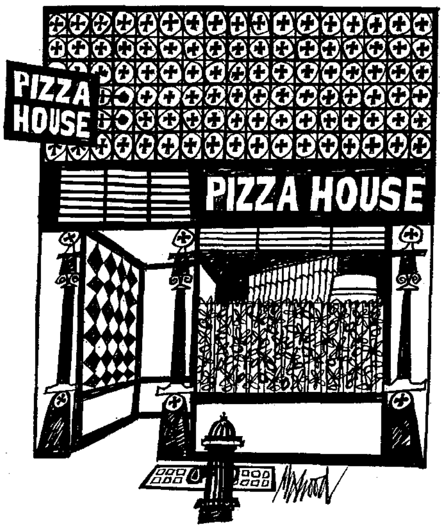
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—From Tuesday through Saturday, it's a Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Sundays, though (from six to ten), and Mondays (from seven to eleven), pilgrims of another sort—Americans upon whose hearts the word "Bermuda" is engraved—come to hear the Talbot Brothers, those mild-mannered crooners and players, make music, often for dancing.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St (581-1000)—In the Royal Box, during dinner and supper, there are the sight and sound of Engelbert Humperdinck, a Welsh rare bit indeed, and as entertaining a Phys. Ed. singer as we'll see all season. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a ship of state and salubriousness, takes its own course on a much more even keel. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The scene is dominated by the invigorating Olga Guillot, who is Latin, lavish, lyric, and lovelorn in about equal proportions. Her linebacker is Miguelito Valdes, a tenor who runs a really high fever. On Thursday, Oct. 15, they give way to Los Chavales de España, the old cavalry squadron that practically owns the place.



Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Joan Rivers, who is much more Women's Lab than Women's Lib, analyzes with high hand and high voice the basic impossibility of married life. And twice a night, at that. On Thursday, Oct. 15, she will be succeeded by Sammy Davis, Jr., a perpetual-motion machine—if a p.-m. machine is what's wanted today. No silent nights. . . . ¶ The ground-floor lounge, a landing stage at the east end of the New York-Las Vegas shuttle, offers—from ten o'clock on—home-on-the-range music from the New Nevada. No nights off, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The downbeat is mostly rock now, and the new gang, Gas Mask, is not about to make any change. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Oct. 7, Enzo Stuarti (Italianate *donner-und-blitzen*) and his tenor begin operating at ten-fifteen in the Persian Room. Thereafter, he will sing during dinner and supper. The bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte distribute dance music throughout a long, full evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at three and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way from seven until ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Steve De Pass, who is singing here now, at dinner and supper, is going to stop this top of the world on Saturday, Oct. 10, because he wants to get off, to make room for Jacqueline François, who, deftly packaged and marked "Made in France," begins singing on Monday, Oct. 12. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette this season is foregoing its custom of mild dinner-and-supper singers of songs, as well as its Manhattan menu, for which it is substituting something more Viennese. The familiar dance music, though, plays on, plays on, as before. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring La Boite, Ray Hartley, whose piano can improve any surroundings, performs in a setting for which any improvement would be supererogatory. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, there takes place a persuasive, even mesmerizing commingling of voice, guitar, and *persona*—José Feliciano. On Monday, Oct. 12, Shirley Bassey acquires the podium, which she will use for a display of womankind in the ascendancy over everything, including song. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, nine-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. His

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In memory of a Budapest that, contrarily, still carries on as ever. Music and dancing (Béla Babai's fevered gypsies); wine, women singers, and song; and Tibor Rakossy, a host of what truly amounts to elegance. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band has again staked out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven most nights, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays and Mondays. Taps generally at midnight, but a bit later on the weekends. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his cheerful piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): When in Rome. A busy-bee enterprise, through which Theo Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

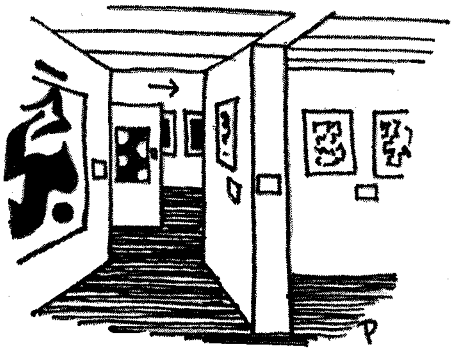
GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, in this artist's celebrated "Homage to the Square" series; through Oct. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

NELL BLAINE—Landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lifes, in oil and other mediums, by a veteran New York artist; through Thursday, Oct. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CHASE—Plastic, wood, and steel sculptures that move and invite participation by the spectator; through Oct. 22. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM CLANCY—Constructions in steel and plastic;



through Saturday, Oct. 10. (French & C 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM—Carefully executed re resentational paintings; through Saturda Oct. 17. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th S Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FISCHER—Eight sculptures made of bre preserved in epoxy, and one in bronz through Friday, Oct. 9. (Loeb Student Ce ter, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia P Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)

PETER FORAKIS AND LUIS CAMNITZER—Rope scul tures by the former and a single "enviro mental," "protest" piece made of boxes an mirrors and words by the latter; through Oc 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mo days.)

RALPH GOINGS AND DONALD LEWALLEN—Painting of pickup trucks by the first and large colo field paintings by the second; through Satu day, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.)

DUAYNE HATCHETT—Abstract sculptures in pol ished stainless steel or aluminum; startin Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marks, 19 E. 71st S Closed Mondays.)

GERALD HAYES—Wall and ceiling pieces in plastic; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Palley, 9 Prince St.)

BERNHARD HEILIGER—Abstract sculptures i bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN HOYLAND—Large Abstract paintings by well-known Britisher; through Oct. 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX KATZ—New paintings by an artist know for his poster-like portraits of his friends through Oct. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St Closed Mondays.)

FELIX KELLY—Historic mansions in imaginar landscapes by a British painter; through Oct 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LONG—Two pieces, one in clay and th other in small sticks; through Oct. 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Gouaches an watercolors by a leading American artist o the early twentieth century; through Oct. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

HOWARD MEHRING—Paintings by a member o the "Washington, D.C., School;" throug Oct. 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH HAYES MILLER (1876-1952)—Paintings of the twenties and thirties by a prominent American teacher known for his canvases of women shoppers and strollers on the streets of New York; through Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ALICE NEEL—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a veteran New York Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BRIAN O'DOHERTY—Fourteen columns of polished aluminum on wood, by an art critic; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

HERBERT PERR—His first one-man show of Abstract paintings built up of small canvases bolted together; starting Saturday, Oct. 10. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE PETERSON (1876-1965)—Fifty oils, gouaches, and watercolors by an American Impressionist who worked abroad; through Oct. 24. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970; through Nov. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY POONS—Recent paintings by a prominent younger artist; through Oct. 31. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES ROSATI—Two large sculptures in painted steel, plus small sculptures in zinc, brass, or bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—Fantastic sculptures based on the use of chairs and incorporating mirrors, pins, yarn, wood, flowers, and steel, in original derivations from Surrealism; through Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE SAVAGE—Paintings of figures in interiors;

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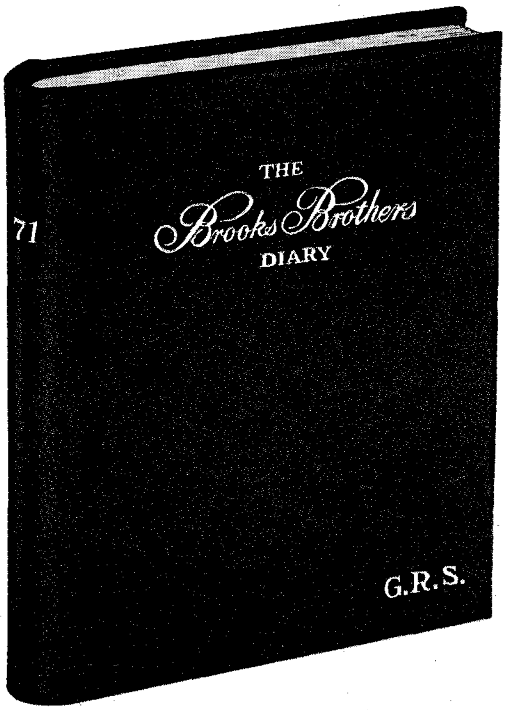

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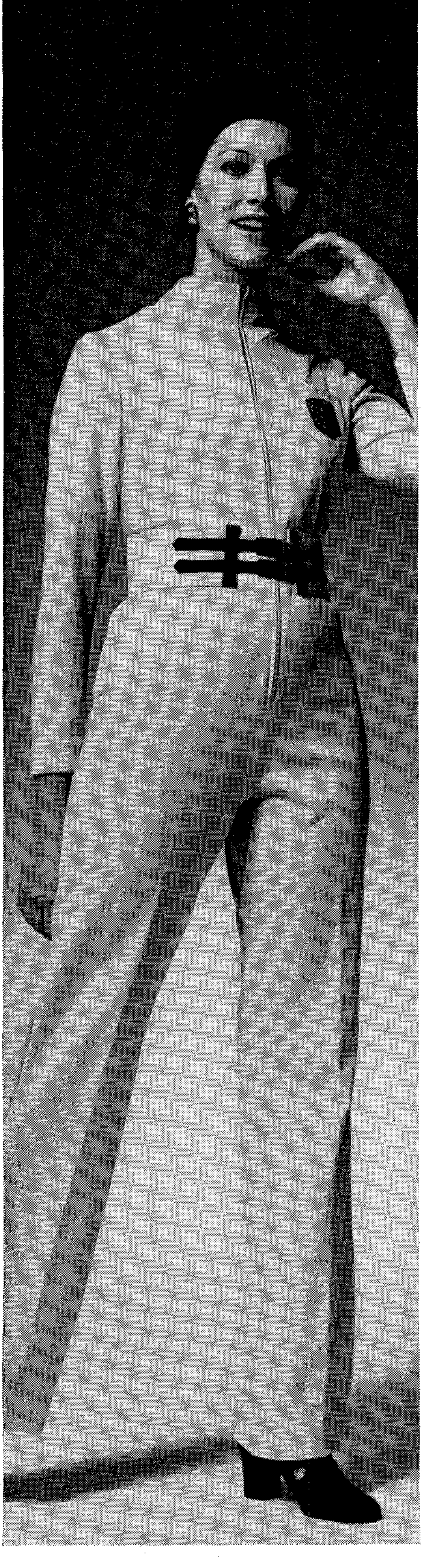


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Strater—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings by an American who worked in Europe in the early portion of this century; through Oct. 24. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Recent paintings and collages by an outstanding Spanish Abstractionist; through Oct. 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; through Oct. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Oct. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Multi-sectional wall pieces in poured colored fibre glass; through Oct. 28. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Elbert Weinberg—Marble sculptures; through Oct. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Constructions and watercolors, some dealing with politics and the art world, by a California "funk" artist; through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICA-ISRAEL CULTURE HOUSE**, 4 E. 54th St.: Works by four Israeli painters indebted to Surrealism; through Nov. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **COMMUNITY ART GALLERY**, 28 E. 35th St.: Works with New York motifs by artists who include such old-timers as Otto Botto, Leon Hartl, and Leslie Powell; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) ... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Works by Corot, Monet, Braque, Picasso, and Dubuffet; through Oct. 31.... **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works of thirteen Chicago artists featuring variations on comic-strip techniques, also windows by Frank Lloyd Wright; through Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.) ... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works by exhibitors at the Armory Show in 1913, including Bellows, Davies, Glackens, Henri, Luks, and Walkowitz; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: More than a hundred Currier & Ives lithographs on such themes as winter, sports, railroads, horseracing, marine, rural, and country life, together with paintings by C. & I. artists; starting Saturday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **MISRACHI**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by seventeen Mexican artists—for instance, Tamayo, Cuevas, and Helen Escobedo; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **777 UNITED NATIONS PLAZA**, at 44th St.: Sixty-two canvases from Indonesia, covering a variety of styles; through Oct. 25. (Closes Saturdays at 1; open Sundays, 10 to 3.)... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including works by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, and Mabe; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings and models for unrealized projects by Oldenburg, Buckminster Fuller, Piene, and Breuer, to name a few; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to Trova and Wesselmann; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper by Alexander Archipenko, from his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18 (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged.... ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and forty works, of Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6.... ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates; also examples of his "concrete" poems. Through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; starting Thursday, Oct 8.... ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; starting Saturday, Oct. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; starting Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; starting Thursday, Oct. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

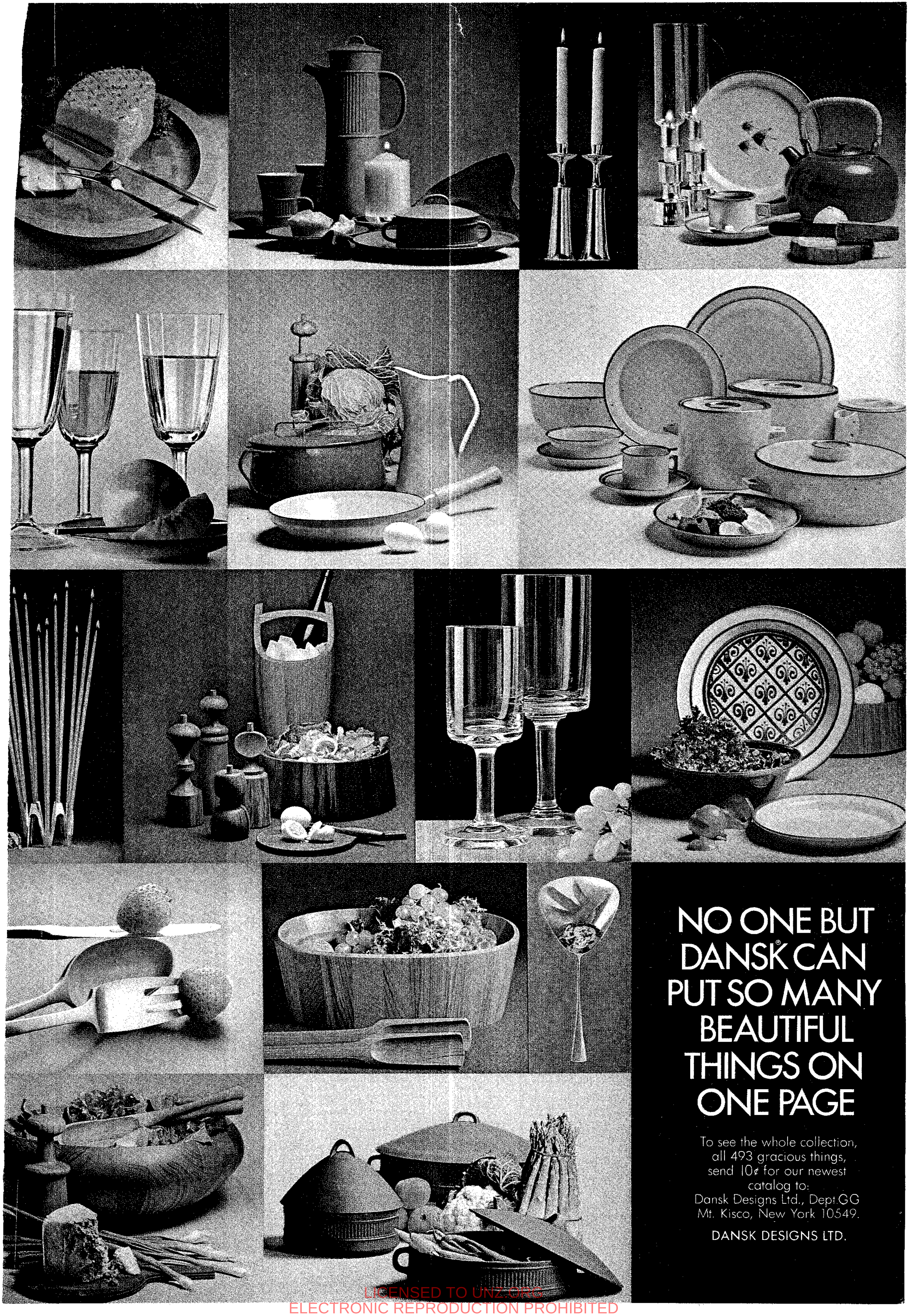
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15-16.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred volumes of French printing, from 1470 (the inception of printing into France) to 1510; through Oct. 31.... ¶ An arresting group of French photographs dated from 1820 to 1865; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 12, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American-Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through



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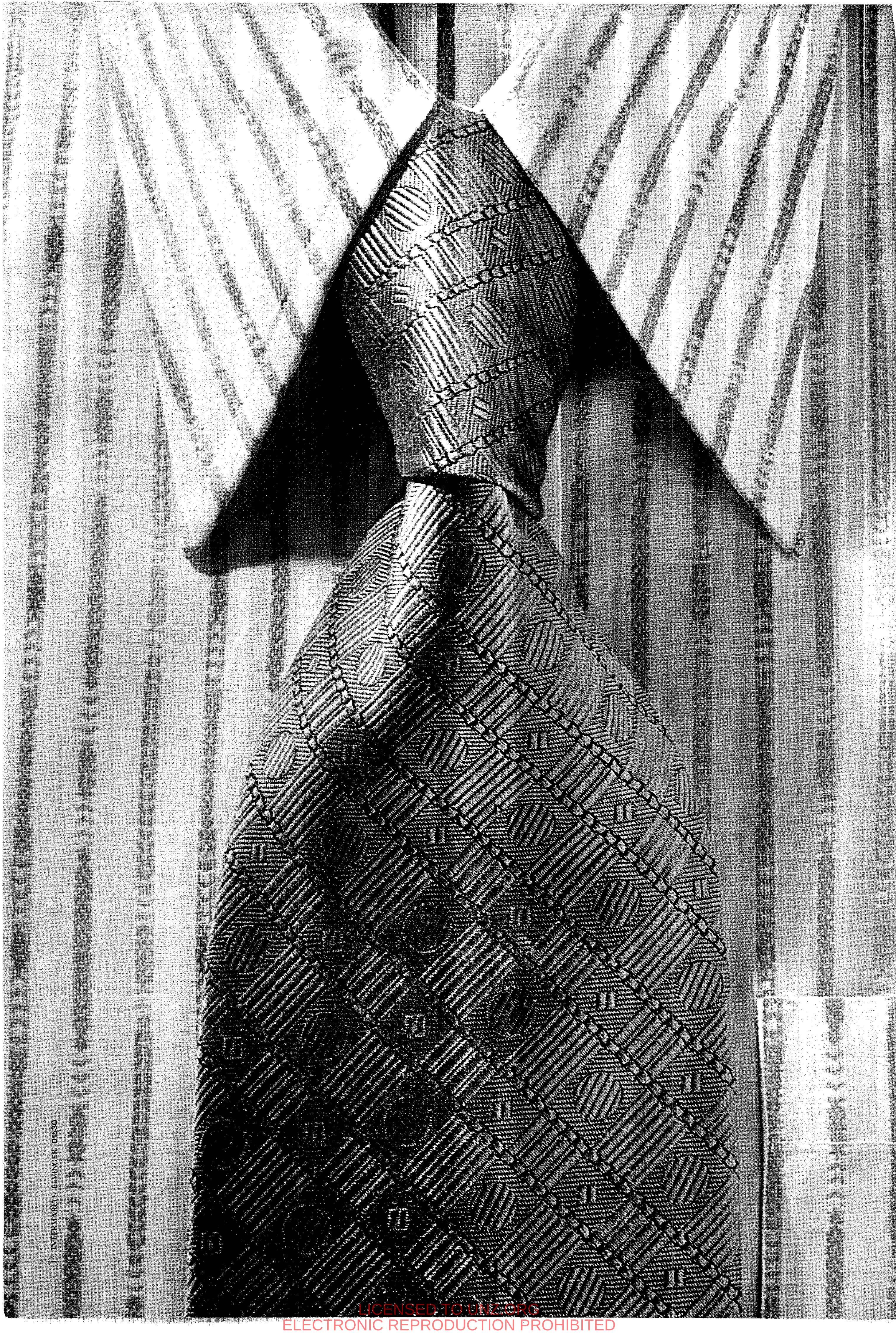
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905 to 1930; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Fiorenza Cossotto, John Alexander, and Ivo Vinco. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 12: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Frederica von Stade, Giacomo Aragall, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 13: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Joy Clements, Irene Dalis, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Joy Clements, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ivo Vinco. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 1:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Deborah Kieffer, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7:15: The company's première of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (all with the Swingle Singers); and an all-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 19, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Earl Wild, piano, in a second performance of the Oct. 6 program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in the first two in a series of four concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 8, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist, in the first of two identical performances; the second will take place Oct. 23. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Armenta Adams—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Alexander Kouguell, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:40.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gary Karr, bass; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 17, at 9.)

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Janáček Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

John Mayall, It's a Beautiful Day, and Flock—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

B.B. King, Butterfield Blues Band, and Elvin Bishop Group—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 8, at 6: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Atlanta (exhibition games). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 10: Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 17: Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Duquesne, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:45.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 1.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Buffalo. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Saturday, Oct. 10.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 7; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 10; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 12; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 16. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Amato Opera Company presenting "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.)

Oleata Basque Festival—Singers, dancers, and musicians, from Bilbao, Spain. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Oct. 17, at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays, except Oct. 12, through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. Visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters from Wednesday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Oct. 24, while the heads of government are attending a commemorative session celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. There will be no tours from Wednesday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Poetry Readings—Adrian Mitchell and Joel Oppenheimer reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, the City Gardens Club, and the Garden Club of America. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 8-13, from 9:30 to 6.)

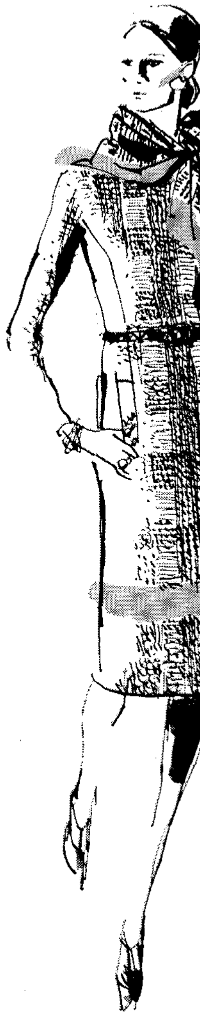
"The People, Yes!"—An eight-day civic-minded carnival that is meant to make everybody gleeful in spite of everything; Finnish dancers, Jewish *tummelers*, Paraguayan harpists, Harlem athletes, Danish singers, a Virgin Island stilt walker, Japanese flower arrangers and karate champions, and Italian pantomimists are among the seventy-five ethnic groups that will take part, along with the customary stage and television stars. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, Oct. 11, through Sunday, Oct. 18, from noon to 10.)

New York Antiques Fair—Among this year's displays will be International Silver's collection of antique silver and Royal Worcester's collection of antique china. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 10; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 13-15, from 1 to 9:30; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, from 1 to 10; and Sunday, Oct. 18, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Klee, Buffet, Rivera, and Mondrian; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles, porcelain, and pottery; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 2: English and Continental silver, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: Fine books and manuscripts, including illuminated miniatures, American bindings, and press books; from many collections. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 2: American paintings, from the collection of Nathaniel Saltonstall and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 9.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of French films directed by Claude Chabrol: Oct. 7 at 2 and 5:30, "Landru" (1962); Oct. 8 at 2, "The Third Lover" (1961); Oct. 8 at 5:30, "The Cousins" (1958); Oct. 8 at 8, "La Rupture" (1970, no English titles); Oct. 9 at 2 and 5:30, "La Femme Infidèle" (1969); Oct. 10 at 3 and 5:30, "The Line of Demarcation" (1966); Oct. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "The Third Lover" (1961); Oct. 12 at 1:30, "The Champagne Murders" (1966); Oct. 13 at 5:30, "Les Biches" (1968); Oct. 14 at 2, "This Man Must Die" (1969); Oct. 14 at 5:30, "Le Boucher" (1969). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 11:30: "The Flowers of St. Francis" (1949), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 3:30: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6 and Oct. 13 at 2: "The New Gulliver" (1935), a puppet film, directed by Alexander Ptushko. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "King Murray" (1969), directed by David Hoffman. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 8: "ICE" (1969). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The last five programs in a series of German silent films: Oct. 7, "Metropolis" (1926); Oct. 8, "The Golem" (1920); Oct. 9, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920); Oct. 10, "The Last Laugh" (1924); Oct. 11, "Waxworks" (1924). . . . ¶ Oct. 14-15: To be announced. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Note—Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fellini Satyricon."

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 13: "Love Variations" and "Model Shop."
From Oct. 14: "Getting Straight" and "The Executioner."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 13: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage."
From Oct. 14: "Patton."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 13: "Monterey Pop."
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "Gone with the Wind."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"M*A*S*H."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Baby Maker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 10: "Cover Me Babe."
From Oct. 11: "The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 13: "Love Variations."
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 13: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage."
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Monte Walsh."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 13: "Underground" and "Ned Kelly."
From Oct. 14: "Pieces of Dreams."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"The Battle of Algiers" and "Black Roots."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 13: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage" and "The Grasshopper."
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "42nd Street" and another feature, to be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Women in Love."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pound."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 13: "Something for Everyone" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Oct. 14: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 13: "The People Next Door."
From Oct. 14: "C. C. and Company."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Sunflower."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Let It Be," "Yellow Submarine," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"L'Enfant Sauvage."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"M*A*S*H."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 13: "Barquero."
From Oct. 14: "Sleeping Beauty" and "King of the Grizzlies."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 13: "Women in Love."
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 13: "Rider on the Rain" and "Don't Drink the Water."
From Oct. 14: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" and "Anyone Can Play."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 7: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Wife Versus Secretary."
Oct. 8-14: "Bombshell" and "On the Town."
From Oct. 15: "ICE."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Fellini Satyricon" and "Life, Love, Death."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 8: "The Lower Depths" and "Beauty and the Devil."
Oct. 9-12: "Fanny" and "The Italian Straw Hat."
Oct. 13-15: "Le Million" and "Under the Roofs of Paris."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 13: "The Passion of Anna" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
From Oct. 14: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Anyone Can Play (1968)—A dubbed Italian film about four married couples. Directed by Luigi Zampa. The cast includes Ursula Andress, Virna Lisi, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 14.)

The Baby Maker—A young hippie (Barbara Hershey) agrees to have a baby with the husband of a childless couple. Directed by James Bridges. (Plaza.)

Barquero—With Lee Van Cleef. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 13.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film, the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 8.)

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Gramercy, Orpheum, and Waverly; through Oct. 13.)

Black Roots—A rap documentary. The talk is about black culture in America. A Lionel Rogosin film. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed, from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (New Yorker; Oct. 8-14.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. The spoof falters. In French. (Cinema I.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Greenwich; through Oct. 13.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

C. C. and Company—With Joe Namath and Ann-Margret. Directed by Seymour Robbie. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 14.)

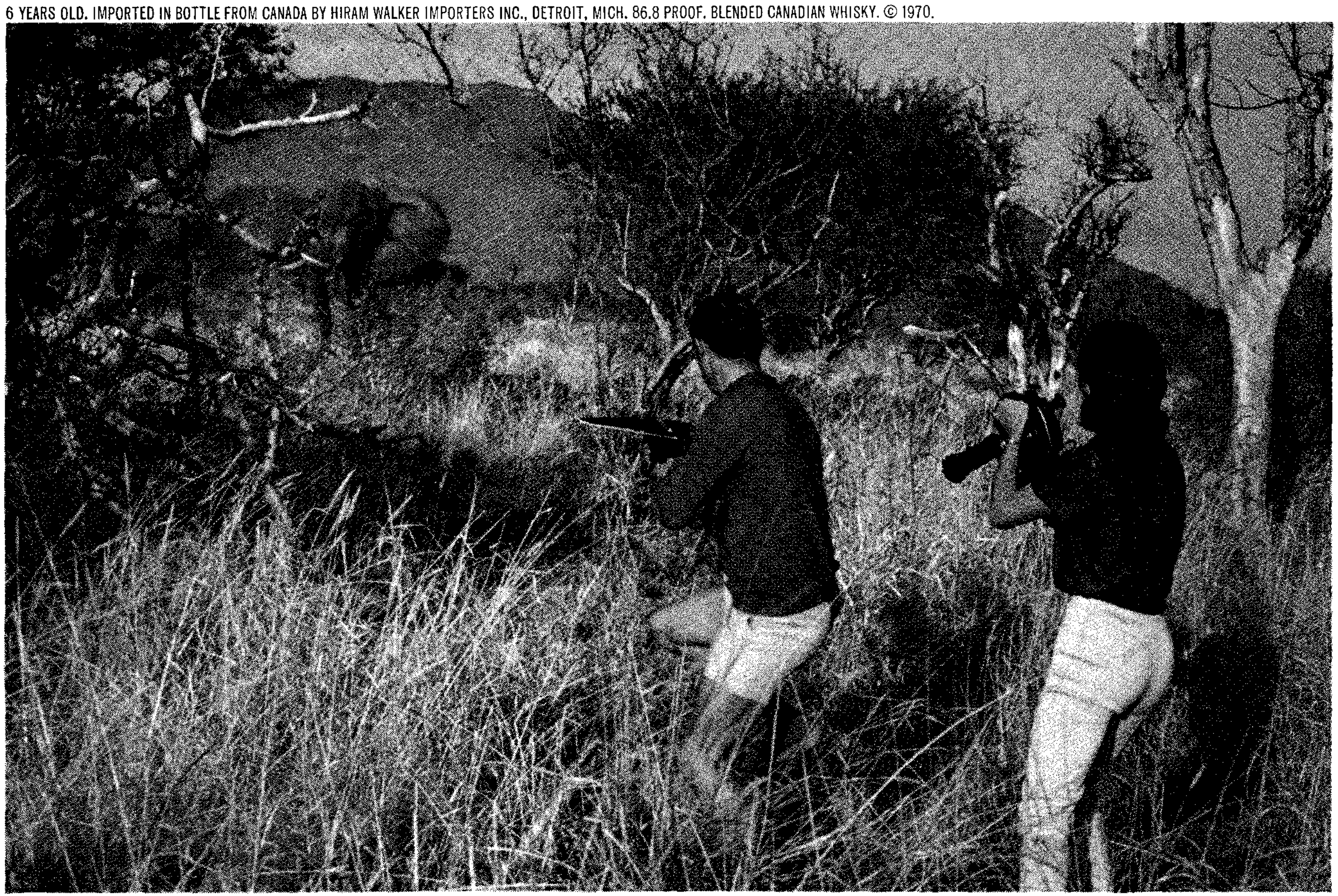
Cover Me Babe—Robert Forster as an angry young filmmaker in a movie that might be a segment of "Bracken's World." Noel Black directed. (Baronet; through Oct. 10.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Beekman.)

Don't Drink the Water (1969)—Jackie Gleason in the film of the Woody Allen play. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 13.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film, in a beautiful black-and-white

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1970.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"®.

"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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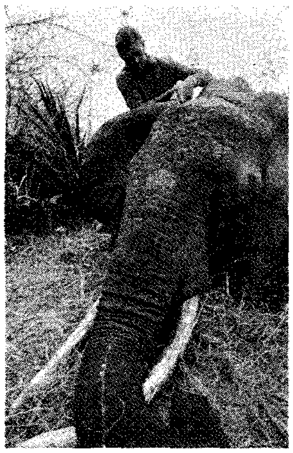
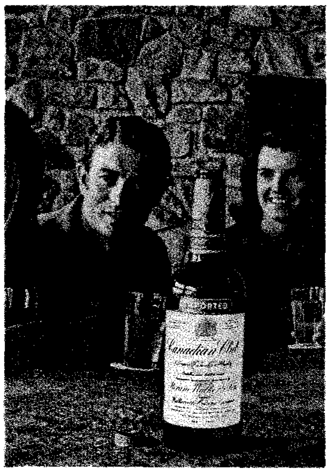
2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the sisal plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep.



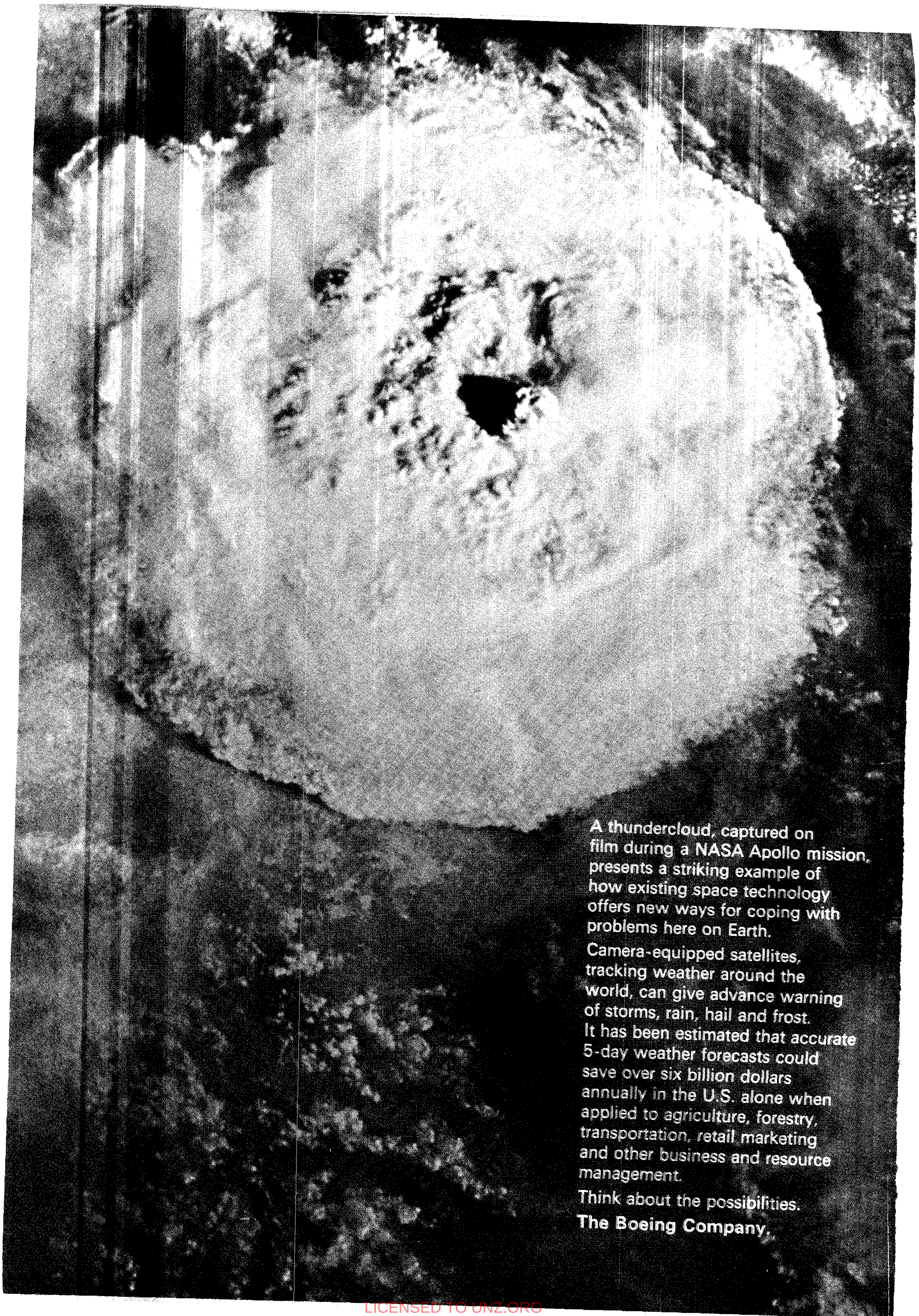
3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Munyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada



A thundercloud, captured on film during a NASA Apollo mission, presents a striking example of how existing space technology offers new ways for coping with problems here on Earth.

Camera-equipped satellites, tracking weather around the world, can give advance warning of storms, rain, hail and frost. It has been estimated that accurate 5-day weather forecasts could save over six billion dollars annually in the U.S. alone when applied to agriculture, forestry, transportation, retail marketing and other business and resource management.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Festival.)

The Executioner—A spy thriller with George Peppard and Joan Collins. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. (Charles; starting Oct. 14.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Démazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father César (the great Raimu) acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 9-12.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. In Italian. (Art and Symphony.)

First Love—A Turgenev story. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. A marvellous picture, easy-natured, missing nothing. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Coronet.)

42nd Street (1933)—The big, cheerful Warners musical that invented many of the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Waverly; starting Oct. 14, tentative.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. (Charles; starting Oct. 14.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Kips Bay; starting Oct. 14, tentative.)

The Grasshopper—With Jacqueline Bissett and Jim Brown. Directed by Jerry Paris. (Waverly; through Oct. 13.)

The Great White Hope—The Howard Sackler play brought to the screen, with James Earl Jones. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet; starting Oct. 11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Ziegfeld.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Guild.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Ziegfeld.)

Ice—About guerrilla warfare in the United States in the near future. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 15.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretension is so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. (Thalia; Oct. 9-12.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice in a bar, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. The alliance turns out to seem only a fairly easy plot trick, and the idea of the film never grows, perhaps because it has its origins in simple pursuit of the current. (Murray Hill.)

Buster Keaton Festival—Raymond Rohauer has accumulated from all over the world a rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Oct. 7: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. Oct. 8: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. Oct. 9: "The General" and two shorts. Oct. 10: "College" and two shorts. Oct. 11: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. Oct. 12: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. Oct. 13: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. Oct. 14: "Sherlock Jr." and three shorts. Oct. 15: "The Navigator" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

King of the Grizzlies—A Disney quasi-documentary. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 14.)

Let It Be—The Beatles fugitively getting back the feeling of what it's like to be young together. We watch them in rehearsal. Not a good picture, but an endearing one, with its own sadness in the midst of the gang's cheery ethic of survivalism. (Ziegfeld.)

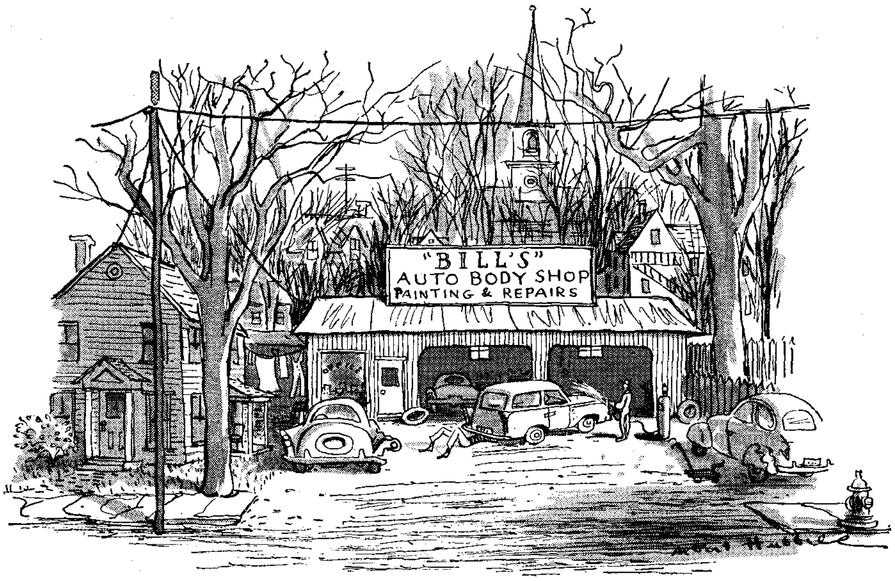
Life, Love, Death (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch, shooting through windshields and rear-view mirrors. In French. (Symphony.)

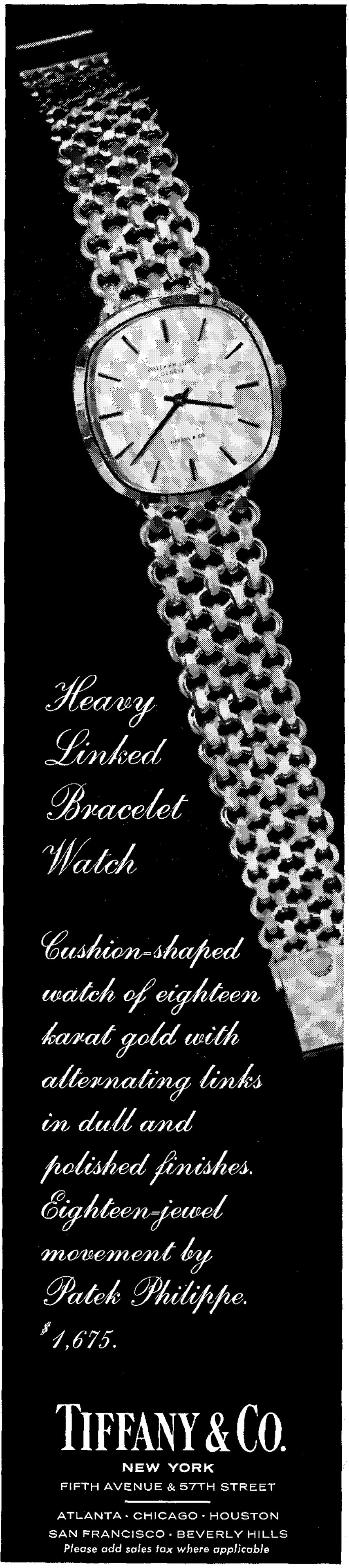
Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it was assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Tower East.)

Love Variations—An English film. (Charles and 72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 13.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 8.)

M*A*S*H—A fine, profane service comedy in

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BONWIT TELLER

the gallant, irreverent tradition of "What Price Glory?" and "Operation Mad Ball." With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 13-15.)

Mississippi Mermaid—Working from a fairly arthritic thriller, François Truffaut adapts and directs a small film that makes it rather sweetly as a romantic love story, with keynotes that are very typical of him. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist in a mildly ludicrous plot situation with a ravishing girl who has been ordered as a bride by post (Catherine Deneuve). (Midtown; through Oct. 13.)

Model Shop (1969)—Jacques Demy's romantic, lyrical approach to the Los Angeles setting is ingratiating, but his way of looking at American youth is amateurish and without depth. With Gary Lockwood and Anouk Aimée. (Charles; through Oct. 13.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (Kips Bay; through Oct. 13.)

Monte Walsh—With Lee Marvin and Jeanne Moreau. Directed by William A. Fraker. (Loew's Ciné.)

Ned Kelly—Mick Jagger as the nineteenth-century Australian outlaw. Directed by Tony Richardson. (86th St. East; through Oct. 13.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Yves Montand at the mercy of Barbra Streisand as a girl with the ability to reproduce herself at different points in time. ESP and reincarnation take second place to the great Streisand, and to her clothes, which Vincente Minnelli attends to as closely as to her performance. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 14.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 8-14.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman's magnificent new film, studying the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The movie is technically engrossing; Bergman can do anything, and makes it seem simpler with each film. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots, for instance, and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Midtown; through Oct. 13.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 14.)

The People Next Door—The generation gap is a cliché, and this film adds a whole pile more evidence of that fact. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 7.)

Pieces of Dreams—Robert Forster as a dropout parish priest. Directed by Daniel Haller. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 14.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire (plotless, as this sort of satire now obligatorily is) about a lot of people represented as dogs, as if in a comedy of Jonsonian humors. There is a lot of stress on the characters' grotesqueries; the film's theme, it begins to seem, is not so much the moral hideousness of our species as the sorry lag of most of us behind the physical splendors of Miss Rheingold. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Oct. 14.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but it seems bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen, Ciné Malibu, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Rider on the Rain—A thriller by René Clément about a girl called Mélancolie, married to an Air France navigator whom she dares not tell about a terrifying rapist she murdered. The film is an account of panic; the girl, who is always dressed in white, starts to climb up the wall of your mind, like a pigeon battering itself against a window trying to get out. There are stretches of the film that are mechanical and meagre-spirited, but it's worth seeing. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 13.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 14.)

Something for Everyone—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Greenwich; through Oct. 13.)

Sunflower—Sophia Loren, with infant son, searching in Russia for amnesiac Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall.)

The Things of Life—Claude Sautet's film slithers from a study of a love affair into an oddly lyric reverie about a car crash. Not really up to "A Man and a Woman," as good French soup goes. With Romy Schneider, Michel Piccoli, and Lea Massari. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Pedantic, soporific. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—With Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn. Directed by Paul Morrissey, one of the Warhol group. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Buñuel's most Spanish of films, made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. The story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Underground—A second World War spy thriller with Robert Goulet, directed by Arthur Nadel. (86th St. East; through Oct. 13.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 13-15.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—D. H. Lawrence's short novel as a film made by Christopher Miles. Maurice Denham is the head of the household; an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns, he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). The movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to Lawrence. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine. Clarence Brown directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 7.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Regency, through Oct. 13.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Ziegfeld.)

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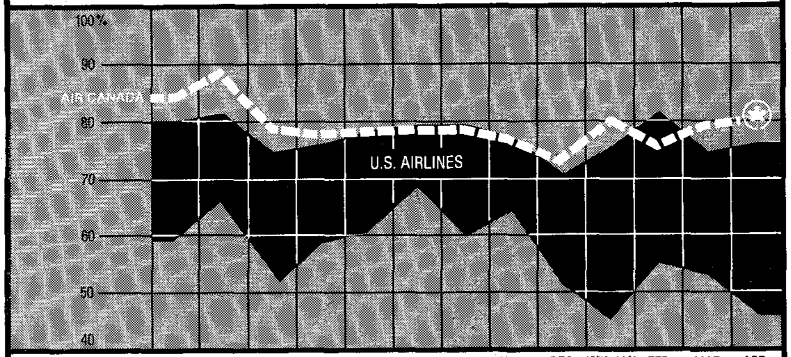

	1969 APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	1970 JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
AIR CANADA	84	89	78	77	78	79	79	77	73	81	76	80	81
AMERICAN	74	74	74	65	75	75	78	75	70	75	77	68	47
BRANIFF	78	80	70	76	68	79	74	68	61	55	73	66	67
CONTINENTAL	80	81	59	72	67	75	68	69	67	68	82	74	76
DELTA	68	66	57	66	69	68	60	64	62	62	72	59	56
EASTERN	71	78	70	72	78	79	79	76	69	68	71	64	60
NATIONAL	63	70	65	63	67	71	70	71	52	45	NA	NA	NA
NORTHEAST	64	74	NA	66	76	76	79	77	68	51	55	53	54
NORTHWEST	59	68	51	58	72	74	72	69	61	63	79	66	60
TRANS WORLD	71	71	55	60	68	73	72	75	69	74	78	67	46
UNITED	78	79	63	72	72	72	73	72	71	71	80	72	56
WESTERN	77	70	60	66	61	71	69	72	61	61	77	72	71

NA — indicates figures not available

A few months ago, we asked the Civil Aeronautics Board to give us some facts about major U.S. airlines. Airlines that fly some of the same routes we do.

The facts they gave us are illustrated in the graph above.

They're the on-time records for 11 airlines. On flights in North America. Between cities at least 200 miles apart.

Our own facts for the same period are in the graph, too.

Also based on flights within North America. Also for cities at least 200 miles apart.

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Our high-side pantyhose are almost all hose. The panty part doesn't cut you off clunkily somewhere in the mid-thigh region. It's way up there curving around your hipbone the way a regular little pair of briefs do. And it's knitted on which gives it the grace to move with you. (There are pantyhose in this world, you know, that are absolutely unyielding.)

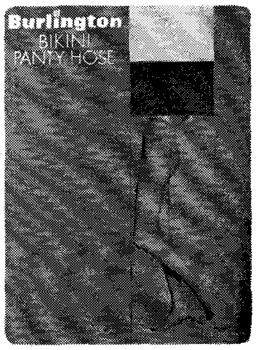
The long, long legs are made of slinky, stretchy Caress® nylon. And like every pair of Burlington pantyhose made, these fit because they're proportioned to your proportions.

Now back to psychology.

When a girl's aware she's a girl, somehow she telegraphs the message to the world, and the world is a happier place for it.

For heaven's sake, rush out and buy a pair.

Please note: We've dropped the Cameo from Burlington-Cameo. Our name now is just Burlington—which is what we find most people have been calling us anyway.



For nearest store, call free 800-243-6000. In Conn. call 800-942-0655 collect.®1970 Burlington Ind., Inc.

Burlington
Pantyhose

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Our newest customers get our oldest shirts.

Isn't there anything sacred to this generation?

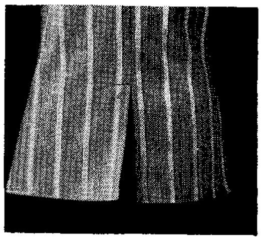
Sure. Old clothes. The older the better.

Don't think wearing the styles of an era gone by is just a way to be different. It's a search for long lost values. For the days when people didn't do only what was expedient.

We agree with that spirit. We never stopped making our shirts with the finickiness of a century ago. And we were probably the first to sense the return of the bold patterns.

This multi-color Rutherford stripe is the spittin' image of one we made when Hayes was President. Now we weave it in Dacron® polyester and cotton.

And we use it for 'The McGee,' the lean shirt with back seam and center vent to take out all the fullness and still let you sit down. Long Dover collar. Two-button cuffs. And hidden under our Qiana* tie, a placket front. 'The McGee' Rutherford, about $13. Eagle tie, about $10.



If you have any doubt about being seen in a pattern that's almost an antique, show it to your son.

It can't be too old for him.

Eagle with DACRON®. We brought back the good old shirts.

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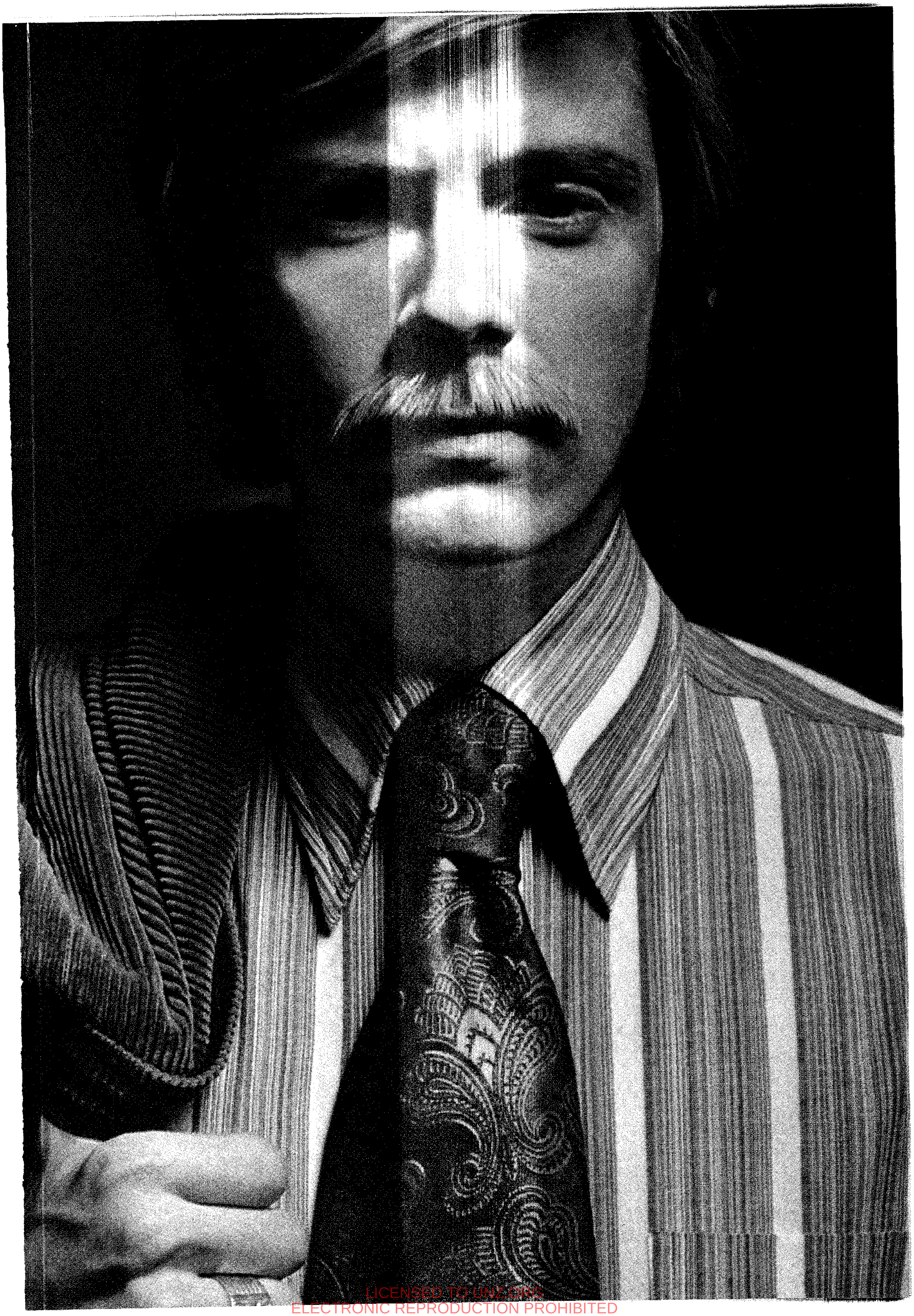
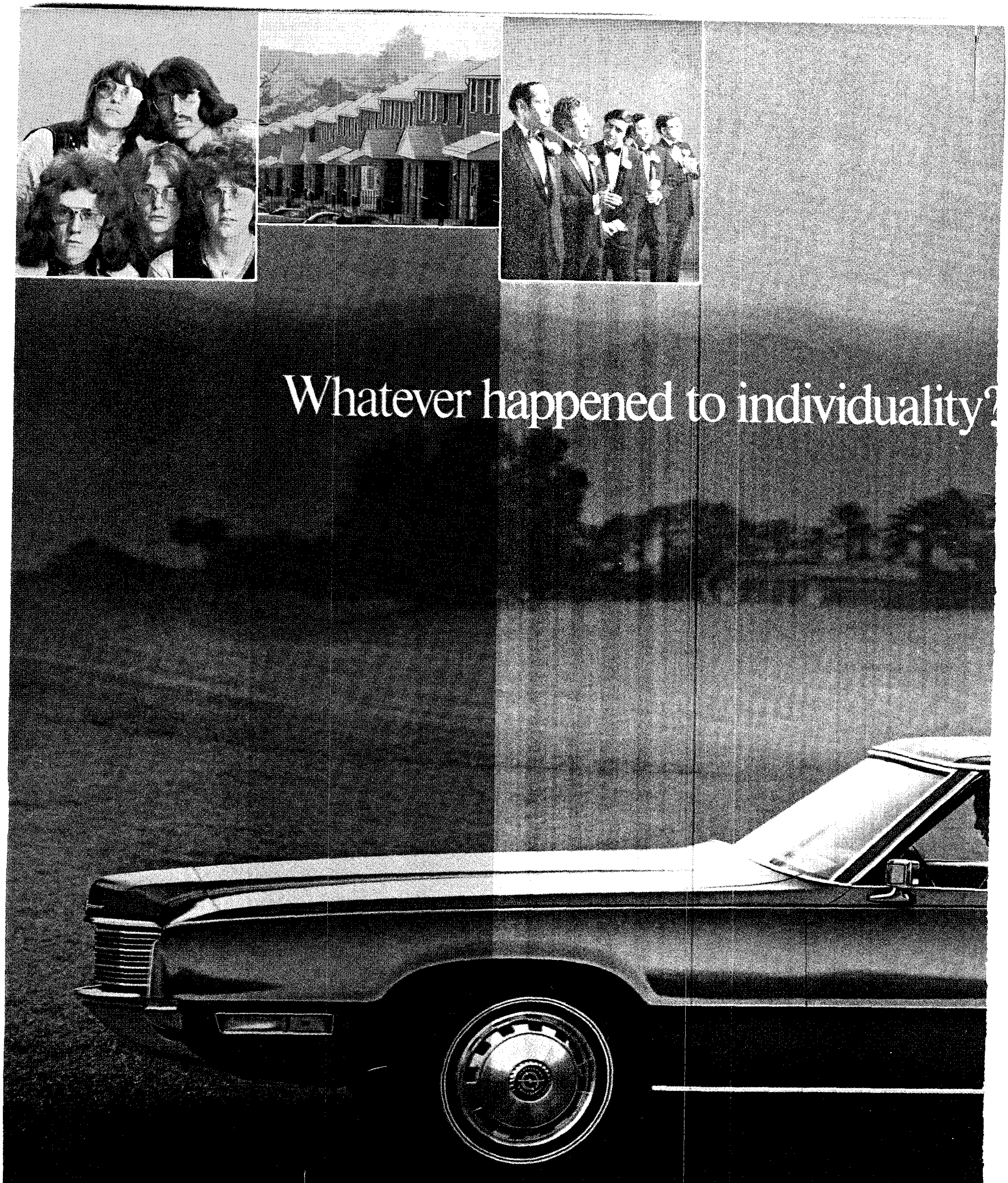




Crowds. Conformity. Convention. Hundreds of men in the same pink shirt. Thousands of women in the same print dress. Housing projects. Chain motels. Whatever happened to individuality?

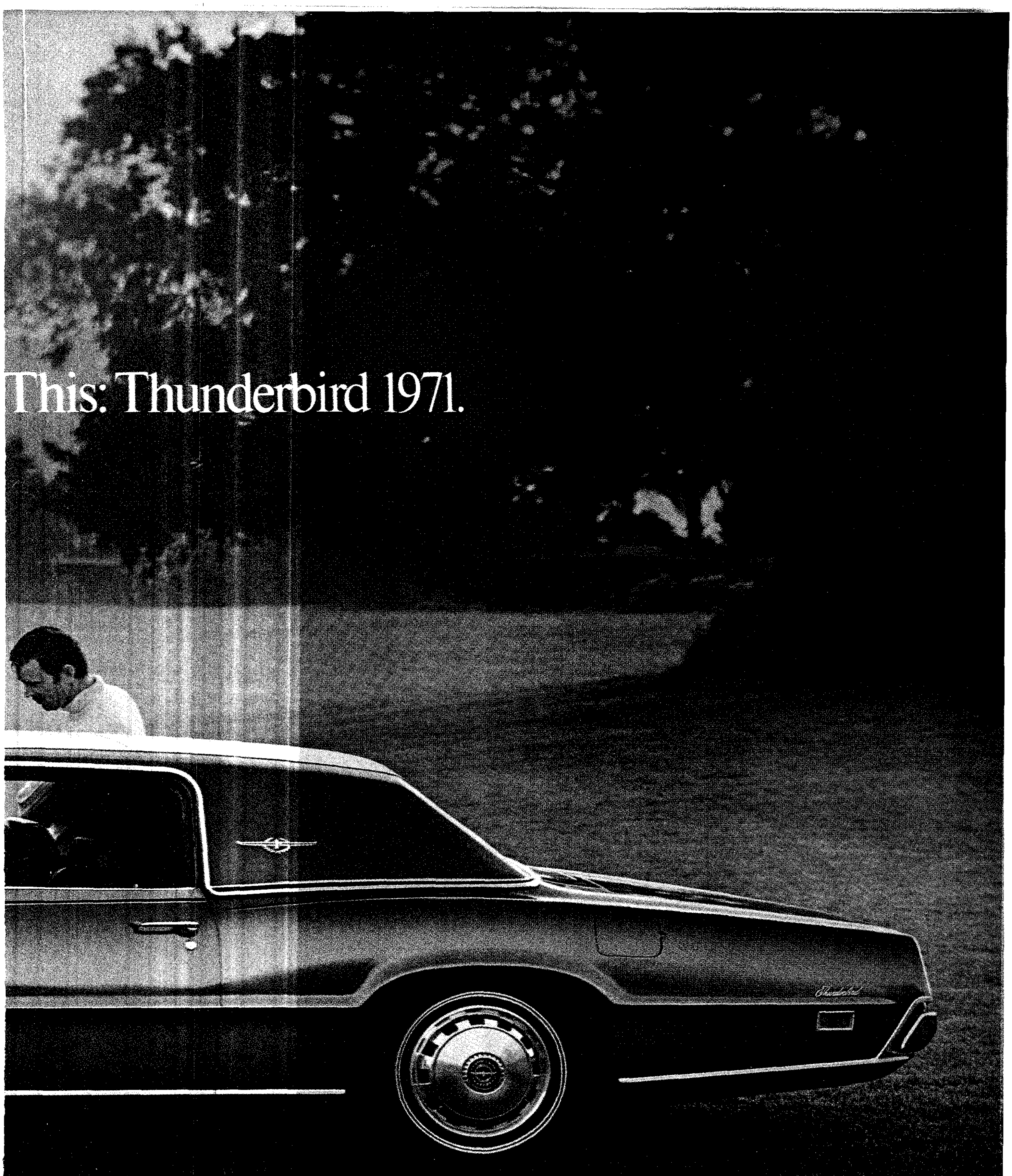
This happened. Thunderbird 1971.

Thunderbird has always driven ahead of the crowd. It has always been instantly recognizable for its individual good looks. Its special ride has always meant smoothness, comfort, quiet. Its quality has always been outstanding.

For 1971, Thunderbird is more original, more personal, more individual. Every single Thunderbird is checked for quality by an electronic tester. What's more, every single Thunderbird is checked again by a man with a stethoscope who listens for noise the unaided human ear might not hear.

Thunderbird's standard equipmen would be a luxury listing for lesser cars 429 V-8 engine; power front disc brakes AM radio; SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic

This: Thunderbird 1971.



ansmission; bias belted tires: Uni-
ock Harness.
 And Thunderbird's fantastic options
et you be more of an individual than
ver before. They include a power-
perated Sunroof; computerized Sure-
rack brake-control system; Michelin
teel-belt radial tires; a Tilt Steering
Vheel; power seats; rear-window Electric Defrost; power door locks; automatic *Fingertip Speed Control.*

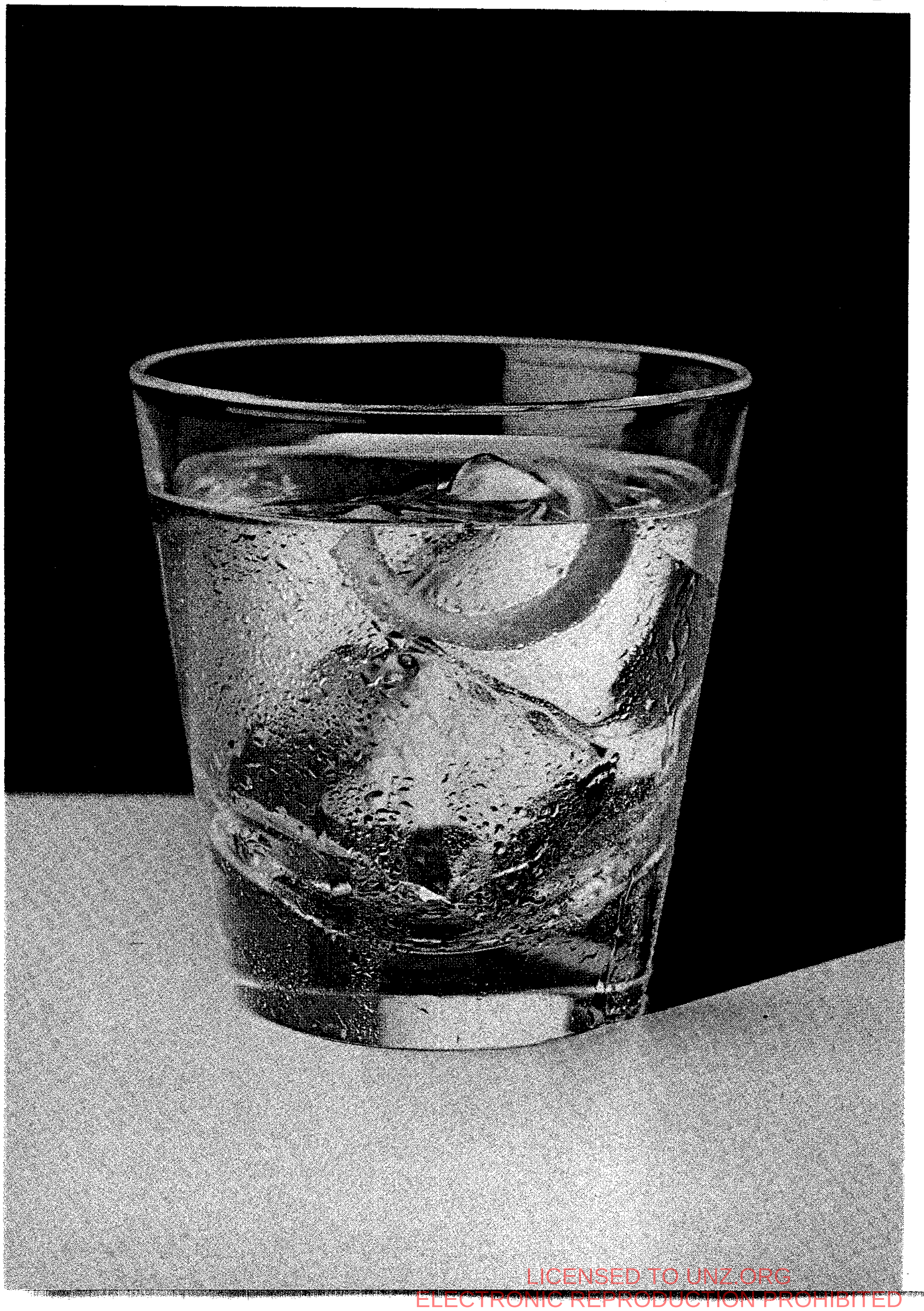
With choices like this, almost no Thunderbird is precisely like any other. With individuality like this, you can never be one of the herd. With Thunderbird 1971, you can fly alone. This year more than ever, there is no such thing as a flock of Thunderbirds.

Thunderbird 1971. Have it all your own way.

THUNDERBIRD Ford

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE FANCY RUM DRINKS WITHOUT THE COCONUT SHELL, STRIPED STRAWS, FRUIT JUICES, ORANGE SLICES, PLASTIC MONKEYS AND FLOWERS.

IT'S RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



It may sound like the last thing you'd ever want to try. But that's only how it sounds. It's not how it tastes.

Of all straight alcoholic beverages, White Puerto Rican Rum is probably the easiest and smoothest to drink.

When you take away all the fruit juices and decorations, you discover why the fancy rum drinks taste good.

Rum tastes good.

At least, Puerto Rican Rum does.

Our rum is light and clear and dry with no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try pouring straight gin, straight vodka and White Puerto Rican Rum over ice.

Then taste each one.

The smoothness of the rum is bound to surprise you.

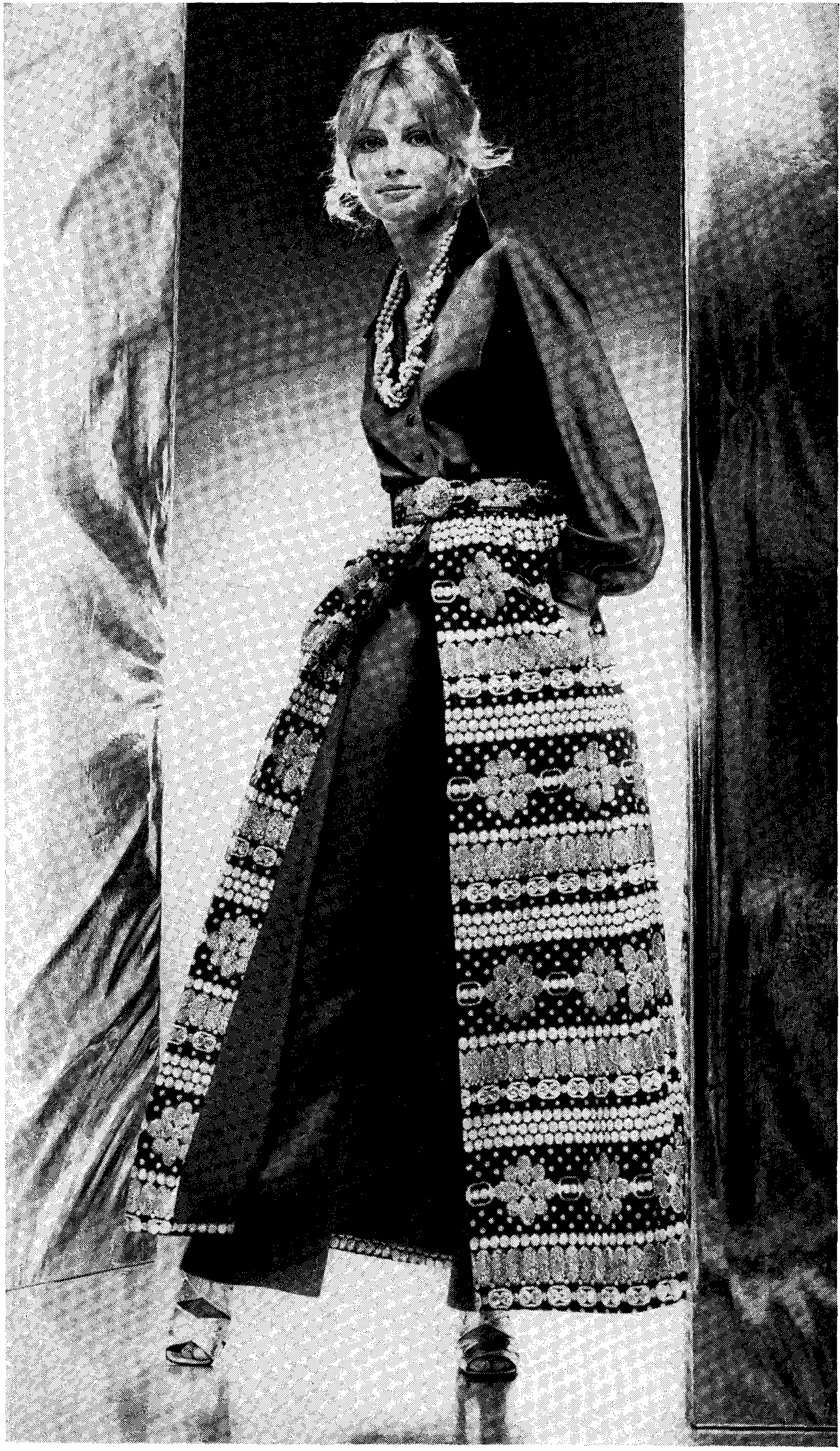
If you never drink your drinks on the rocks, even our rum may not make a rum-on-the-rocks drinker out of you.

But it certainly will get rid of any false impressions you have about the taste of Puerto Rican Rum.

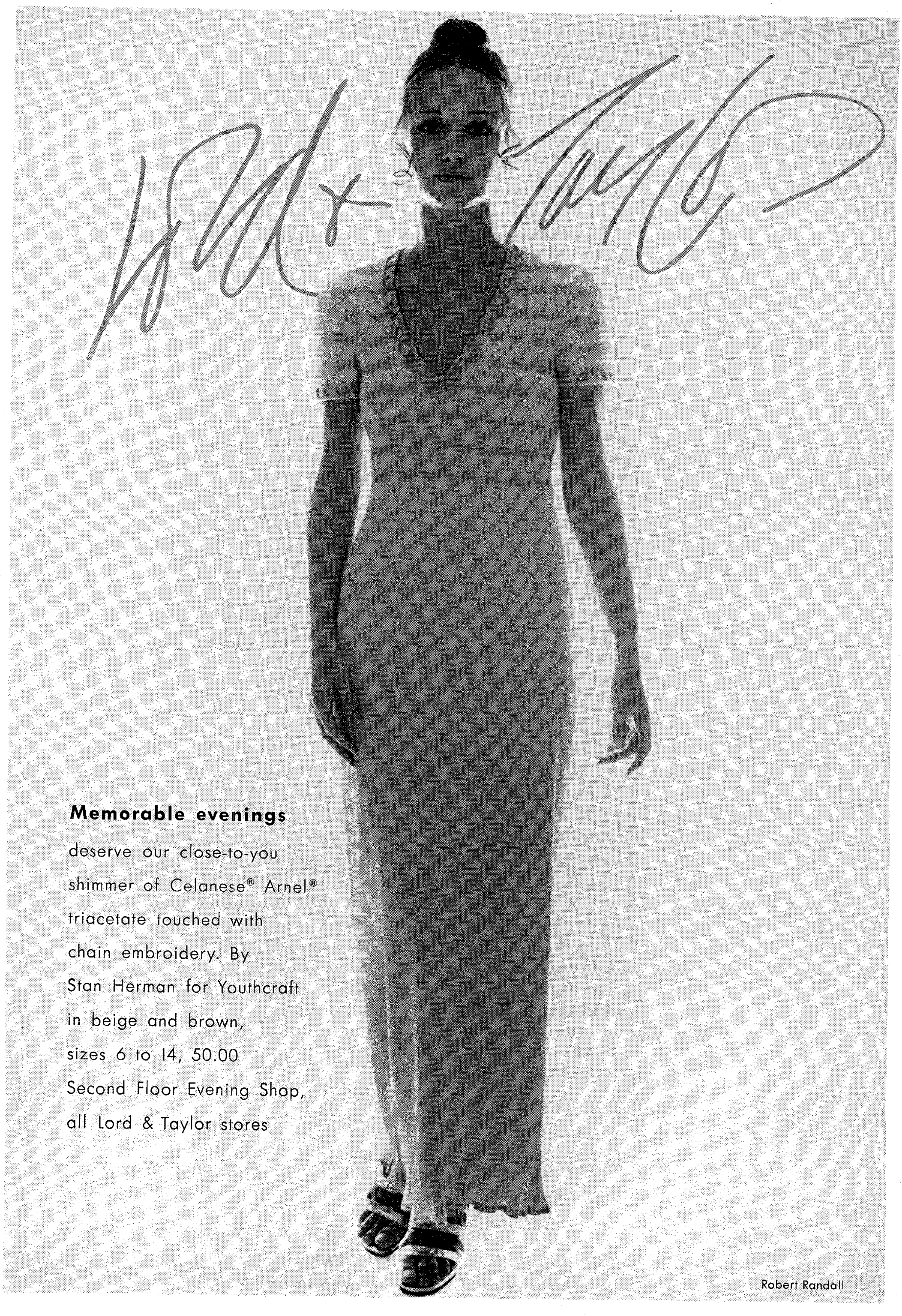
THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers



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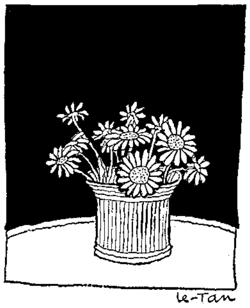
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO the various credibility gaps and failures in communication that have been commented on so much recently, one must now add the widening gap between the President and the Vice-President. The lines of communication between them began to break down when the Vice-President called for "positive polarization" and a general heating up of national debate just a few months after the President asked us all to lower our voices and a few months before the President recommended that when the going gets hot the rhetoric should get cool. The break widened when the Vice-President called for the resignation of Joseph Rhodes, Jr., whom the President had just appointed to his Commission on Campus Unrest. And then the other day the Vice-President challenged the wisdom of all nine of the President's appointments to the Commission and condemned the Commission's findings and recommendations as "imprecise, contradictory, and equivocal." He pointed out that nine was "not a very large number of people," and suggested that nine other appointees might have come up with quite different conclusions. He asserted, however, that his statements represented his "personal views," and not the views of the Administration. In any case, it seems to us that, taken together, the differences between the President and the Vice-President have assumed the proportions of a debate. In view of the fact that statements by the President and the Vice-President pretty much dominate the news these days (you have to look deep in the back pages of the papers to find the replies of other men—such as Senator Fulbright, Senator McGovern, and Dr. Spock—whose views have been questioned by the Vice-President), we would like to suggest that the time has come for a televised debate between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew. And if this cannot be arranged, we would like to suggest a debate of a wholly new kind. Now that the Vice-President is speaking with two voices on matters of official policy—his official voice and his "personal" voice—it occurs to us that recent advances in television technology might make it possible to arrange a debate between the Vice-President and himself. On one side of the screen you would have the personal Mr. Agnew, expressing his own views, and on the other side you would have the official Mr. Agnew, representing the Administration. The press has already begun to show some acceptance of the idea that Mr. Agnew has two legitimate voices with which to speak out on political matters. The *Times*, for example, concludes an editorial in which it opposes Mr. Agnew's views on the threat of polarization in America with the sentence "It would be an inestimable tragedy if the Administration shared Mr. Agnew's insensitivity to this threat." In view of the fact that Mr. Agnew is himself the second-highest-ranking official of the Administration, this amounts to saying that it would be an inestimable tragedy if Mr. Agnew shared his own insensitivity. The debate we are proposing would perhaps help to clear such matters up. Admittedly, it might not be a very high-toned affair. There could be no assurance that it would not descend on both sides to character assassination and some rather crude charges about lack of patriotism, and the like. However, there would be the advantage that we would be permitted to hear every shade of the Vice-President's opinion, and that should satisfy everybody, including the Vice-President.



LAST week, when we turned to the *Times'* new page for guest columnists, we expected to find the usual parade of Presidential official advisers and ex-advisers, but instead we found, to our considerable dismay, two modern-day witch doctors performing a dance of death on the printed page. Actually, both of these men, if they are not official advisers to the President, at least advise him informally, and each was described by the *Times* as a "friend" of the President. One, Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, is the President's former physician and the author of some plans for controlling crime, and the other, Dr. Billy Graham, is often mentioned as the President's spiritual mentor. That is to say, these are men who have looked after the body and the soul of our President. The first, Dr. Hutschnecker, is a theorist whose field is the kind of thought control and behavior control that in modern times has had its fullest expression in the totalitarian states of Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia. The second, Dr. Graham, who in his article ponders the timing of Judgment Day and the Second Coming of Christ, is an exponent of a medieval kind of apocalyptic thinking. Thus, at the bottom of the page you have an exponent of the most virulent forms of modern barbarism and superstition, and at the top of the page you have an exponent of the barbarism and superstition of the Middle Ages.

In the more modern article, which is titled "A Plea for Experiment," Dr. Hutschnecker uses the *Times* column to solicit governmental and private funds with which to institute a "pilot project" for his idea of subjecting all six-to-eight-year-olds—and perhaps all fifteen-year-olds, too—to "tests" that would uncover those with "delinquent tendencies," so that potential future delinquents could be given "therapy." Dr. Hutschnecker proposed his plan to the Administration several months ago, and it was said to have met with some expressions of interest. However, the plan was leaked to the press, and an extremely unfavorable, if somewhat light-

"I remember how I wanted to quaff life at its full, and then I found that's something you can't do in Tuckahoe."

• •

hearted, reaction seemed enough to consign it to the dustbin, where it clearly belonged. In the original report, Dr. Hutschnecker suggested that therapy could be carried out at "special camps," run by, among others, "parapsychologists." His article in the *Times* assures us at one point that "a delinquent sticks out like a sore thumb" in a certain test he recommends, but at another point it states that actual delinquents cannot be discovered by means of testing; rather, delinquent "tendencies" can be readily spotted. There seems to be a contradiction here, but we are confident that if Dr. Hutschnecker's "special camps" for "therapy" were to be put into operation, the troublesome distinction between children who actually commit delinquent acts and those who the state predicts *will* commit delinquent acts could be eliminated. Other "special camps" in recent history have succeeded very well in eliminating this distinction, and also in eliminating the delinquents and "potential" delinquents themselves. In case anyone has any doubt about the reliability of the main test he proposes, Dr. Hutschnecker assures us that a memorandum he received describing it included not only eleven pages of text but sixty-six more pages of "bibliography and related data." *That* ought to keep any doubting intellectuals quiet. The title "A Plea for Experiment" raises some interesting questions. Apparently, the laboratory for this "experiment" is to be the lives of a number of six-year-old children, and, if Dr. Hutschnecker gets the Presidential approval he is still hoping for, perhaps the lives of all the six-year-olds in the country. But if you make man himself your "laboratory," where are you going to apply all the marvellous results you achieve with your "experiments"? Where but to the mangled survivors of the original experiment?

Turning to the top of the page, we get Dr. Graham's opinion on the question "When Is Christ Coming?" (That is the title of his article.) He gets one answer from the nineteenth-century French chemist Marcellin Berthelot, who apparently said, "Within a hundred years of physical and chemical science, man will know what the atom is. It is my belief when science reaches this stage, God will come down to earth with His big ring of keys and will say to humanity, 'Gentlemen, it is closing time.' " (A while back, Daniel P. Moynihan, another adviser to the President, used the phrase "the sheer intellectual vulgarity of the parlor apocalypse style." Perhaps this is an early example of what he had in mind, though the word "vulgarity" seems a bit mild.) It is to the Bible, however, and not to any secular authority, that Dr. Graham principally turns for his prediction. "Millions of Americans are caught up in a desperate attempt to know the future," he points out. "The phenomenal rise in the sale of crystal balls, Ouija boards, and Viennese fortune-telling tarot cards is only a part of the new 'groping' into the future." Everyone can put away his Viennese cards and his Ouija board now, because Dr. Graham, although he modestly confesses that he does not know "the hour, the day, the month of the year" of the apocalypse (a manner of speaking that suggests he does at least know the year of the apocalypse), has ascertained that the hour of doom and of the Second Coming of Christ is imminent. But the Christ who will come again will not be like the one who visited the earth 1970 years ago. Forgiveness and mercy will not be His message. Christians must now fear a new kind of Christ, Dr. Graham warns. "The prophecies of the Bible do not predict a world of gradual progress toward a materialistic paradise," he tells us. "They see a world torn by lawlessness, war, famines, and pestilences on a scale that only God himself can terminate if the human race is to survive. . . . These events will culminate in God's intervention and the literal return of Jesus Christ to this planet. The Bible does not teach that the earth or the human race will come to an end. The Bible teaches that the world will be renovated by fire." Dr. Graham's Christ has apparently forgotten about salvation and is now interested, like an interior decorator, in "renovation." "This fire," Dr. Graham goes on, "will destroy all that is evil and prepare the earth for the Kingdom of God." We are not sure just what kind of fire Dr. Graham is talking about, but we can make a guess. It is the fire that waits in the underground silos of the Soviet Union and of the United States. But it is man who is in control of this fire. And man *cannot* save his soul by incinerating his body. To regard a decision that is in man's hands as the will of God is not to worship God. To wait for the bomb to go off is to lay the groundwork for the ultimate heresy, which is the worship of death. Dr. Graham concludes with the pronouncement "Thus the future does not belong to Communism! The future does not belong to capitalism! The future belongs to God!" For "God," read "death." We trust that, God willing, the future belongs to man.

One Hundred Buildings

We went to see the Roths of Emery Roth & Sons, architects, recently, because ground is about to be broken for their one-hundredth postwar high-rise office building in Manhattan. One hundred is a nice round number—and a very large number when it comes to counting office buildings. Most cities do not have as many as one hundred high-rise office buildings. For instance, Philadelphia has about forty, postwar and prewar, and Atlanta has about seventeen. Of the Roths' buildings, some (the Pan Am Building, the Crowell Collier and Macmillan Building, the Sperry Rand Building) are well known, and scores of others (including many designed for the city's great commercial builders, like Rudin and Tishman and Uris) collectively make up the new, anonymous face of Manhattan.

We met the Roths—Richard Roth, Sr.; Richard Roth, Jr.; and Julian Roth—at their offices, in a Third Avenue building of their own design. Richard Roth, Sr., and Julian Roth, the senior partners in the firm, are brothers—the sons of Emery Roth, who founded the firm. Emery Roth designed eclectic, elegant buildings in Manhattan, beginning in 1903 with the Hotel Belleclaire, at Seventy-seventh Street and Broadway, and his firm continued to design hotels and apartment buildings like the Ritz Tower, the Drake, the San Remo, and the St. Moritz until, Emery Roth having died, his sons took hold of it, after the war. Then it began to design office buildings. Richard Roth, Sr., and Julian Roth are now in late middle age. Richard Roth, Jr., a limited partner, joined the firm in the late nineteen-fifties and is in his thirties. The Roths spoke in an easy, confident manner, at once informal and hard-edged, and they talked about their one hundred buildings and their success with some detachment.

"If an architect is successful for one builder—if the building fills right away—other builders want that architect. Builders have a sense of superstition," Richard Roth, Sr., said.

"A multistory office building is a technical building, a building that a machine has made," said Richard Roth, Jr.

"A building that a machine works in, too," Richard Roth, Sr., said.

We asked Richard Roth, Sr., which building designed by his firm pleased him most.

"Everybody asks us that. I can't see it. For me, it's 'How many problems did you have to solve?' That's the thinking I put into it," he said.

We asked what parts of Manhattan the three Roths enjoyed walking in.

"Without being nervous at night, none," said Julian Roth. "I live on East Sixty-second Street. Some of those houses are lovely. Seventy-eighth Street, where my doctor is, is nice, too."

We asked if there was a Roth-designed building that they would walk out of their way to see or admire.

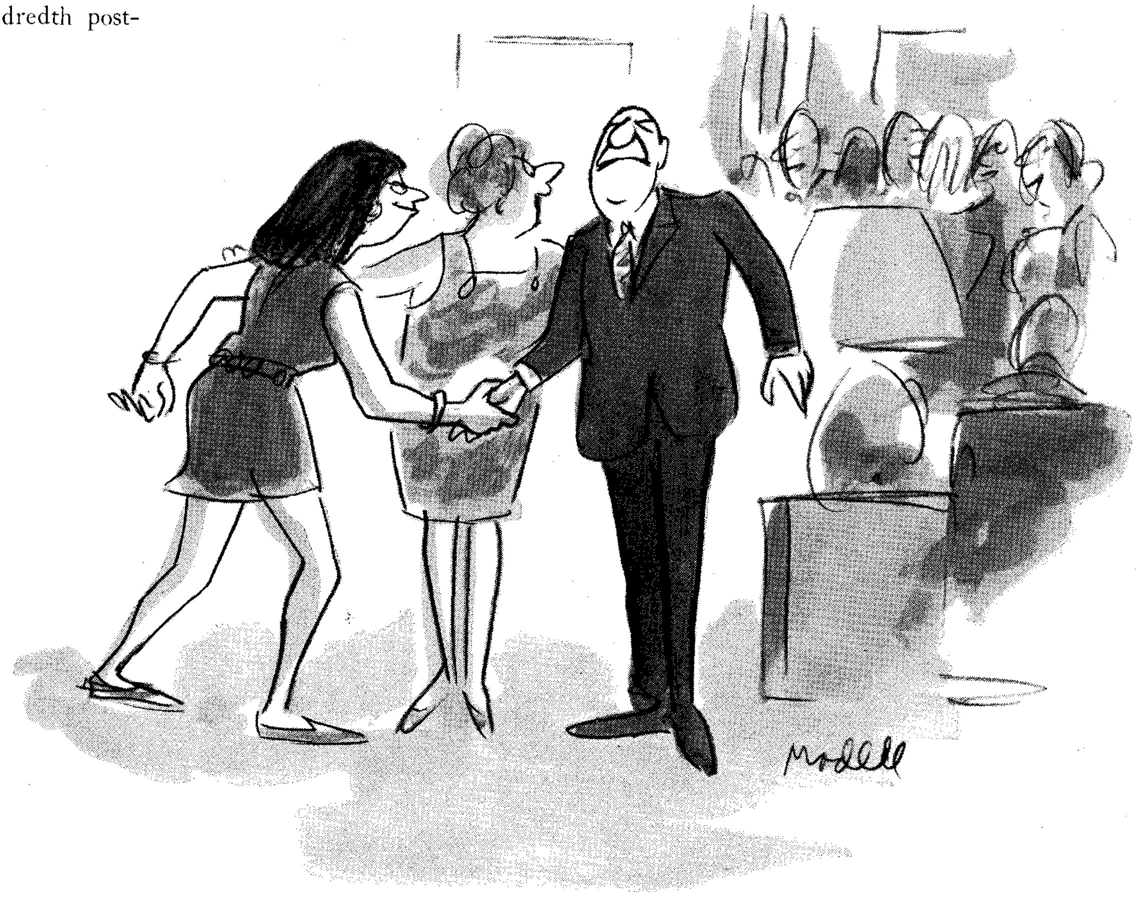
"I don't think of any," Richard Roth, Jr., said.

"In fact, sometimes I have to go back with clients to show them something and it gets very boring," said Richard Roth, Sr.

We asked how New York had benefitted from the building of high-rise office towers.

"Taxes," said Richard Roth, Jr.

We asked if New Yorkers had got in New York exactly what they *had* to



"And this is Doris, dear. You know—the Women's Lib enthusiast I was telling you about."

get—whether all of it was somehow beyond their control.

There was a pause, and then Julian Roth said yes—that New Yorkers had got exactly what they had to get.

We then spent a pleasant few minutes in Richard Roth, Sr.'s, office looking through a portfolio of the firm's work. Julian Roth showed us a menu from a dinner held to celebrate the completion of the Hotel Belleclaire. The menu was bound in silk and was perfectly preserved. If the dinner was as elaborate as the menu, the celebration must have been a fine one.

The Roths' one-hundredth building will rise on the east side of Third Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets.

Voir Dire

THE Panther 21 Trial—of thirteen Black Panthers accused of, among other things, conspiring to murder policemen and blow up the New York Botanical Garden—began, officially, on the eighth of September, and since then it has been occupied with the selection of a jury. Most of the defendants have been in custody since April, 1969, after being indicted for crimes they are alleged to have committed or planned at various times in 1968 and early 1969. Pretrial hearings on some defense motions to suppress certain pieces of evidence got under way in February of this year. The hearings were concluded in June. In September, ninety prospective jurors were called. So far, eight jurors have been accepted.

We wrote about the pretrial hearings back in February. Since then, the following changes have taken place:

The walls and ceiling of the courtroom have been plastered and painted.

All the light bulbs now work.

The defendants have stopped shouting at the judge. The defense lawyers and the judge still shout at each other, however.

(Note: These notes must occasionally be inaccurate in the interests of clarity. For example, this trial is commonly known as the Panther 21 Trial, even though there are only thirteen defendants. That is not so confusing, because, after all, warrants were issued for twenty-one people. What *is* confusing is that three of the twenty-one have never been apprehended, and a fourth was not a member of the Black Panther Party at the time of his indictment. Still more confusing, a twenty-second indictment was handed up several weeks later. It is often difficult to speak the truth.)

"VOIR DIRE" is Old French, legal French, derived from Latin. It means "to speak the truth," and in the courts of this country it refers to the process of selecting a jury at the beginning of a trial, and, specifically, to the oath administered to prospective jurors. At the end of the trial, of course, it is the jury who must render a verdict—a word that, interestingly, means "a true saying" and has the same Latin roots as "voir dire." The voir dire is supposed to determine whether the prospective jurors are capable of speaking the truth, so in a sense it is they who are, at this point, on trial. In another sense, it is the lawyers for both sides and the judge who are now on trial, since among them they must decide to accept or reject each prospective juror, and are thus, by their choices, in some degree already responsible for the verdict that the jury will eventually render. This means that the lawyers are thinking about, and trying to find answers to, certain fundamental questions. These questions are: "What is an open mind?" and "Who has one?" and "How can you tell?" They are also implicitly asking each prospective juror another question; namely, "Who goes there, friend or foe?"

THE lawyers take these proceedings very seriously, but they are, after all, lawyers. They are therefore bound by the rules that govern voir-dire proceedings. The rules, like most rules, both sustain them and constrain them. Since these are adversary proceedings, the lawyers see each prospective juror as a potential adversary. But although every prospective juror is a risk, he is a different sort of risk depending on when in the proceedings he is examined. This is because of another rule—a statutory one, setting the number of peremptory challenges allowed to each side. Now, any prospective juror can be challenged for cause. If he can be shown to be biassed, or ill, or to suffer from any other sort of impaired judgment, he can be successfully challenged by either side. A peremptory challenge, by contrast, needs no justification, even in the lawyer's own mind, and it is always successful. But there are only so many peremptory challenges. The number available in any case is set, by statute, on a sliding scale and varies with the seriousness of the crime involved—or, more accurately, with the seriousness of the penalty for the crime involved. According to the statute, peremptories are allotted as follows: if the penalty is death, each side receives thirty, and three for each alternate juror (there will be four); if the penalty is ten years' imprisonment, or more, each side gets twenty, and two for each alternate juror. For any lesser punishment, each side is given five, and one for each alternate juror. The Panthers' trial falls into the second category. The lawyers thus have considerable leeway, and this has a marked effect on their strategies.

Strategy, for the most part, is dictated not by the rule of law but by rules of thumb. Strategy is divided into three parts: (1) what to look for in a juror, (2) how to find it, (3) how to put it there if it is not there already. Both sides, of course, wanted an open-minded jury. They mean different things by this. To the defense lawyers, the only juror who could be open-minded about this case would be one who was already sympathetic, in some degree, to the Panthers and what they stand for. The reason is that the defense lawyers tend to think that anyone who says he is open-minded about the Panthers because he has no opinion about them is probably, if only unconsciously, one of their oppressors, and hence one of their enemies. Contrariwise, the prosecution seems to think that if a prospective juror knows a good deal about the Panthers, he can no longer be open-minded. Since this is a complicated case, neither the defense lawyers nor the prosecution lawyers want a stupid jury. They want one that is pretty smart and pretty ignorant. Outside the courtroom, the defense lawyers say frankly that their ideal jury would be a "peer jury," by which they mean young, black, and from Harlem. Failing that, they hope to see some white radicals or white liberals on the jury.

Item 2 is trickier. Justice John M. Murtagh himself said at one point during the voir dire that "one human being cannot read the mind of another." Strategy caused the defense lawyers to reject peremptorily a man who was at one time a member of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers and until recently a teacher at the Columbia Business School. This man, Roy Blough, responded to questions so featly that he obviously made the chief prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney

Joseph A. Phillips, slightly nervous. The defense, trying to find out whether Mr. Blough thought the Panthers guilty just because they had been indicted, asked him whether, when he saw smoke, he thought there always had to be a fire. He replied, "Not at all. It is possible there could be a smoke machine." The defense challenged him anyway. During a recess, we asked one of the defense lawyers what they had against Blough. He replied, "If you knew about this guy what we know about him . . ." It is a phrase that sticks in our memory, because it is the same phrase that policemen and assistant district attorneys use when you ask them what they have against the Panthers. It turned out, after the recess, that one of the things the defense knew about Mr. Blough was that he was a fourth cousin of Roger Blough, the former chairman of the board of U.S. Steel.

As for Item 3, this is simply a matter of (a) trying to make friends with a prospective juror and (b) alerting him to the deviousness of the other side—both of which are to be accomplished in the course of questioning him about whether he has an open mind. In general, the defense has concentrated on (b) and the prosecution on (a). Mr. Phillips, in particular, has some rather sweet and old-fashioned ways of ingratiating himself, which don't always work. One prospective juror told him that he was born in Algona, Iowa. This information led to the following colloquy:

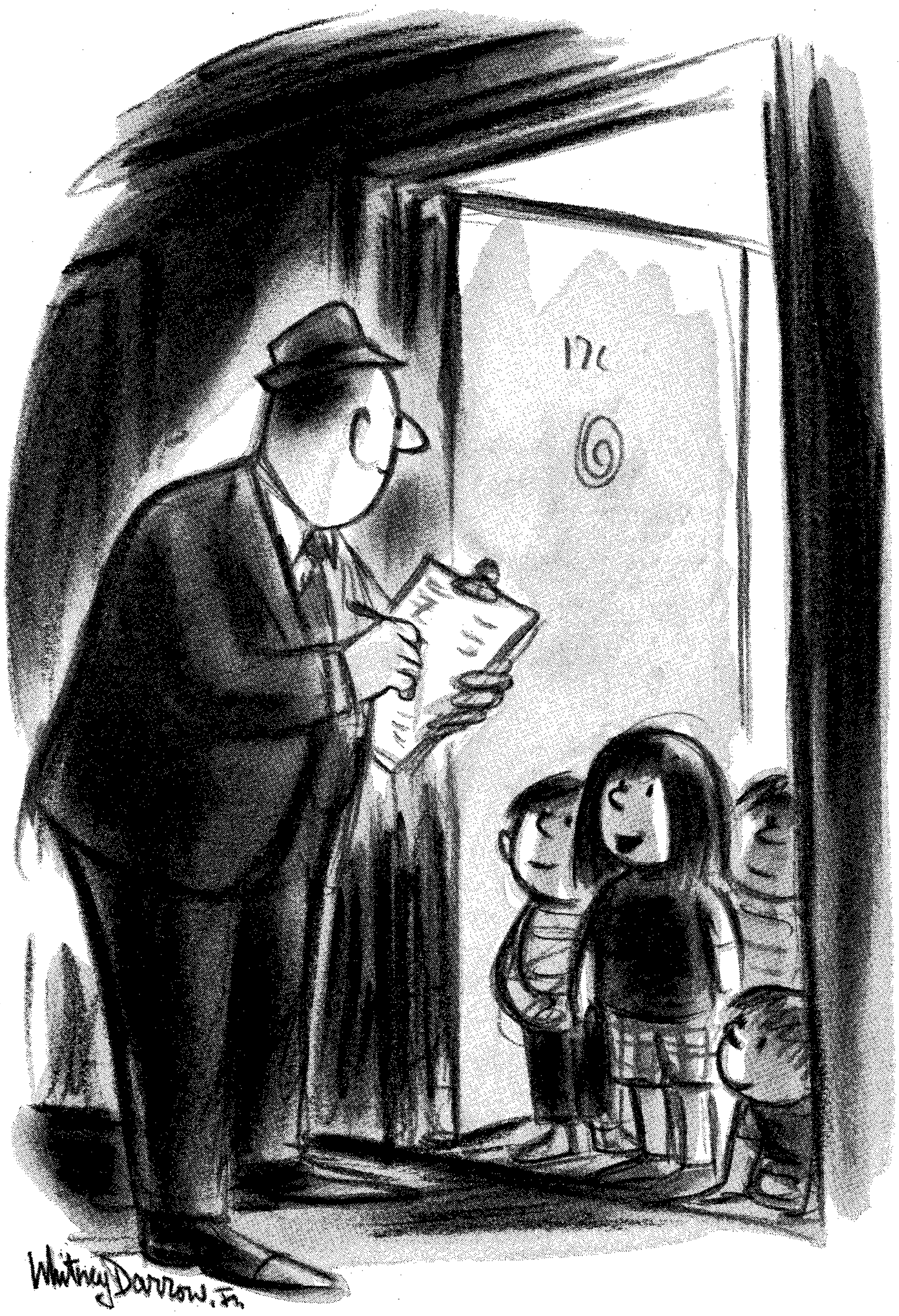
Mr. Phillips: I guess you get a lot of kidding about that?
A: Not lately.

Later, this man told Mr. Phillips that he had been recalled to active duty in the armed forces during the Korean war:

Mr. Phillips: Like Ted Williams.
A: Pardon me?
Q: I said like Ted Williams.
A: I don't know.

THE prospective jurors see all this differently. They take the proceedings very seriously, for the most part. They are, however, not lawyers. They are citizens performing a civic duty. Some of them are restless or bored, or both. Most of them pay close attention. They are a little solemn about the prospect of judging other people and a little nervous about the prospect of being judged themselves. At the same time, they know their own worth. Justice Murtagh is polite to them and treats them with respect; when he reads a lengthy portion of the indictment aloud, he apologizes beforehand to those jurors who have already heard him read it, and must perforce listen to it again. Having nothing else to do, the prospective jurors watch the lawyers closely, and generally see through them much more easily than the lawyers would ever suppose possible. They hear the same questions being put over and over again, to other prospective jurors, and they think about what they will say when it is their turn. They also think about the fact that they will be under oath. When they are sworn, they do their best to speak the truth. One woman asked to be excused because she was not sure she would be able to expend the kind of emotional energy she felt the case would require.

All the lawyers, when they stop to think about it, are impressed by the calibre of the panels they have examined. Both sides believe that the eight jurors already seated are unusually well educated and unusually intelligent for jurors. Everyone else is inclined to agree. We ourself regret that the most charming prospective juror of all, a graduate student at Columbia named Ben Waknin, was not seated. Mr. Waknin was challenged peremptorily by the prosecution, but before he went he managed to make Justice Murtagh laugh out loud by speaking the truth. When an assistant D.A. asked whether he could be a fair and impartial juror, Mr. Waknin said, "Absolutely. Unless my mind should be taken over by the Devil tomorrow."



"I'm sorry, sir, but we're not of voting age."

TANGIER BUZZLESS FLIES

HERE in Tangier I have discovered a variety of fly that has no buzz. Right now there are about a dozen of them hovering noiselessly in the middle of the room, darting here and there, chasing each other as they play their games. They are serene and pay no attention to me, and I like to watch them. They are not like those angry giants who roar in through the door and hurl themselves against the window and mirror. Nor are they in any way similar to the persistent Saharan flies. Those flies stick to you. Brush one away and it returns to the same spot. Swat at it and it comes immediately back. If you go into the southern oases during the date season, you will see them swarming over the faces of children, who do not bother to brush them away. You see them on bare arms and legs, on open sores, on fruit and meat in the markets, on excrement and dead animals. Unless you are careful, they will drink at the corners of the eyes and mouth without your knowing it. You see the resulting trachoma—cloudy, opaque eyeballs and sightless eyes that have shrunk to slits. People blind in one eye pay no attention to the flies sucking at the other.

Although Tarfaya is not an oasis—there is hardly a tree of any kind in the region—the flies are just as thick. Tarfaya was formerly a Spanish town on the western Saharan coast at Cape Juby. It has become a ghost town now that the Spanish have contracted the northern border of their Saharan territory, leaving Tarfaya to Morocco. Sand dunes as high as your head impede passage in the streets. Crumbling Spanish façades with the paint peeling off, broken windows, and doors sagging and slamming in the wind mark the exterior appearance of this town. Almost all the buildings are empty. The rather elegant esplanade along the beach front, where the Spanish took their evening strolls not so long ago, is submerged in sand. The quay has been partially destroyed by the sea. A few hundred yards offshore stands a strange empty castle built by the English when Tarfaya was a fortified trading post in the nineteenth century.

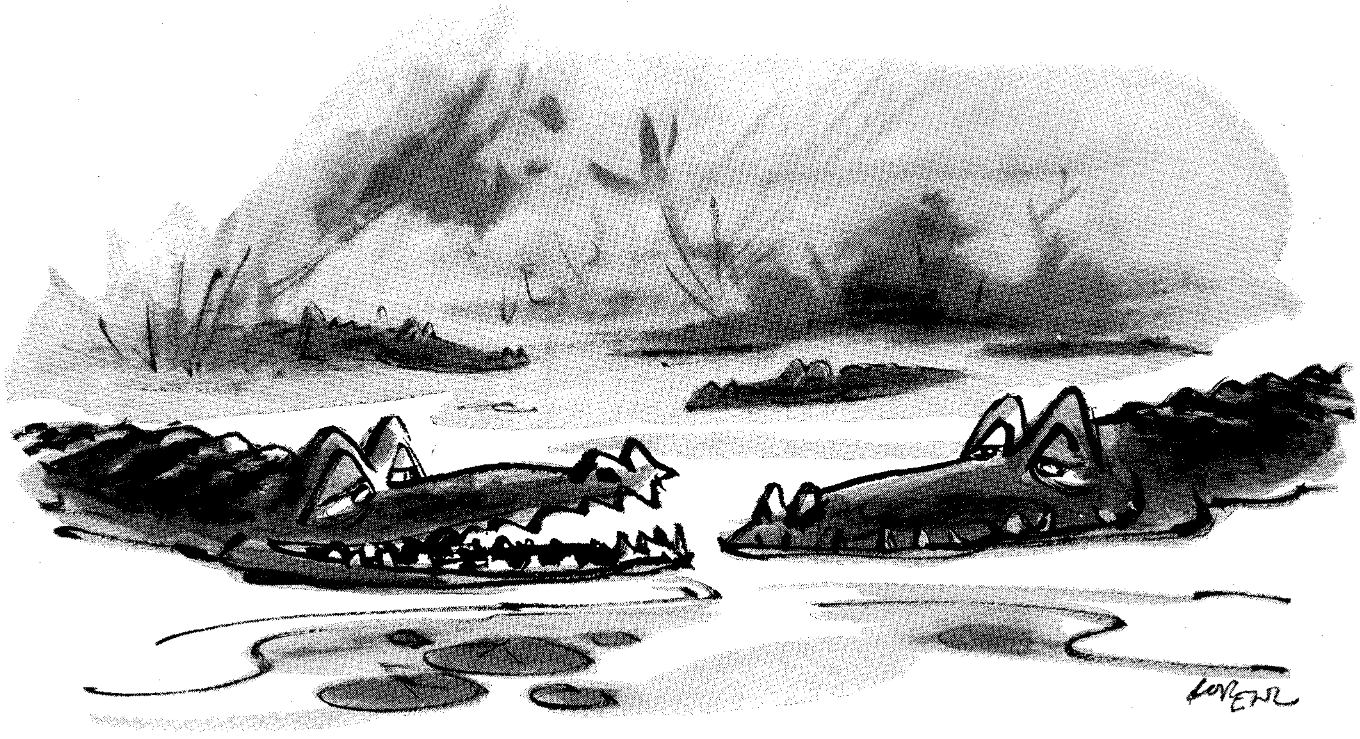
Driss and I had arrived in Tarfaya by truck from Rio de Oro in order to meet a truck convoy coming down from the north that would take us as far as Tan-Tan, where the hard road to Marrakech begins. I had been nearly three years in the western Sahara, prospecting for oil in the employ of the Spanish government. Last year I moved from El Aaiun to La Guera to commence operations in the southern extremity of the territory. La Guera is another tiny Saharan port town off the main shipping lines, situated about eight hundred miles south of El Aaiun, below the Tropic of Cancer near the Mauritanian frontier. The town itself consists of nothing more than a low haphazard grouping of structures, with a red-and-yellow flag whipping in the wind, signifying the Spanish military presence. The country inland is dangerous and practically impenetrable, a limitless waste of marching crescent dunes and shimmering salt flats. Sandstorms are frequent. These abrasive winds, which generate tremendous charges of static electricity, may blow for days.

One day not long after my arrival in La Guera I was down on the beach supervising the unloading of some drilling equipment. A launch was plying back and forth between the beach and a coastal steamer, which lay offshore in the milky green water. Black stevedores, standing knee-deep in the waves, were taking the crates and barrels on their shoulders and wading ashore to pile the stuff on the beach. I noticed a young fellow giving orders, and when the launch went off for another trip we got to talking. He told me that his name was Driss and that he was a Moroccan from Tangier working in the lighthouse at Cape Blanco, about twenty miles south of La Guera. The launch was also unloading supplies for the lighthouse. I told him I knew Tangier quite well myself, being in the habit of spending my summers there, when the heat of the Sahara brought my work to a halt. I learned that his father was the keeper of the Cape Spartel light, near Tangier. The father was close to retirement age now, and Driss, who was the eldest son, was being trained as his replacement. He had already passed some years in the lighthouses of Spain and France and was now doing a final tour in Africa before returning to Tangier to take over the light from his father. Lighthouse tradition has it, as Driss told me, that the care of the light should remain in the same family if possible, for the son is familiar with the light and is accustomed to the life. I told Driss my name, Joseph Cabell, and explained what I was doing in La Guera. He said he'd heard about an American looking for oil in the desert.

Driss invited me to come out and visit the light if I liked. I said I would, and a few days later I found myself driving in my Land-Rover out along the sandy spit of land called Cape Blanco. There was no road to speak of, and what with the sandy dunes and wiry dune bushes it took me a long time to get there. It certainly was one of the wildest and most isolated spots I'd ever visited. Driss came out to meet me and showed me around the light. The actual keeper was a Spaniard, but he spent most of his time in town, and Driss had assumed all responsibility for the operation of the light and the radio, which sends out signals in Morse code. I saw immediately that he was a real expert. I spent the night out there talking to Driss as the waves beat on that desolate African shore. Overhead the great radial light swept through the blackness. I asked him if this wasn't a lonely occupation, and he replied not at all. God looked upon this work with favor because the light guides the ships by night and saves the lives of sailors.

Subsequently I spent many days on Cape Blanco, and when Driss had some time off he would walk the twenty miles into La Guera, where we met. Often I used to take him out into the desert with me and show him my own domain of solitude. So between the lighthouse and the desert we spent many nights together, when it seemed as if we were the only two beings on the earth beneath the Saharan skies. To Driss the desert and sea were never inhospitable, nor really dangerous, as I regarded them. They represented formidable forces that had to be treated with respect, but he felt at ease among them. God was everywhere. I admired this extraordinary assurance, which allowed him a security of being on this earth that I had never felt. Of course, he was homesick for Tangier, as he had been away for so long, but he was happy in the desert or wherever his travels might take him. Moroccans are famous travellers, he said. They have been all over the world. But they always return home in the end.

Certainly this past year spent in



"Thanks to Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel's rigorous enforcement of the anti-poaching laws, I'll see you later, alligator."

• •

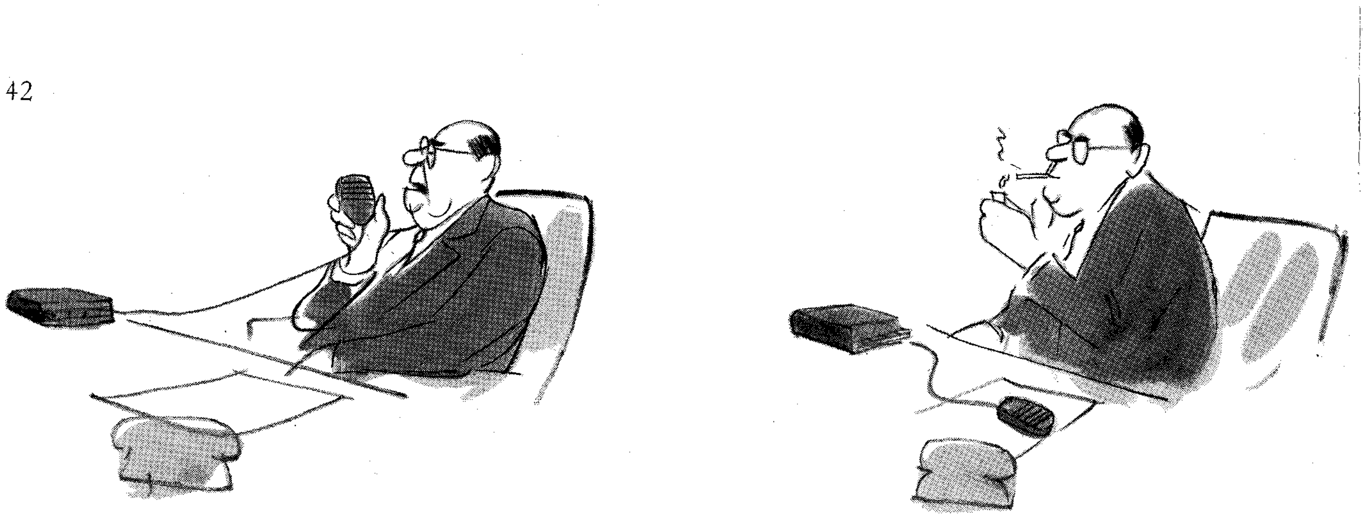
the desert with Driss has been the happiest period of my life that I can remember. One day when we had been drilling for oil, we struck fresh water instead. As it poured out of the ground in a great fountain, the Bedouins who had gathered to watch the drilling danced around with joy as if we had discovered gold and silver and diamonds and oil all together. But the Spanish military men who happened to be in the camp at the time in anticipation of witnessing an oil discovery stood by sullenly with their arms crossed. All they wanted was the oil. Driss remarked that it was far better to find water in the desert than oil. In fact, I had already advised the Spanish government more than once that no oil existed in their Sahara, while great reserves of fresh water were in evidence. They never listened; they wanted only the black liquid and insisted that I continue my search for it. But from that day onward I ordered my Spanish and Bedouin crew to commence drilling wherever I thought water was indicated, and we found that practically all of Rio de Oro floated on it. Driss and I laughed, and the normally severe Bedouins continued to dance like children under a sprinkler. Of course, I had to cap those wells to prevent the water from flowing away uselessly into the desert, but the water was there.

Those were good times for us both. Driss kept the coast safe for the passage of ships and fishing boats, and my discoveries might one day transform a part of the desert into a place of greater security and prosperity for the Bedouins and their camels. Soon we became quite well known among the local people, Spanish fishermen and Bedouins alike, who said we carried with us *baraka*, or the blessing of God, which means grace and good luck. Wherever we went together, among the Bedouin tents or over to the fishing harbor of Port Etienne in Mauritania, we were always received with smiles and hospitality. We had *baraka* between us.

When the period of Driss's training was drawing to a close, I decided to leave the desert a little earlier than usual to travel with him. Besides, summer would be coming on soon, a time when movement in the Sahara is practically impossible, so we planned to set off together by truck to the north. Driss was to take over the Spartel light, and I would accompany him and spend some time in Tangier before returning alone to the Sahara. It was better this way. If fate was to separate us, it was better to have it pull us more gently apart.

The last day in La Guera, Driss stumbled over a piece of rusty machinery half buried in the sand and opened his leg to the bone. The wound bled freely on the sand, which absorbed his blood, leaving only a dark stain. We had a long and arduous trip before us—nearly ten days by truck before we could reach Marrakech—and neither of us considered this an auspicious beginning. I was concerned about tetanus, as the injury had occurred in a place frequented by donkeys and camels. There was no vaccine to be found in La Guera, and when we reached El Aaiun five days later I was all for flying out to the Canary Islands, but Morocco lay nearby and Driss was impatient to cross the border after so many years away from home. By then, too, the cut seemed to be healing properly, so we went on. It had been a good trip otherwise. Like the Saharans travelling with us, we were accustomed to desert transport. After the first hours of rough riding a stoicism sets in as the body adjusts itself to periods of prolonged hardship. There is less desire for food and drink. The bounces, the wind, the violent changes in temperature, the endless desolate landscape—this whole physical world becomes remote and abstracted. One could go on forever. With no thoughts in the head, the senses expand across the sands. My only desire was for a pipe of kif, but the sensation this trip produced in my body was similar to its effect.

North of El Aaiun, the night before we would reach Tarfaya, our truck bounced to a halt in the desert, and Driss and our Saharan companions



"There are good indications that industry and commerce will quicken their pace by the end of this year or early in 1971, and we will see a swift improvement in the volume of business and an upsurge in profit margins."

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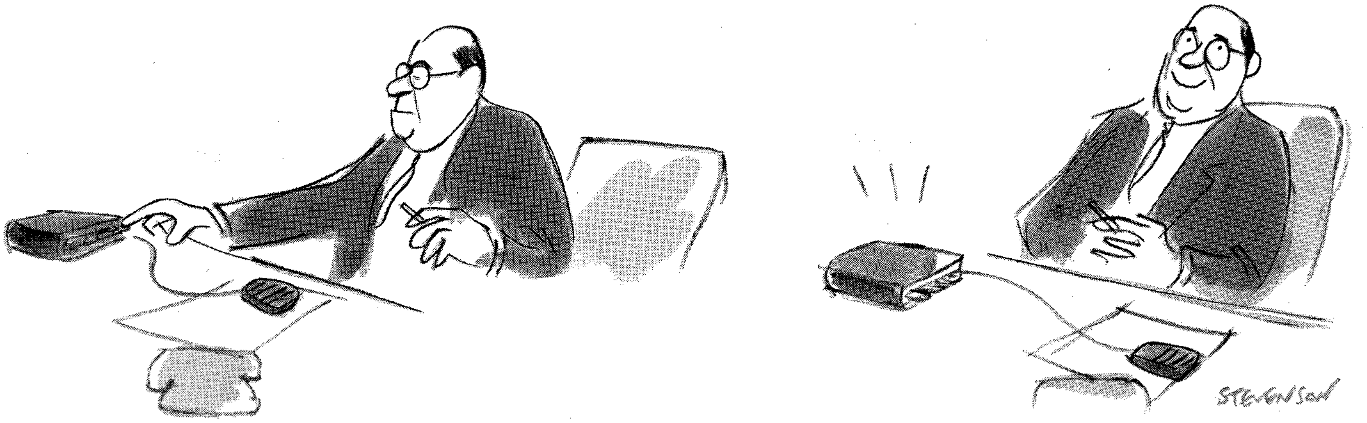
climbed down and faced the east. I walked away from the truck and looked off into the darkness. I thought I saw flashes of light along the horizon. Then the moon rose round and as bright as neon. The earth seemed a great flat disc surrounded by blackness. At my feet stones polished by the sand reflected the moonlight. I have always thought my presence on these plains to be dramatic. My solitary figure is able to fill the empty space. Yet, as often happens, the darkness was becoming warm and seductive, and I felt myself being drawn into it when a hand touched my shoulder. Driss stood beside me, his forehead glazed with sand from the prayer. Together we stood looking out, and I was glad to have him at my side. How vulnerable we were out there, where even the land lacked protection. This would be our last night together in the Spanish zone. Tomorrow the scene would shift, and we would be on our way north into Morocco. I loved this desert, but I wasn't especially looking forward to returning to La Guera alone one day, having left Driss far behind in Tangier. I told Driss this, and he nodded his head and looked at the ground. After a while he put his arm around me, and we turned back toward the truck, with Driss leaning on me for support. The Saharans had got a fire going and were preparing tea. It had been decided that we would spend the night here. We put on our djellabas and took our places around the fire and received the steaming glasses of tea, which we held between a thumb and finger at the rim and base of the glass, so as not to burn our fingers. I took out my toba, the small, engraved metal pipe of the Sahara that I always carry in my pocket, and before dinner we all had a few smokes of the freshly cut kif I had bought in El Aaiun. Being a good cook, Driss was helping the others prepare the meal. Our travelling companions were Mauritanian merchants, tall black men clad in indigo robes, bound from Nouakchott to the markets of Marrakech. As I watched Driss chatting with them in the firelight, I became uneasy. Often when I'm happy a fear comes over me—not fear that the joy will end, but fear that circumstances unexpected and beyond my control will arise to prevent me from ever feeling joy again. Right away I attributed this feeling to the kif, whose effect can often be unsettling. However, this time I was unable to shake off the apprehensiveness. After the meal, when the others had rolled up in their djellabas around the dying fire, I related my fears to Driss. He frowned but said nothing. I asked about his leg, and he replied it felt stiff and gave him some pain, that was all. Much later that night, after the moon had set and the fire was a mound of dull coals, I woke up to find him putting on my wrist his silver bracelet from Mauritania. To my questions he answered that if anything happened, this bracelet would act as a bond to keep us from separating too far apart.

THIS sunlit room with its yellow table and curtains is peaceful now. I lie on my bed with my hands behind my head and listen to the wind. Outside the window canes bend and thrash, palm fronds rattle, there is sand and dust flying in the air. Something is slamming and slamming. Will the wind never stop? Glaring sun falls out of a white sky, and I'm cold. This Tangier weather is worse than in the Sahara.

A small detachment of Moroccan soldiers is stationed in Tarfaya, with a caid in charge. We were given a room in a deserted Spanish barracks, and the military came forth with fresh bandages for Driss's leg. But there was no doctor, no vaccine there, either. All those in need of a doctor are shipped out to Tan-Tan, I was told. I also learned that the truck convoy had been stopped by sand far to the north, so we were stranded. The room where we were to live and wait contained two beds, two mattresses, and two blankets. No running water. I unpacked our suitcases and spread our possessions around, making the room ours, but still it was pretty grim. Next I changed Driss's bandages. The sand had penetrated the old wrappings and had entered the wound. He again complained that his leg was stiff, and I could see that it was giving him a good deal of pain. He looked so helpless lying there on that miserable bed, and I wondered what I ought to do. I went to the window, which gives out onto a large sandy courtyard that must once have been a military parade ground. Beyond, I could see the coast and desert to the north. Cape Juby is not really a cape, but just a hump of land into the ocean where the coastline changes direction. Here Tarfaya is caught between the sea and the Sahara. The marching crescent dunes surround the town on three sides; some have even entered and covered the smaller structures on the outskirts. Flying sand comes swirling over the rounded surfaces; it enters under the door and through the cracked windowpanes. I could taste the grit between my teeth.

"Yusef," Driss was asking behind me, "do you think we ought to have flown out to the Canaries?" It was too late to think about that now, I told him. We were stuck here in Tarfaya.



"There are good indications that industry and commerce will quicken their pace by the end of this year or early in 1971, and we will see a swift improvement in the volume of business and an upsurge in profit margins."

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"I'm sorry, Yusef," came his voice, as if from a distance. "Do you think everything will be all right?" I went and sat down on the edge of the bed. Darkness was falling quickly, and we had no candles. I tried to reassure him. The wind might die down tonight; by tomorrow the truck convoy would have arrived, and we'd be on our way out of there. As soon as we reached Tangier, we'd see a good doctor about his leg, and he'd soon be well. "Yusef," Driss said after a while, "I wish we were back in La Guera. We should never have left." That was nonsense, I said. We were in Morocco now, and everything would be all right. "I hope so," he replied and laid his head back on the rolled-up djellaba I had arranged as a pillow. He shut his eyes and didn't say anything more. The room had become quite dark now, and I said I would go out and look for some candles. "All right, Yusef," came his voice.

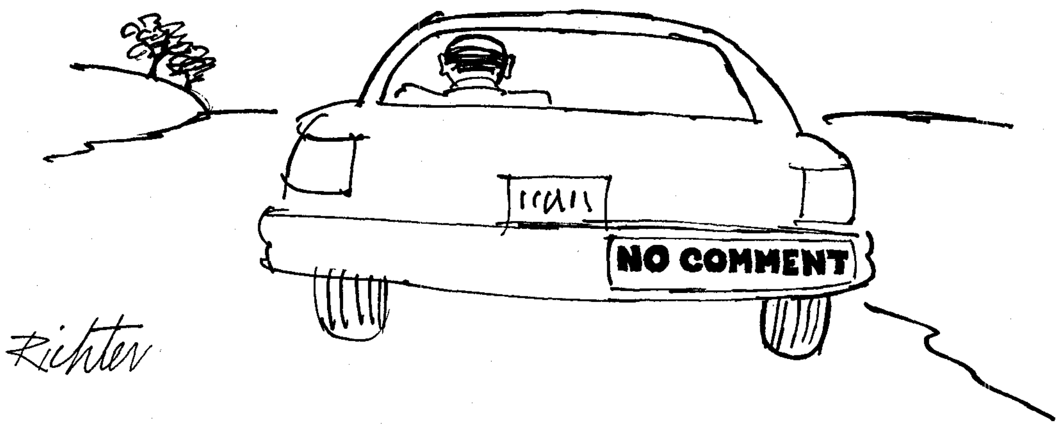
Our first evening in Tarfaya: Soldiers stand guard on top of sand dunes, a bugle blows as the sun goes down into the sea. Wind. When I came back with the candles, Driss was still complaining about the stiffness in his leg, and I massaged it as best I could without disturbing the new bandages. Later I went out to Tarfaya's only café, which had been set up in the lobby of an abandoned movie theatre. M'barek, the owner, cooked up a camel *tajine* to take back to Driss. He regrets the departure of the Spanish from Tarfaya, he told me. El Aaiun, which the Spanish still hold, is where he wants to go. I told him that I'd been in and out of that town over the past three years and didn't think much of it. But everybody works there, he insisted. Men, women, little children, even the dogs work and are happy. In Tarfaya there is nothing. He showed me around the empty movie theatre. During the Spanish time there had been a new film every night; the projectors were still upstairs, ready to go. In the café were two boys from Oujda, a thousand miles to the north, masons who had walked all the way to Tarfaya looking for work. Their names are Mohamed and Mohamed. Mohamed I is a lean, ungainly fellow. He wears an old felt hat with matches in the rim and a dirty brown shirt with a package of Casa Sports showing through the chest pocket. He has sideburns and ragged blue-jeans and boots, and the pockets of his trousers are embroidered with safety pins. Mohamed II wears a skullcap and a long dark overcoat and sneakers. They both were sleeping in M'barek's café and playing cards all the time. Mohamed deals, Mohamed picks up the cards. They were smoking too many cigarettes, because they were sad.

Everyone wanted to know if I was married. M'barek asked why didn't I marry an *española*. Mohamed I and Mohamed II naturally wanted to go to El Aaiun, but they had no pass. So they would stay here, fish a little, sell boards they found washed up by the sea, look for some special seaweed that is bought (thirty-five francs a kilo) for transport to Agadir, and wait for the tourist boom.

I took the *tajine* back to Driss. He was lying on the bed with the candle next to him on the floor. Suddenly the wind slammed the door behind me with a bang and blew the candle out. Driss screamed in the darkness. I put down the food and relit the candle. Driss was clutching at his leg and yelling; the muscles had gone as hard as wood. The toes had so clenched that they turned in on themselves. I rubbed and rubbed the leg and tried to make him relax in spite of the great pain. Finally the muscles began to loosen up; Driss moaned for a while and closed his eyes. I made him as comfortable as possible and sat down in the flickering candlelight to watch him, feeling alone and helpless. The camel *tajine* went cold and untouched on the floor.

The next morning the wind was still blowing. The sky was neither clear nor overcast but so full of light that I had to squint my eyes in the glare. I banged on the caid's door, and he finally opened, clad in blue pajamas. I told him that my friend had shown the first signs of tetanus and had to be transported out of there immediately. A few minutes later the caid was on the radio to Tan-Tan. Before noon an old Dakota flew low over the town with a great roar, made a circle, and came back. We all ran out to the edge of town, but the airstrip was hopelessly buried by the dunes. The plane flew around and around looking for a place to land. M'barek wanted to mobilize everyone to dig out the runway, but I could see it was futile. Even the oil-drum markers had disappeared in the sand. The plane made one last circle and flew away.

The radio said that the convoy had not yet left Tan-Tan, and the truck that had brought us to Tarfaya had neither oil nor fuel. I went down to the sea. A dead porpoise was being eaten by stray dogs on the beach, and the flies swarmed around. Some bright-colored fishing boats had been stranded by the low tide—too small to take us out of there. The sea tossed with whitecaps; waves foamed over the broken pier. Only the castle offshore seemed firm. Seagulls floated above it. I turned back toward the town. In the windy streets ravens perched and fluttered along the



crests of sand dunes. Arabs squatted behind mud walls. Their long blue robes and turbans protected them from the wind as they soaked up warmth from the sun. I lacked this warmth, this assurance and protection. The wind tore at me, I could not escape it. Coming off the desert, it smelled of dust and excrement.

That afternoon Driss went into a state of spastic paralysis. The pressure of the wind again burst open the door with a loud noise, and by the time I had shut it his entire body had gone rigid. His back arched right off the bed, his hands and feet gripped and curled, and his jaw locked in an awful grimace—the "sardonic smile" of tetanus. Although his muscles were contracting with all their strength, he could not move, because the muscles were pulling against each other with equal tension. Before long he was exhausted with no possibility of rest, and he was in terrible agony. I could see that he would soon die, because nothing could be done to save him.

After dark M'barek and the Mohameds came to visit us in the barracks. They sat on the floor with their legs crossed. M'barek had brought along a charcoal brazier from the café and began to make tea. Mohamed II opened his transistor radio and let the music of Mauritania into the room. Later the voice of the taleb reading from the Koran came on, which seemed appropriate. We didn't say much, but just drank the tea and smoked our tobas. The room was full of the broken images of death. I tried to think of the experiences Driss and I had had together in the Sahara, but the past drifted away from me. I tried to think of the future, but tomorrow meant nothing. I felt grateful for the presence of these young Moroccans, and they must have given Driss some comfort, too, for he lay flat on the bed now, although the muscles remained solid. The eyes were closed and his breath hissed between the locked teeth.

Late that night I went out onto the parade ground. The wind had died down; it was a clear Saharan night with a sky full of stars. I lay down on a sand dune and looked up into the night. The sea was faintly audible; somewhere a dog barked. Except for our dimly lit window, the barracks stood black and ominous all around. I prayed to all the prophets of the desert—Moses, Christ, and Mohammed—for some miracle to save him. I asked the gods of the wind and the Sahara and of truck drivers for help. Then a satellite came along, threading its way through the stars, clicking up against some of them—an oddly irregular course. I prayed to that as well. In fact I wished I were up there riding that satellite far above this desolate African coast, away from the flies and wind, released from the responsibility of death. But that thought vanished in a second, and I jumped up and hurried back to the room.

Not long afterward Driss went into another—and final—spasm. His body rose from the bed like a specter, the blanket draped over him, until only the back of the head and the heels touched the mattress. The mouth was stretched into that terrible smile, and he seemed to be humming. I attempted to push him back down, but the muscles were completely rigid. I lay on top of him and put my arms around him, but he remained arched like that until dawn, when the body collapsed on the mattress, and he was dead.

"THERE *is no God but God and Mohammed is His Prophet!*"

The chant was repeated over and over, back and forth, as the small procession wound slowly through the sandy streets of Tarfaya. I walked in the rear with M'barek and the Mohameds and the caid, who all took turns at carrying the body. Driss, wrapped in a white cloth, was borne on a simple wooden litter at shoulder height. We crossed the useless airstrip, chanting. Blue Saharan robes fluttered in the wind; ends of long black turbans, loosely tied, trailed behind the men. Only men walked in this procession. They had come and washed the body and wrapped it in the white cloth. Now they were taking it to the grave. Chanting, we passed through the dunes and came out onto a flat place where stones stood upright on the sand. A shallow grave had been dug, which the wind was already filling. The body was put down by the grave, and a prayer was said by the taleb. I stood a little distance away on a mound of sand; not being a Moslem I could not participate. The body was picked up and placed in the grave, the head toward the east. Sand was showered on it. This is the crucial part. Communication with Driss was over. The grave was quickly filled. Then we all left except for the taleb, who remained at the graveside reminding Driss of his religious duties and obligations. Gabriel would soon come to lead away his soul, and the taleb asked the soul questions concerning the faith, so that Driss would not forget in the presence of Gabriel.

The truck convoy, which had finally reached Tarfaya that same afternoon, was about to depart for Tan-Tan the following day when the taleb appeared, saying that Driss had visited him during the night. The graveside advice had not been necessary, and the taleb declared that Driss was a good Moslem. I thanked the taleb and tipped him, and he stepped away, mumbling a blessing. The motors started up. M'barek, the Mohameds, and the caid all shook my hand. I told them I'd probably be back this way on my return trip to Rio de Oro. God willing, they replied. A bearded soldier I'd seen at the funeral came forward and shook my hand. The whole town was out to see the trucks off. I climbed aboard and waved, and the convoy headed out through the sandy streets of Tarfaya.

Soon we were out in the Sahara. Ahead lay unbelievably vast empty spaces with plateaus and headlands jutting and jutting until they fade into the haze of heat and distance. No wonder the ancient peoples thought the earth was flat. I rode all day and all night on top of the truck with the same Mauritanians who had been with us all the way from La Guera. We stopped every few hours during the night and built enormous fires in the desert to make tea and warm ourselves. A convoy of seven trucks was taking me farther and farther away from that place outside Tarfaya where Driss lies. The next morning at dawn I took an orange out of my bag and began to eat it as the truck jolted into the gray light.

As I have been dozing the afternoon light has been slipping from this room. Some of the buzzless flies have disappeared. I wonder, where do flies go at night? Only two remain here with me now. I think about the possibilities that are lost and the possibilities that remain. Driss lies under the sand of Tarfaya. I find the memory of him overwhelming. Being a Moslem, he was sure that the laws and events of the universe were ordered by God's will. Sandstorms, shipwrecks, and death had already been written, and it was pointless to resist them. Of course, this was a great source of strength to him. Yet he tended the lighthouse with care, and considered my discoveries of water to be both blessings of the desert and a blessing to my skill. Together we were part of the order of things in that remote region of the western desert. We dealt with the elements and turned them to man's favor. Therefore we held the favor of God and received the respect of men wherever we went. One must not spend too much time alone, either in an isolated lighthouse or on the windy plains, and we were happy to have one another out in those empty places. Together we achieved a balance between nature and ourselves not to be met with again. I never thought I'd be leaving him alone down there.

Now I see the sun is going down, and the wind has abated. As for myself, I ought to leave this room and go into the streets. This seems a great task. Most likely I shall leave Tangier earlier than I had anticipated and return to the desert, where I have my obligations to the Spanish government. On my wrist I wear this silver bracelet. It, too, has its power to take me back to Tarfaya and La Guera, as Driss foresaw. In the meantime, however, it is a comfort to stay a few more minutes in this bed and observe the two remaining flies. They play their harmless games oblivious of my presence. They allow me time to gather myself. If I did not have them to watch, I do not know what I would do.

—John Hopkins

SNACK FIRM MAPS NEW CHIP PUSH

Unrest lessens, says Attorney General Mitchell; rest increases. Survey shows Viet struggle major cause of turmoil, but New Moderation policy curbs protest. Lines of communication will be kept open, White House pledges, in response to call for more sensitivity to youth mood. Majority of young share our concern, President discloses. Militants charge "repression," but Administration denies claim. Simpering, self-appointed smarty-pants targets of Agnew blast, but Vice-President says most young people reject illogical tiptoe-through-the-tulips tactics, instead are "turned on" by realistic attempts to solve problems, truth.

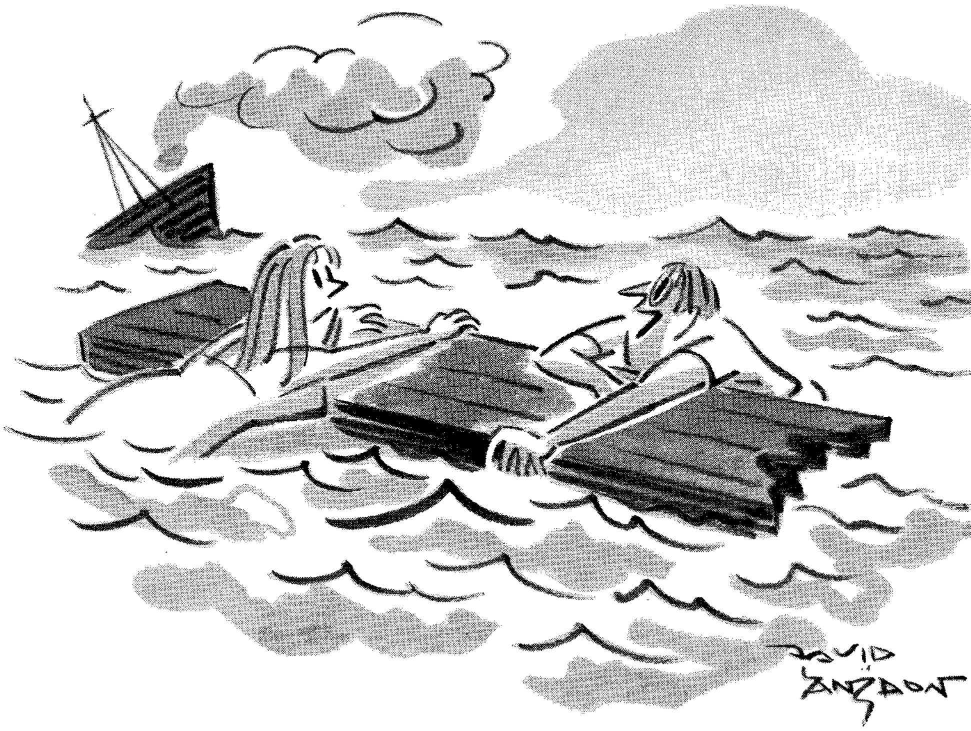
The snack industry was hard hit by unrest. The million-dollar 18-to-30 market was unsteady all first quarter, and Cambodian offensive turned narrow profits to big losses for many cracker and chip concerns. Dark moods mean less demand generally, but snack trade in particular views despair with alarm. Unrest turns youth toward liquids, especially dairy products, and away from crunchy morsels, figures show. Some agencies nixed new campaigns until unrest lessened.

Prime example of industry caution was decision by Fuller Biscuit to hold off on latest entry, Buffalo Chips, and wait for market to steady before testing demand for new taste sensation. "You can't raise new sail in a hurricane," said spokesman, "unless you want to sink the chip." Fuller feels that Buffalo Chips requires revolutionary new snack sell possible only in atmosphere of campus quiet.

If forecast of lessening unrest proves true, Fuller could kick off Buffalo Chips effort by winter. Industry sources speculate that Fuller to abandon traditional quasi-drug "turn-on" approach in favor of new, earthier "stuff-yourself" slant, reflecting youth-interest switch from psychedelia to country. Feeling is that in previous Flaky Chips campaign taste was oversold and product identity neglected. "Put it this way," said spokesman. "Buffalo Chips is no epicurean delight, but we feel a strong pitch based on solidity and heaviness will touch current retrenchment mood without serious credibility losses."

Whether youth to go for Buffalo Chips uncertain due to slow start on pretesting and selected-market warm-up, but signs point clearly to gradual buildup as heavy media barrage softens loyalty to competing tidbits. Snack giants will watch with interest. If Buffalo Chips picks up by spring, assuming unrest is down and youth responsive, watch for major 1971 breakthrough into food areas heretofore untouched.

—Garrison Keillor



"Look on the bright side. We're entitled to a refund on the unexpired portion of the cruise, or the equivalent in credit on a cruise on a ship of comparable quality."

ANOTHER WORLD FROM MINE

AT that time (if anyone wants to know), I was sixteen or thereabouts, and living in a suburb of Dublin. My father was in charge of a little railway station, and my brother and I, after school, had the job of delivering parcels that came by train to the various residences around—down avenues, along terraces, or to houses that had drives leading up to them.

I was, while repeating to myself lines from the poetry of George Gordon, Lord Byron, pushing my delivery truck, containing a hamper, along a road that went away from the avenues and terraces. My destination had a gate lodge beside it. Leaving my truck, I went to open the gate. As I did, a young girl came out of the lodge, stooped down, and lifted the bolt.

"You needn't go up to the house," the girl said. "There's no one there. You can leave it in here. The ladies are out driving. That's why I'm here by myself. My father is driving the carriage." She took a handle and helped me into the lodge with the hamper. Then we faced each other over a difficulty. The girl was not the one to sign the delivery book or pay the charges on the hamper. "You'll have to come back when the ladies are at home," she said. "But you can sit here and rest yourself."

I have written this as if such a reception was commonplace. But in the town we lived in there were no such receptions between boys and girls of different families. The schools were separate, and even at Mass and other devotions the boys kept to one side of the chapel, the girls the other. No doubt, when they passed adolescence, they found ways of meeting. At this stage, however, girls were in another world from mine.

We were in her house, which was the gate lodge. With an unexpectedness that was like the breaking of a piece of crockery, she said, "I saw you before."

"I don't often come this way," I told her.

"It wasn't along this way. It was at the hobbyhorses. When I got off, I saw you standing there."

"If you leave me, Veronica, I'll lapse into political apathy."

That she, a stranger among strangers, should have noticed me, left me gasping. I had been standing listlessly in the crowd, something of an old melancholy affecting me, at the Fancy Fair, with its hobbyhorses and its swinging boats.

She went on, and now I noticed her Northern accent and her Northern interjections. "My father was driving the ladies to their friends near the Sports Field. He left the carriage in the cab rank and took me to the horses and the swinging boats. It was grand. And when I got off—och!—there you were before me."

"I hadn't gone on them," I said weakly.

"I live here with my father," she told me.

I looked round the room we were in and admired its tidiness. Two coachman's whips were hanging on the walls. There were no sacred pictures; only a picture of a soldier on a white horse crossing a river—King William, no doubt. This was a Protestant house.

"What's your name?" she asked.

I told her.

"Mine is Flora Hoskins."

Flora! What a clear open-air name it was! So different from the Teresas and the Madeleines I heard called across the street!

I went on, to give myself status by showing we were not mere delivery boys, "My brother and I work for my father in the station."

I felt something around my neck. It was Flora's arms, and she was back of me, leaning against me. Neither of us said anything. Then she took away her arms. I stood up and she was before me. She picked up a cat as if to break the suspense and stood holding it. A kiss was exchanged.

"You're not used to girls," Flora said.

I made some excuse.

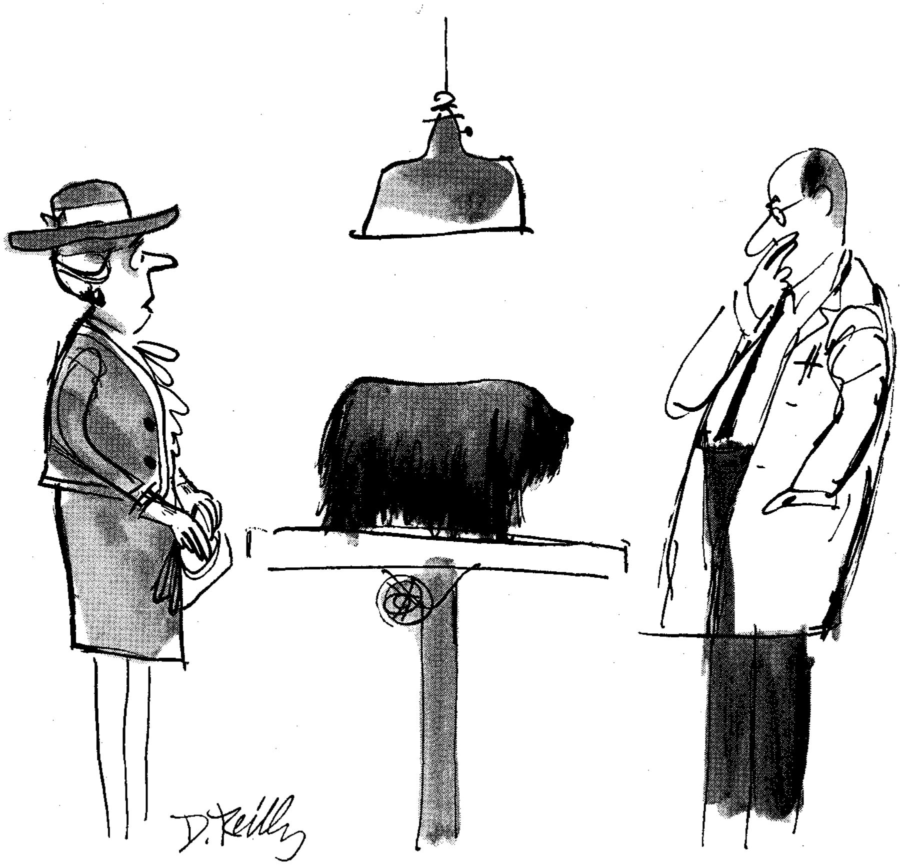
"Och! There's no harm in boys knowing girls and girls knowing boys," she said seriously. "I think about boys. Maybe that's because I've no mother."

"Is your mother long gone from you?"

"Och! Since I was a little wean."

She was close to me as no stranger girl was close to me before. Flora was about my own age. Her tawny hair was hanging down to her shoulders; her face was round, with a dimple, and she had brown eyes. We kissed for the second time.

"Now you'd better go," Flora said.



"She even refuses ground chuck from Gristede's."

• •

"Why do you want me to go all of a minute?"

"Because I want you to come back. You haven't got your pay and your book hasn't been signed. So you can come back for that. The day after tomorrow. I'll meet you here and take you up the drive to the Big House. I'll have to have the house to myself when my father comes in. Goodbye now."

In a minute, I was out of the lodge, the gate was opened for me, and I was wheeling the little truck down the road, feeling that seasons had passed since I had come this way, and that I was nearer the stature of Lord Byron's Lara than I thought I'd ever be.

Meanwhile, there was the image of Flora, the cat in her arms, and that unprecedented thing, a kiss from one who had seen me, Lara-like, in the crowd and whose lonely spirit she had recognized.

I did not encounter my friend George Murtagh Griffith that evening, and I walked home with my brother, who talked about our pigeons. Our mother had gone to bed when we got home and had left some eatables on the table for us. I lay wakeful on the pallet and tried to put together what I remembered of "Locksley Hall."

I HAD to dedicate the next day to my second meeting with Flora, and this brought me to a regular but, for me, advanced game in sweethearting. The little shops carried packages of sweets, square or oblong, pink or white, that were known as Conversation Lozenges. On one side was the inscription "I love you," and on the other words that could open a conversation—"Do you like a bright moon?" Or "We'll walk near the bushes." I bought a package. If Flora and I shared them, it would be something between us.

As I was preparing for school the following morning, my mother took up my jacket to brush it, and the package of lozenges fell into her lap. She had a sweet tooth and she purloined a lozenge. She read one of the inscriptions. Then she read others while, mortified, I tried to think of some way of dismissing the subject, blushing furiously. "Who is she? Tell me!" She laughed as she threw the package over on the table. Nothing could have cut me down more as an adventurer into romance. I picked up my jacket, put it on, took up my books, and left as a schoolboy.

But as the hours went on I became more and more inspired. Flora! It was a name that none of my friends had ever heard! Of course I had looked it up, and knew that it was the name of the goddess of flowers. Her surroundings were different from any they knew about; different from girls who lived in houses where there was a coming and going of "Sis" and "Mary" and "Brid." She was in a house behind a gate to a drive to a great house cried about by curlews. And I thought of her hanging hair, her brown eyes, and the mouth that was on mine. I would see her again this very day. My brother and I went home together. My mother gave us our dinner and then went into the room to rest herself.

To have the delivery book signed and the charges paid at the Big House was my assignment. Of course, it was the meeting with Flora that was in my mind. And there she was, halfway from the lodge gate. Flora with the brown eyes and the hanging hair! I took her two hands.

"I was dying to see you," I said.

"Och! I was weary waiting," she said.

We went through a gap and were in a field where dandelions grew in patches amongst patches of green grass. White butterflies fluttered over the dandelions. I managed to get out the speech I had: "Flora, the goddess of flowers."

"You know that! I thought Roman Catholics knew nothing but about the saints."

"I know poetry, too."

She walked on without waiting for an utterance in verse. I showed her the packet of lozenges. "Oh, let me keep them," she said. "Och! Let me."

I was charmed, not by her saying it but by the imploring way she said it.

"And here is the drive. Now go up to the house, and I'll wait here for you."

I walked up the drive, mounted the steps, told the maid who came into the hall what my errand was, and handed the delivery book for someone's signature, mentioning an amount to be paid. An angular lady crossed the hall at the moment, had the matter explained to her, put her signature on the page, and gave money to the maid, who gave it to me. The door was still open and I went out on the steps. Was my exceptional expedition contained in this? Was all that had grown up in me since the day before yesterday accounted for by a signature and a few shillings? No. The girl who had noticed me in the crowd at the hobby-horses was waiting for me. I took her hand.

"My father will expect to find me in

THREE POEMS ON THE SAME THEME

THE ONLY BAR IN DIXON

Home. Home. I knew it entering.
Green cheap plaster and the stores
across the street toward the river
failed. One Indian depressed
on Thunderbird. Another buying
Thunderbird to go. This air
is fat with gangsters I imagine
on the run. If they ran here
they would be running from
imaginary cars. No one cares
about the wanted posters
in the brand new concrete block P.O.

This is home because some people
go to Perma and come back
from Perma saying Perma
is no fun. To revive, you take 382
to Hot Springs, your life savings
ready for a choice of bars, your hotel
glamorous with neon up the hill.
Is home because the Jocko
dies into the Flathead. Home because
the Flathead goes home north northwest.

I want home full of grim permission.
You can go as out of business here
as rivers or the railroad station.
I knew it entering.
                    Five bourbons
and I'm in some other home.

—Richard F. Hugo

THE ONLY BAR IN DIXON

Dixon gleams through a six-power
scope on a deer rifle, bar lights wink
in the cross hairs, footprints of drunk braves
weave in bone-dust snow,
a wine-stained version of fox-and-geese:
this shack-pocked village a lumbar vertebra in the spine
of the Rockies grates on its cartilage neighbor, death.

Trucks creak in frost,
white-faced cattle stare
at the blizzard cloud massing near the valley's rim.
Hay freezes from inside out—
a failure of combustion in the gut.
For sale in the bar: a shotgun, an electric guitar,
wine by the glass, some medals from a war, ten minutes' warmth.

The deck of night shuffles
its sad, laminated face
over fields of thistles and sage, over trout
lined up like exclamation points
under ice. The moon nestles in dank hair,
in the black hair of Flatheads sweating
in a pickup truck, whooping against the windows.

The dance on earth's crust throbs,
beaver hear it on the dams,
otters in their muddy slides. The ankle bells chatter,
bone bracelets clack,
a gourd beats its seeds to death,
and the chief shines with bear fat under a skull;
ghost dancers swaying from the hips—cartridges in a belt.

—J. D. Reed

THE ONLY BAR IN DIXON

These Indians once imitated life.
Whatever made them warm
they called wine, song, or sleep,
a lucky number on the tribal roll.

Now the stores have gone the gray
of this November sky. Cars
whistle past, chrome wind, knowing
something lethal in the dust.

A man could build a reputation here.
Take that redhead at the bar—
she knows we're thugs, killers
on a fishing trip with luck.

No luck. No room for those
sensitive enough to know they're beat.
Even the Flathead turns away,
a river thick with bodies,

Indians on their way to Canada.
Take the redhead—yours for just a word,
a promise that the wind will warm
and all the saints come back for laughs.

—James Welch

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the house when he comes from the garden," she said.

"And when will I see you again?"

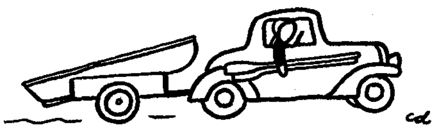
"Don't ask me. I wrote you a letter. I'll give it to you."

We walked together to the gap that would take her into the lodge. We stood together, Flora and the lover of Flora. "I have your sweets," she said, and we kissed. "I'll give you the letter I wrote. Promise me not to read it until you go into the town." She slipped it into the delivery book. "You won't open that book until you're in the town." She said it as a command.

"I won't, Flora," I said, overborne by her vehemence. "And I'll come this way the day after tomorrow."

"All right," she said halfheartedly, and went from me into the lodge.

Then I went along the road, sometimes going swiftly so that I could read her letter soon, sometimes pausing to think over her behavior. Maybe there was nothing strange in this usage of me. What did I know about girls, after all?



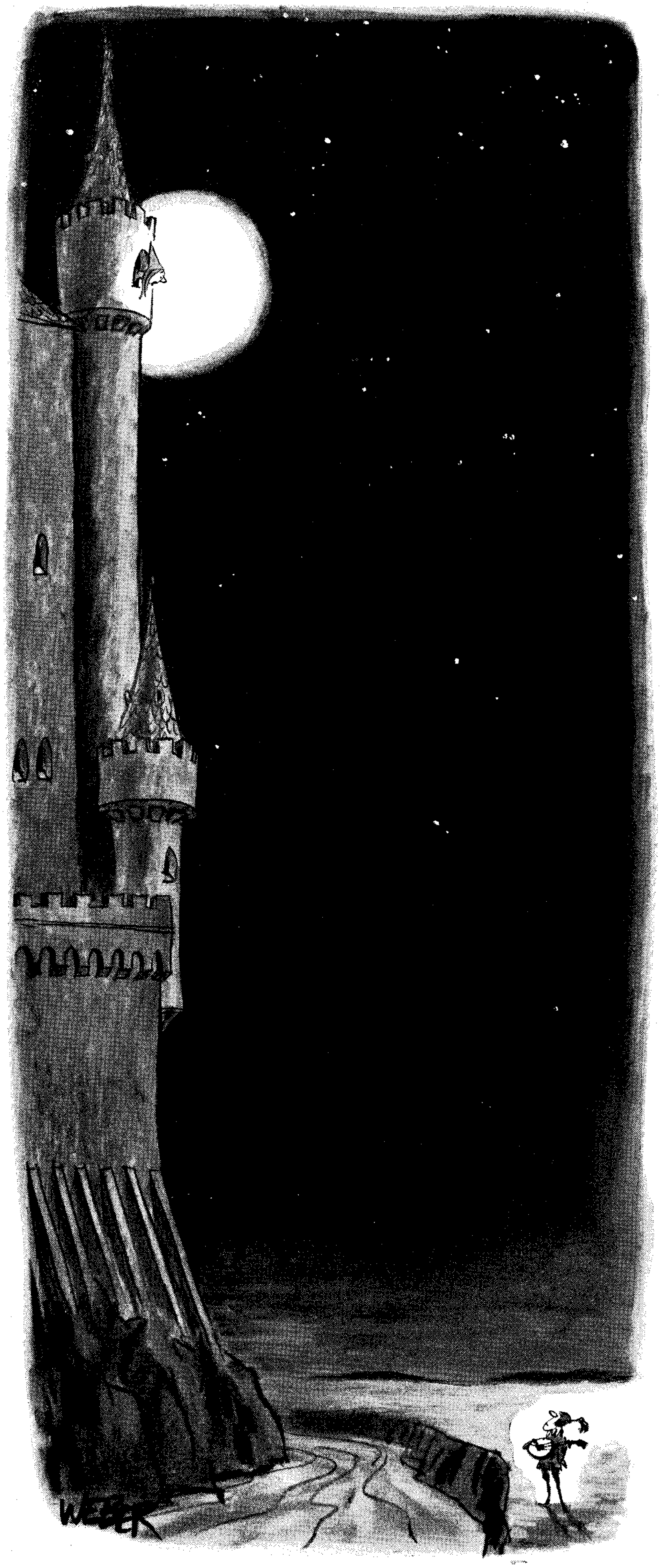
As soon as I came to the first houses, I took the letter out of the delivery book and read it. I suppose it is wrong to call it a letter—it was just a note. It was to say that the ladies, her father, and Flora were going away in the morning to live the rest of their lives in another house in the County Meath, and that it would be a long time till we saw each other again. There must have been something more affectionate in her mind than such dismissal, but how would an unlettered girl who had to make a break say more than that? There were marks that I knew were meant for kisses, and the signature "Flora." I have a notion that as I stood there a boy came up and asked me if I had a pair of pigeons for sale. I don't know what I said to him. He went with me until we were at the station. I went in, put my delivery book on the counter in the Parcels Office—there was no one there—and went into the yard where the larger trucks and barrows were. I sat down on one of the trucks and began to cry. Every place was deserted. Flora, with her brown eyes and her dimple, would be in the County Meath. Her road would know the two of us no more. As I sat there, my brother came into the yard. I was a lonesome sight, seated on the empty truck, crying.

"What ails you?" he said, coming toward me. Then, "I'll do the deliveries," and he went from me as if he was afraid I'd infect him with my tears.

Afterward, I discovered what he thought had brought on my crying. He thought that I had been told that our mother was in a worse state of health than was supposed, and that I was grieving over that information.

But, after all, my grief could not have been very profound. I had been with Flora only twice. And yet, sometimes, when I would be on an out-of-the-way delivery, I would cry for loneliness. Flora was in the County Meath, and I would never again look into her brown eyes, or hear her speak with her strange accent, or have her mouth on mine again. I would often say to myself, "That was before I knew Flora." I had only known her on two occasions, but these had meant growth for me—growth from boyishness to youthfulness. I had the roomy booking office for a study, and now, when cronies of my father's or the stationmaster's came in and talked about public happenings, I was able to make mental comments. George Murtagh Griffith often walked home with me, declaiming poetry. I discussed the verses he repeated, not taking them, as I used to, with outbursts of enthusiasm. In school, Master Condon had me join a class of three or four older boys whom he was preparing for an examination that was still two years ahead. We read London magazines—the *Spectator* and the *Review of Reviews*—and learned something about current politics and the literature that was then appearing.

—Padraic Colum



"Louder!"

REFLECTIONS

THE MEGAMACHINE—I

NEW-WORLD PROMISES

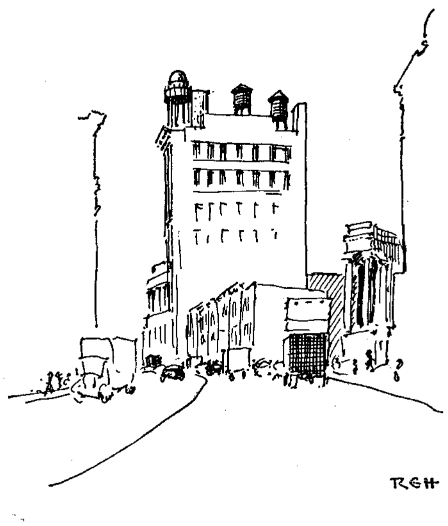
AT the end of the fifteenth century, the great Age of Exploration began for Western man. Between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, explorers, adventurers, administrators, soldiers, and emigrants moved out physically across the seas to the Americas, to Australia, into Africa. Meanwhile, scientists, inventors, and engineers set out on an intellectual form of exploration, and investigated the heavens, the motions of planets, the measurement of time, the laws governing repetitive events. The geographical New World as well as the mechanical New World of mathematics, astronomy, physics, and technology became accessible to exploration. In a sense, not only the Americas but the whole planet became a New World. And eventually the two modes of exploration came together in a single movement: to replace the multitudinous gifts of nature with whatever man himself could make and do to bring nature under his domination. Seeking different goals, and travelling different routes—never as far apart as they seemed—both kinds of exploration ended in the religion of the Machine.

The official date for the opening of the New World has long been fixed as that of Columbus's first voyage, though by now one has reason to suppose that sundry blinder, more tentative thrusts were made in the same general direction—possibly first by Irish monks, Norse rovers, and Breton fishermen, and later by sailors from Bristol, between 1480 and 1490, as Carl Sauer has recently pointed out. Certainly the Greek cosmographers' picture of the earth as a globe had become known, if not generally accepted, even before the fifteenth century.

In turn, Columbus, though in no wise an intellectual leader, commanded the scientific means to plot his voyage and insure his return with the astrolabe, the magnetic compass, and the existing sailing charts—means that gave him the self-confidence to set forth on his tricky voyage and hold to his course in the face of his doubting crew. Thus, long before the industrial changes brought about by coal and iron, by the steam engine and the automatic loom, earlier technical advances—which, like the extensive use of wind power and water power in mills, originated in the Middle Ages—had wrought a far more significant change in the human mind. The latter-day practice of dating the industrial, and technical, revolution from the eighteenth century is a parochialism due originally to lack of historical information among technicians and lack of technical information and insight among historians.

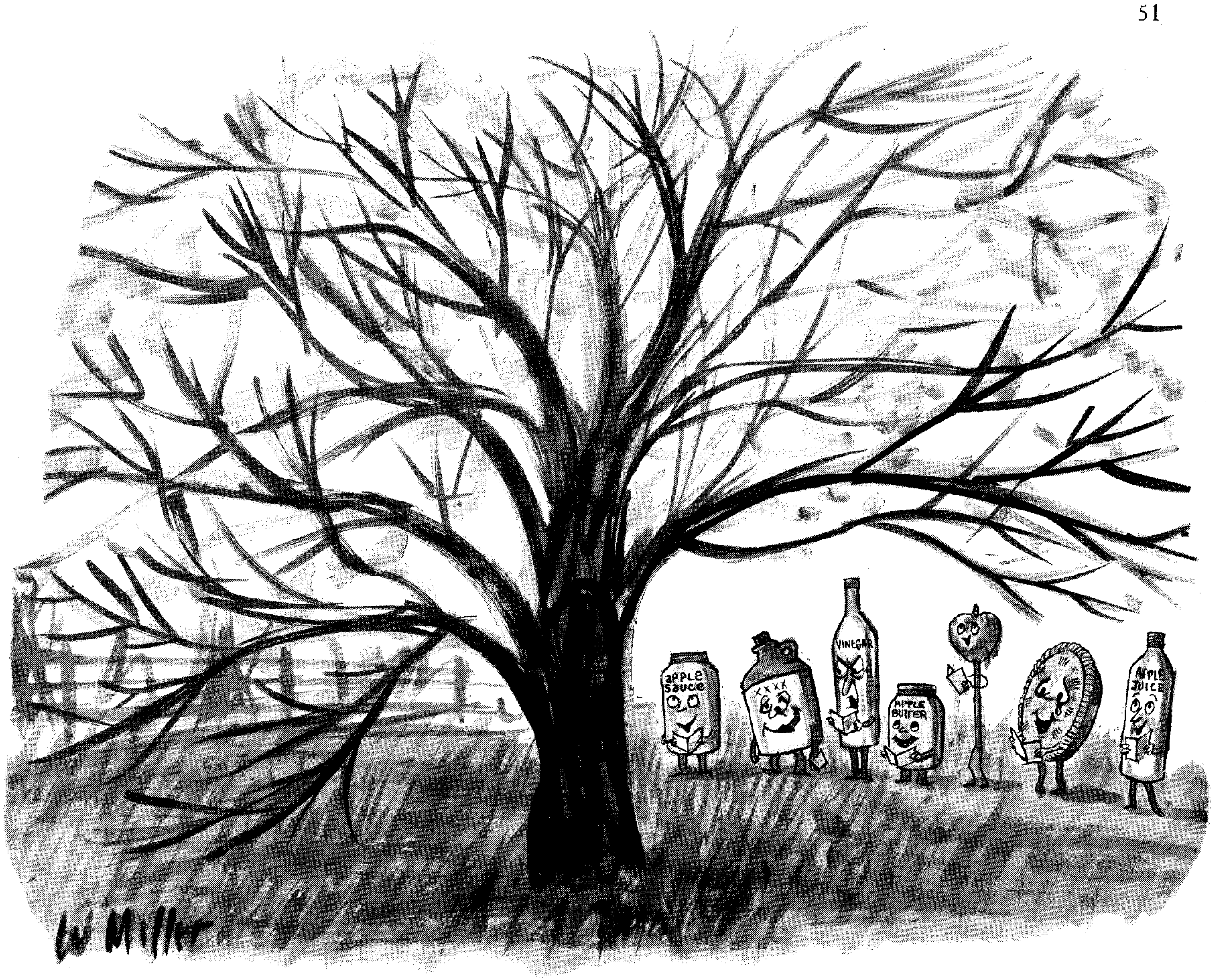
Our current views of both the terrestrial and the mechanical New Worlds have been falsely colored by the opaque religious prejudices of the leaders of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. Thinkers like Voltaire and Diderot, judging medieval institutions by the decayed survivals of their own day, took it for granted that the Middle Ages were a period of besotted ignorance and superstition, and in their desire to throw off the influence of the Established Church they converted the High Middle Ages, one of the great moments in European culture, into a neo-Gothic horror story, assuming that no serious progress had been made in any department until their own period. This anti-Gothic obsession resulted not only in the devaluation of medieval achievement but also in the wholesale destruction of buildings and institutions that, if preserved and renewed, might have helped to humanize the rising power system based on the machine.

Now that competent medieval scholarship has removed these blinders, we can appreciate that the groundwork for all these discoveries was laid by a series of technical advances that began in the thirteenth century, with the introduction of the magnetic compass and gunpowder, from China; indeed, from the tenth century onward, European society staged a kind of dress rehearsal for the period that followed. This started with the clearing of the forests by the monastic orders and the founding of feudal pioneer settlements and new cities on the eastern and southern borderlands, and the first settlers in the New World, so far from starting life anew, carried with them their typical medieval institutions and continued the same processes: the "American" log cabin actually came from Sweden.



According to this view of the explorations, the voyages and conquests of the Vikings, raiding Ireland and England, seizing the Orkneys, settling in Iceland, invading Sicily, conquering Normandy, finally reaching Persia, were the first wave of conquests and colonizations, and held the same pattern of ruthless intimidation and berserk destruction. So, too, the series of Crusades in the Near East must be regarded as the earliest manifestations of Western imperialism, culminating in the Fourth Crusade, which, without the faintest pretext of pious purpose or self-defense, went out of its way to sack and devastate the Christian realm of Byzantium. Again, the exploration of the perimeter of Africa by the Portuguese, beginning with the fifteenth-century expeditions sponsored by Prince Henry the Navigator, set another ugly precedent, for it brought back Negro slaves. This resuscitated slavery, a practice that had been dying out, along with serfdom, in feudal and urban Europe, and the institution was spread by the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English under the piratical Sir John Hawkins, to the New World. As for the equipment that made these conquests and exploitations and enslavements possible—the armor, the crossbows, muskets, and cannon—these new technical facilities gave the Europeans who commanded them, though vastly outnumbered, the power to overcome the aborigine; their grim audacity and their utter ruthlessness were not only supported but magnified by their superior weapons. What is more, the easy successes this achieved reinforced the new power complex that had been coming into existence.

From the beginning, there was an inner contradiction in Western man's attitude toward the New World, not merely between the dream and the muddy reality but between the desire to extend the influence of Christianity—under royal power and command—to distant parts of the world and a seething dissatisfaction with these same institutions at home, which nourished the hope that at least on the other side of the planet a fresh start might



"'M' is for the many things she gave us, 'O' is for . . ."

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be made. On one hand, the Christian missionaries sought to convert the heathen—by fire and sword, if need be—to the gospel of peace, brotherhood, and heavenly beatitude; on the other, the more venturesome spirits wished to throw off the constraining traditions and customs, and begin life afresh, levelling distinctions of class, eliminating superfluities and luxuries, privileges and distinctions, and hierarchical rank—in short, to go back to the Stone Age, before the institutions of Bronze Age civilization had crystallized. Though the Western Hemisphere was indeed inhabited, and many parts of it were artfully cultivated, so much of it was so sparsely occupied that the European thought of it as a virgin continent against whose wildness he pitted his manly strength. In one mood, the European invaders preached the Christian gospel to the native idolaters, subverted them with strong liquors, forced them to cover their nakedness with clothes, and worked them to an early death in mines. In another, the pioneer himself took on the ways of the North American Indian, adopted his leather costume, and reverted to the ancient paleolithic economy—hunting, fishing, gathering shellfish and berries, revelling in the wilderness and its solitude, defying orthodox law and order, and yet, under pressure, improvising brutal substitutes. Nowhere were these contradictions more flagrant than in North America. The very colonists who threw off their allegiance to England and justified their act in the name of freedom, equality, and the right to happiness retained the institution of slavery and exerted constant military pressure upon the Indians, whose lands they systematically seized by fraud and force, shamelessly described as "purchase," sanctified by treaties the United States government has repeatedly broken—and still keeps breaking—at its own convenience.

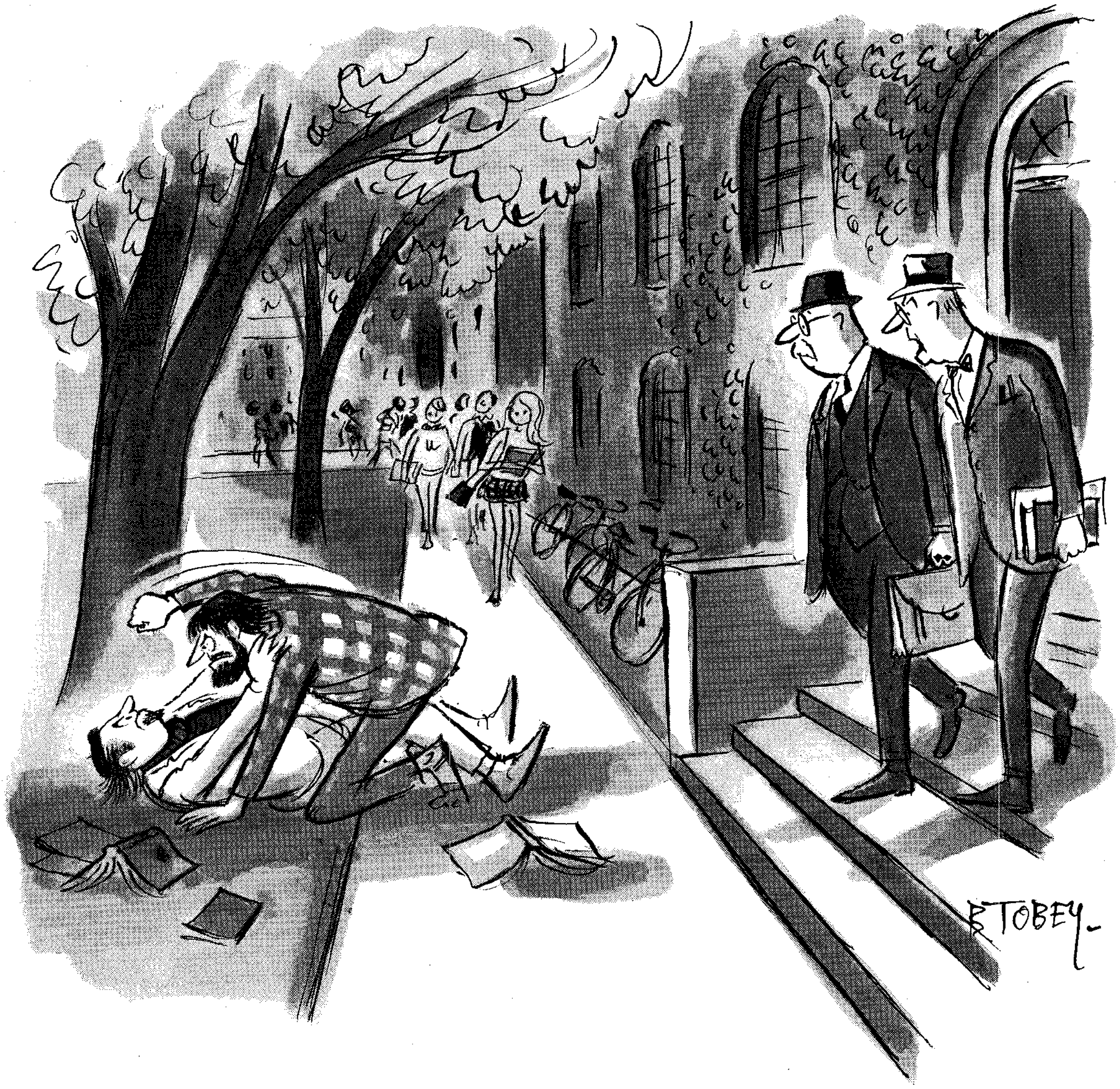
But an even more tragic paradox sullied the New World dream and made it impossible to begin life afresh under a new sky. For the high cultures that were already established in Mexico, Central America, and the Andes were not in any sense primitive or new; still less did they represent more acceptable human ideals than those the Old World cultures had put forward. The conquistadores of Mexico and Peru found a native population so rigidly regimented, so completely deprived of initiative, that in Mexico, as soon as their emperor, Montezuma, was captured and unable to give orders, they offered little or no overt resistance to the invaders. Here, in short, in the "new" world was the same institutional complex that had shackled civilization since its beginnings, in Mesopotamia and Egypt: slavery, caste, war, divine kingship, and even the religious sacrifice of human victims on altars—sometimes, as with the Aztecs, on an appalling scale. Politically speaking, Western imperialism was carrying coals to Newcastle. Yet later, all over the world, the more understanding civilized representatives, such as Captain Cook, Herman Melville, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson, found little pockets of humanity living much the same kind of life as had their paleolithic or neolithic ancestors, whose mild manners and habits of mutual aid contrasted favorably with the harsh practices of most later "civilizations."

As it turned out, the wilderness that Western man had failed to explore was the dark continent of his own soul, that very "heart of darkness" which Joseph Conrad depicted, released by its distance from Old World sanctions, throwing off archaic taboos, conventional wisdom, and religious inhibitions, and obliterating every trace of neighborly love and humility. Wherever Western man went, slavery, land robbery, lawlessness, culture-wrecking, and the outright extermination of both wild beasts and tame men went with him, for the only force that he now respected—an enemy with equal power to inflict damage on him—was lacking, once his feet were firmly established on the new soil. Within half a dozen years after Columbus's landing, the Spaniards, a contemporary observer estimated, had killed off one and a half million natives.

Emerson noted, significantly, in his essay on "War," that "the celebrated Cavendish, who was thought in his times a good Christian man, wrote thus to Lord Hunsdon, on his return from a voyage round the world: 'Sept. 1588. It hath pleased Almighty God to suffer me to circumpass the whole globe of the world, entering in at the Strait of Magellan, and returning by the Cape of Buena Esperança; in which voyage I have either discovered or brought certain intelligence of all the rich places of the world, which were ever discovered by any Christian. I navigated along the coast of Chili, Peru, and New Spain, *where I made great spoils. I burned and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small & great. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at, I burned and spoiled.* And had I not been discovered on the coast, I had taken great quantity of treasure.' "

For one humane Captain Cook, who saw no point in imposing Britain's savage penal laws upon Polynesian natives—"that thieves are hanged in England I thought no reason why they should be shot in Otaheite"—there were uncounted counterparts of Vasco da Gama, who cold-bloodedly hanged from his masthead the fishermen of an East Indian port he visited—innocent people he had hospitably invited aboard his vessel—in order to terrorize the population on shore. These ferocities remained a stigma on New World exploration, and they continued through the centuries, along with forced labor and outright enslavement. The treatment of the natives of the Congo under King Leopold II and those of South Africa under Verwoerd and his successors is a fossilized memento of this original terror and brutality.

Not merely slavery but genocide gained ground with the New World exploration. As a result, Western man not alone blighted in some degree every culture that he touched, whether "primitive" or advanced, but robbed his own descendants of countless gifts of art and craftsmanship, as well as precious knowledge, passed on only by word of mouth, that disappeared with the dying languages of dying peoples. With this extirpation of earlier cultures went a vast loss of botanical and medical lore, representing many thousands of years of watchful observation and empirical experiment whose extraordinary discoveries—such as the American Indian's use of snakeroot (reserpine) as a tranquillizer in mental illness—modern medicine has now, all too belatedly, begun to appreciate. For the better part of four centuries, the cultural riches of the entire world lay at the feet of Western man, and to his shame—likewise to



"I said right from the beginning, if you'll recall, that ~~two~~ poets-in-residence would never work out."

Royal Copenhagen.

You give a generous serving of visual nourishment when you give Royal Copenhagen Dinnerware. And it also makes a luxurious acquisition for your own home. The Blue Line Faience pattern shown is but one of many elegant patterns.

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At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of
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his gross self-deprivation and impoverishment—his main concern was to appropriate only the gold and silver and diamonds, the lumber and pelts, and such new foods (maize and potatoes) as would enable him to feed larger populations.

Unfortunately, the hostility that the European displayed toward the native cultures he encountered he carried even further, into his relations with the land. The immense open spaces of the American continents, with all their unexploited or thinly utilized resources, were treated as a challenge to unrelenting war, destruction, and conquest. The forests were there to be cut down, the prairie to be plowed up, the marshes to be filled, the wildlife to be killed for empty sport, even when it was not needed for food or clothing. In the act of "conquering nature" our ancestors too often treated the earth as contemptuously and as brutally as they treated its original inhabitants, wiping out great animal species like the bison and the passenger pigeon, mining the soils instead of annually replenishing them, and even, in the present day, invading the last wilderness areas, precious just because they are still wildernesses, homes for wildlife and solitary human souls. We ourselves are surrendering them to six-lane highways, gas stations, amusement parks, and the lumber interests, as in the redwood groves, or Yosemite and Lake Tahoe—though these primeval areas, once desecrated, can never be fully restored or replaced.

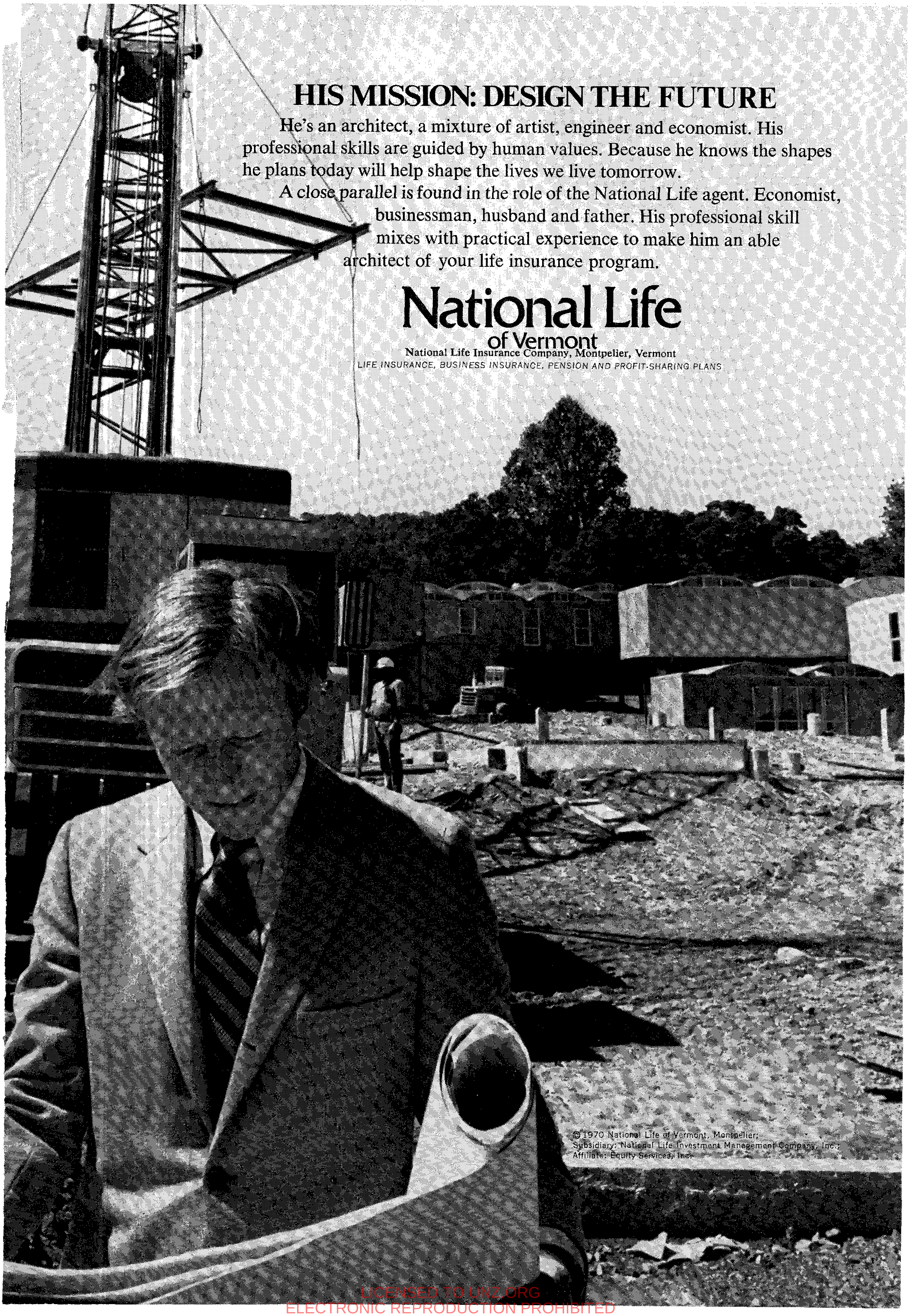
I have no wish to overstress the negative side of this great exploration. If I seem to do so here, it is because both the older, romantic exponents of a new life lived in accordance with nature and the later exponents of a new life framed in conformity with the Machine overlooked the appalling losses and wastages, under the delusion either that the primeval abundance was inexhaustible or else that the losses did not matter, since modern man, through science and invention, would soon fabricate an artificial world infinitely more wonderful than what nature had provided—an even grosser delusion. The views of both parties have long been rife in the United States, where the two phases of the New World dream came together, and they are still dominant. Yet the hopes so often expressed in the sixteenth century, later idealized by the Romantic movement in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, were not without a foundation. There was a moment in the nineteenth century when they seemed, in the North Atlantic states, to be almost on the point of realization in a new type of personality and in a type of community that offered its gifts to all its members: "from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs."

The New World, once its incoming inhabitants had found their roots, captured their imaginations. In its vastness, in its ecological variety, in its range of climates and physiographic profiles, in both its teeming wildlife and the hoarded treasure of food plants and trees, the New World was a land of promise, a land of many promises for both body and mind. Here was a natural abundance that promised to lift the ancient curse of slavery and poverty even before the machine lightened the burden of purely physical toil. The coastal waters teemed with fish, clams, and oysters, and game was plentiful. Those who were at home in the wilderness, like Audubon, never lacked food, despite mortgages and debts. The belief that a better society would be possible in the New World stirred many a company of immigrants, from the Jesuits of Paraguay to the Pilgrims of Massachusetts and the later Hutterites in the West. Thus, almost until the end of the nineteenth century, the secret name of the New World was Utopia.

For four centuries, the intellectual leaders of the New Exploration prospected and ransacked every part of the planet. Through Captain Cook and Darwin, they went on long, difficult voyages, making oceanic and meteorological observations and bringing to light the countless marvels of marine zoology; through Schoolcraft and Catlin and Lewis Morgan, they surveyed and made graphic records of the indigenous cultures, already gravely disturbed by the intrusion of Western man; through Layard, they uncovered "Nineveh," and through Stephens made known by description and drawing the first great Mayan ruins, while through Aurel Stein and Raphael Pumpelly remote Turkestan and Inner Mongolia, once the seats of high cultures, became known again. Though this first exploration was swift and necessarily superficial, it uncovered ways of life that reached back into a distant past, bringing to light forgotten cities and neglected monuments, revealing the vast variety of languages and dialects, to be numbered by the hundred even in small tracts like New Guinea, along with the myths, the legends, the forms of plastic and graphic art, the systems of notation, the rituals and laws, the cosmic interpretations and religious beliefs of mankind. Thus, during the centuries when the agents of mechanical uniformity were steadily gaining the upper hand, reducing or defacing natural variety in the interest of speed, power, and financial gain, these other explorers, these men of the mind, moved in the opposite direction, and revealed for the first time the immense cultural variety of mankind—the rich compost of human history, which almost matches the original abundance and variety of nature.

A by-product, created almost by accident, of this worldwide exploration in space was an equally decisive historical exploration in time—that which was mischaracterized by Jakob Burckhardt, a historian of genius, as the "Renaissance." The unearthing of both Greek and Roman antiquity from its surviving documents and monuments was only a single incident in a much wider survey of the human past. As geographic exploration loosed the spatial bonds of a particular soil and culture, so this new temporal exploration loosed the bonds of the immediate present. For the first time, the human mind began to move about freely in both past and future, picking and choosing, anticipating and projecting, released from the provincial presence of an overinsistent here and now. Through both natural history and cultural history, Western man discovered many significant aspects of his nature that have been left out of the purview of quantitative scientific investigation. If the present generation has now lost this feeling of liberation, it is because all too soon seventeenth-century science imprisoned the mind in an ideology that denied the realities of biological self-transformation and historical creativity.

Though other cultures—like the Sumerian, the Mayan, and the Indic—coupled human destiny with long vistas of abstract calendar time, the essential contribution of the Renaissance was to relate the cumulative results of history to the multitude of cultural achievements that marked the successive generations. By unburying statues, monuments, buildings, and cities, by reading old books and inscriptions, by reëntering a long-abandoned world of ideas, these new explorers in time became aware of fresh potentialities in their own existence. These pioneers of the mind invented a time machine more



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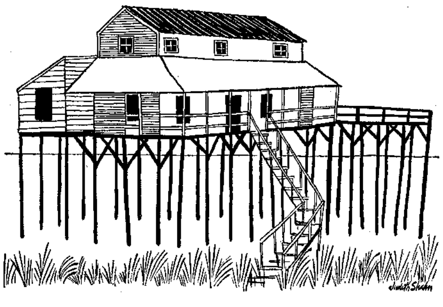
wonderful than H. G. Wells' technological contraption. At a moment when the new mechanical world picture had no place for "time" except as a function of movement in space, historical time—duration, in Henri Bergson's sense, which includes persistence through replication, imitation, and memory—began to play a conscious part in day-to-day choices. If the living present could be visibly transformed, or at least deliberately modified, from a Gothic to a formalized classic structure, the future could be remolded, too. Historic time could be colonized and cultivated, and human culture itself became a collective artifact. The sciences actually profited by this historical restoration, getting a fresh impetus from Thales, Democritus, Archimedes, Hero of Alexandria.

For the first time, it would seem, the future, however untried, was more attractive than the past, as the experimental and the novel took precedence over the well-tested and the traditional. Even a monk like Campanella, in the heart of the Church, could express this new sense to perfection in a letter to Galileo: "The novelties of ancient truths, of new worlds, new systems, new nations are beginnings of a new era." But the fantasy of a terrestrial New World, which seized Western man after the fifteenth century, was an attempt to escape time and the cumulative effects of time (tradition and history) by exchanging all that for unoccupied space. This took many forms: a religious form by breaking away from the Established Church and its orthodoxies, a utopian form by founding new communities, an adventurous form by conquering new lands, a mechanical form by substituting machines for organisms, and by trading physical changes, in which time exists only as wear and tear, for organic changes, in which time leaves a permanent record. Finally, this New World took a revolutionary form: an attempt to make over the ways and habits and goals of a large population, in which all these modes of escape were more or less combined in a single complex—the new Heaven and earth that would come into existence once royalism, feudalism, ecclesiasticism, and capitalism should pass away.

This attempt to make a new beginning rested on the valid perception that at various points something had profoundly gone wrong in man's development. Instead of accepting this as ineradicable, as an integral defect for which the theological name had been original sin, and instead of submitting to it as fatally ordained by the gods, Western man, in his growing self-confidence, wanted to wipe the slate clean and begin all over. And therein lay a trap, for in order to overcome time, in order to begin anew, it was imperative for him not to run away from his past but to confront it, and literally to live down its traumatic events within himself. Until every generation did this consciously, examining its hoary traditions in the light of new experience, evaluating and selecting every part of its heritage, man could make no fresh start. In one mind after another, that effort was begun, but at too early a point it was abandoned. So it remains an urgent task for those who still seek a better world in our own day.

OLD-WORLD DEBTS

THERE is always a disparity between ideal professions and actual achievements—at the very least, a gap in time. This is part of the natural history of human institutions and should not give rise to callow cynicism. But in the case of the gap between the vivid New World dream and its reality, the contradictions are so numerous and the achievements so spotty and smirched that they almost defy any analysis. Part of the difficulty springs from the fact that the explorers and adventurers carried with them a heavy admixture of Old World traits—many of which in the course of thousands of years had proved lethal—without making any serious attempt to weed them out. Neither cutting loose from the Old World in space nor making a breach with its past proved easy. Looking back, we can now see that the proposal to wipe the slate clean and begin afresh in the New World was based on an illusion, or, rather, a series of illusions. As in the typical myth of Robinson Crusoe, the treasured bible of both land pioneer and industrial enterpriser, survival in the New World required the salvaging of valuable lumber and tools from the Old World wreckage. In the act of conquering the Americas and establishing trading posts and colonies elsewhere, from the Cape of Good Hope to Java, the invaders helped maintain themselves by drawing heavily upon the current technology, with its guns, steel knives, machetes, and hardware of all kinds. From the beginning, the mechanical New World sustained them, and with every fresh invention their debt to the machine became heavier, as the canal, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph brought the two New Worlds ever closer together. The more prosperous the New World settlement, the less use it had for its own primitive foundations, once dearly prized, later sentimentally over-celebrated.



In the United States, this contradiction between ideal aim and the act characterized the westward march of the pioneer. One sees it even in the career of Audubon, a spirit deeply enamored of the wilderness, devoting his whole life to observing and depicting the birds and mammals of North America, but almost wrecking these intentions by sinking all his working capital into a steam sawmill, a premature mechanical enterprise that landed him in bankruptcy. The very immigrants who turned their backs to the seaboard settlements in search of independence and freedom not merely demanded the active aid of the central government in establishing canals, highroads, and railroads but called upon national troops to protect their settlements and to extrude, expropriate, and, when there was resistance, exterminate the aborigines who stood in their path. What were the Indian "reservations" but early concentration camps?

Though the philosophers of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment—Denis Diderot no less than Jean-Jacques Rousseau—believed in the natural goodness of man, the actual conduct of the New Exploration had demonstrated too often the Biblical truth that "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." What Jehovah told Noah and his sons was equally true of New World man: "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air . . . and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered." These ancient words, when applied to the Americas, strike an ominous note, whose significance was brought home by one of the greatest of exploratory scientists, Alexander von Humboldt. "In this paradise of the American forests," he wrote, "as well as elsewhere, experience has taught all beings that benignity is seldom found together with power." That statement has universal application. Yet in the present century it was possible for the American historian Walter Webb to write a history of the American frontier—regarded by some

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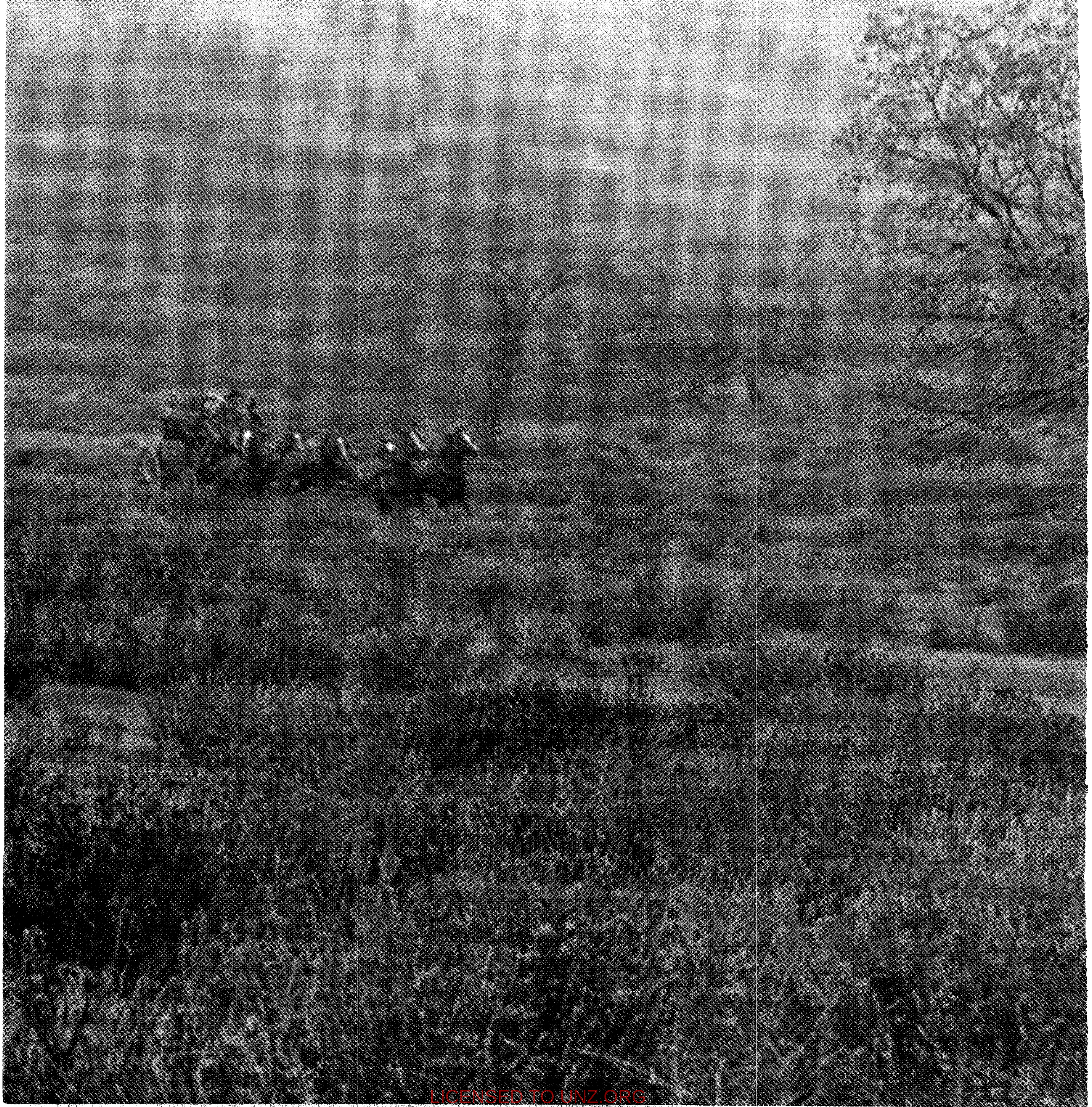


Dana Fradon

"I love every square foot of this great country of ours, except for the liberal Northeast."

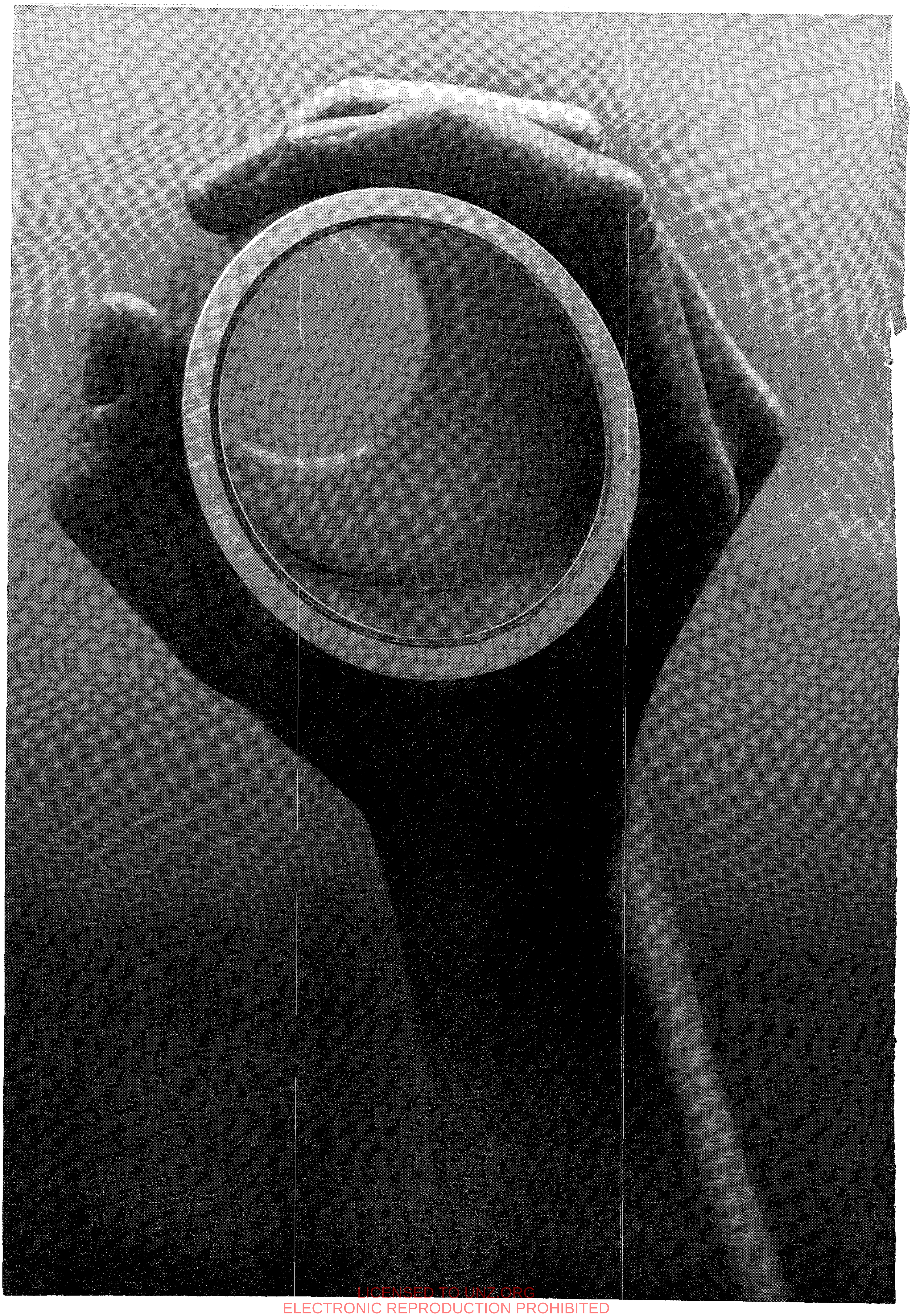
• •

eminent scholars as a classic work, emphasizing the frontier's contributions of wealth, freedom, and power—in which he included only two sentences on slavery, as a "secondary windfall," in the entire work.

Nevertheless, both the economic and the cultural gains from the New Exploration were genuine, and one would do ill to belittle them, or to make light of the accompanying gains of technology. Though there were many ensuing errors and mischiefs, the fact is that for the first time modern man had become conscious of the planet as a whole, in all its richness and diversity of habitats, ways of life, cultural achievements, ecological partnerships. Even the most brutal whaling voyage brought back not merely oil and whalebone but some knowledge of climates and ocean currents, of tropical fruits and vegetables, of Indians and Polynesians and Micronesians, who lived a different life, at a different tempo, and for a purpose quite different from what the heirs of "snivelization," as Melville's sailor called it, had in mind. Through this exploration, the abstract cosmos of space and time and gravitation, established independently by scientific observations with scientific instruments, was brought home, revealing a planet teeming with life. As the range of settlement widened, the astonishment and delight over nature's gifts grew; once the planet was opened up, its gifts proved far richer than the stay-at-homes had ever supposed. Von Humboldt, exploring the Orinocan forest, cannot conceal his excitement: within three months, he had collected sixteen hundred specimens and found six hundred new species. As never before, it would seem, a new curiosity, a new passion for discovery, a new delight in unearthing rare minerals, identifying strange plants, sampling exotic fruits and vegetables and collecting their seeds seized Western man. The old paleolithic quest, with its finding and picking, its searching and collecting, its tasting and sampling, began anew on a grand scale. In North America, passenger pigeons by the tens of thousands blackened the sky, and on the prairies the strawberries grew so thick that the horses' fetlocks, one traveller reported, seemed covered with blood. In the New World, man was first of all a prospector, and as a food gatherer he had an appetite for wild and gamy things. Audubon, tasting and sampling all the birds he killed, reported that he found flickers disagreeable because they fed on ants, herring gulls too salty, but starlings delicate.

Once again, Western man peered more intently and searchingly into what lay under his feet, seeking not only veins of marble or pockets of gold and silver but seams of coal, pools of mineral oil, mines of metalliferous ore, and in the course of these probings he uncovered and pondered over bones he had not had the wit or the scientific background to notice before, such as the bones of elephants in Siberia, where none were known. Looking farther afield, he found the huge remains of reptiles that, he later realized, had roamed the earth aeons before the mammals appeared. It was a long time before these scattered findings could be brought together and intelligently digested by the empirical and historical sciences, but the story of the technical and scientific advances that were made after the sixteenth century cannot be properly told, still less evaluated, without reference to this exhaustive exploration of the contents of the earth—an exploration that is still far from ended, since we have only begun to tap the depths of the earth and the sea, or to reckon with the vast but long-invisible world of micro-organisms. To equate all our many-sided technical advances solely with the invention of the power loom, the steam engine, and similar mechanical agents is to cover up a large part even of utilitarian progress.

From early on, the capital accumulation of first-hand knowledge of nature easily matched the increasing capital investments in ships and mines and mills and factories, and who shall say which brought higher returns? Many of the best minds in the arts joined in this search. Leonardo da Vinci, finding shells and fossils in the Tuscan hills, laid the foundations for both geology and the theory of evolution, since he surmised that where shells were found the ocean in which they flourished must once have covered the land, while Dürer, according to Panofsky, collected bones, shells, quaintly shaped nuts, rare plants, and stones, and many other contemporaries established similar collections. A similar start had been made in the Middle Ages—in terms, of course, of their own supernatural ideology—for what were the relics of saints, bits of hair and bone, patches of garments, vials of blood, wood from the true Cross, but examples of the same indiscriminately acquisitive spirit? In the fifteenth century, such collections became secular, and their patrons exhibited "cabinets of curiosities," which kept on increasing and expanding until they became the public institutions we now call museums. The early Tradescant collection became famous, as did that of Sir John Soane, the London architect in the eighteenth century, with its great variety of miscellaneous—including architectural—objects. Living collections, in zoological gardens and botanic gardens, vied with those of inanimate objects. The voyages of Captain Cook to the Pacific Ocean—significantly,



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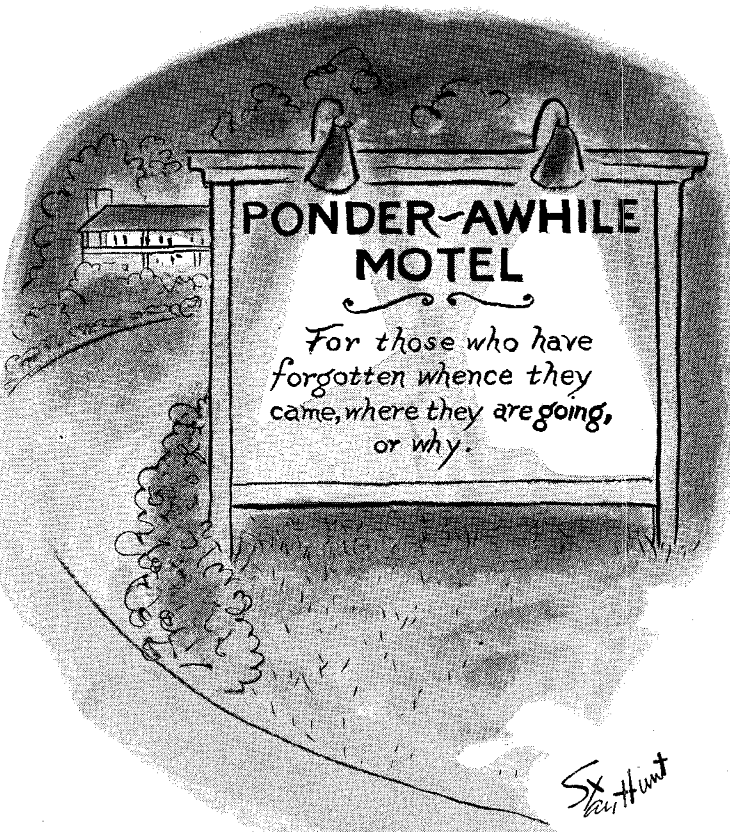
first planned for astronomical observation of the transit of Venus—brought back a rich store of botanical and anthropological information, as did Darwin's famous voyage in the Beagle. Captain Cook would record that, even in the bleak Tierra del Fuego, his scientists, Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, returned from shore "with above an hundred different plants and flowers, all of them wholly unknown to the botanists of Europe."

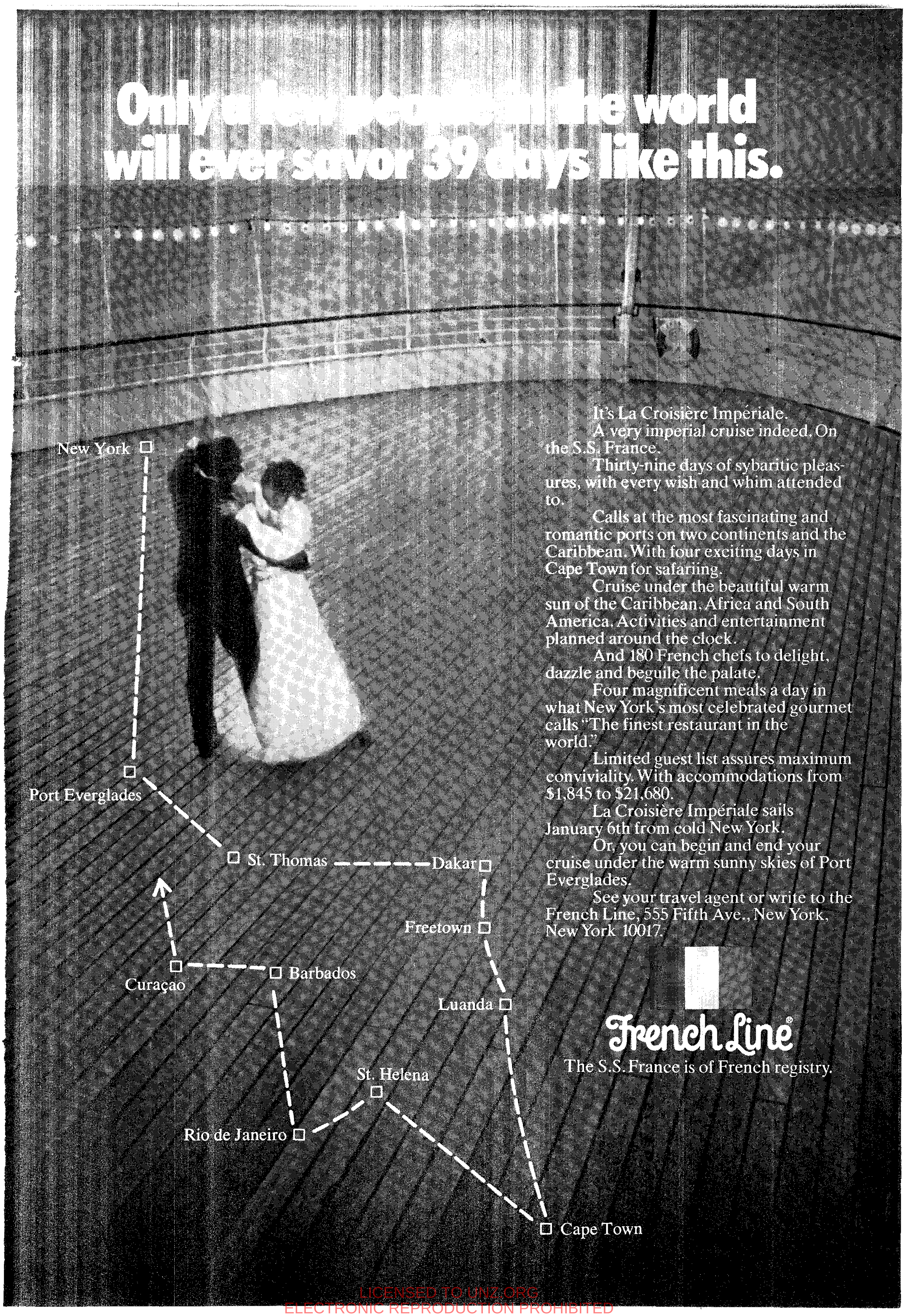
In their fixation on the feats of the physical sciences and their related technologies, Victorian interpreters and many of their successors overlooked the immense contribution to the later processes of industrialization made by the New Exploration. The organic sciences—zoology, botany, paleontology, with their exhaustive inventories of forms and species—have been given a lower status than those that fall within the abstract framework of mathematics, mechanics, and physics. It is time to redress this one-sided view. At every point in development, the two modes of science—the concrete, the empirical, and the historical on one hand, and the abstract and mathematical and analytical on the other—have both been necessary for forming an adequate picture of reality, and the finders and collectors have served the needs of life more fruitfully than the fabricators and the manipulators. In short, long before the age of terrestrial discovery had reached a barren climax in a few daring acts like the ascent of Mount Everest and the on-the-spot identification ("discovery") of the North and South Poles, the adventurers and prospectors, the miners and hunters and collectors, the geologists and botanists and zoologists had begun to put together, for the first time, a picture of the earth as not merely the dwelling place of man but the seat of organic evolution and the home—a rare and wonderful home—of life in all its concrete immensity and diversity. They brought to light long-buried achievements, to which the archeologists and the paleoanthropologists have been adding, during the last century, a crowning touch. Without this exploration, which brought forth man's hitherto unplumbed past existence, and thereby opened up even greater potentialities, man's sense of his own dignity and destiny would have been permanently overshadowed by the astronomers' discoveries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.


PONDER-AWHILE MOTEL
For those who have forgotten whence they came, where they are going, or why.
Stan Hunt

In the perspective of history, the cultural gains from the New Exploration should count more heavily than the immediate material gains that came through trading beads and trinkets for furs, hides, and ivories, or through controlling the markets of decadent kingdoms and empires. The eventual increment of economic wealth, through the opening up of immense areas of unexhausted land for cultivation, was indisputable. But all these advances were only continuing at a faster pace a movement that had begun in the Middle Ages and that up to the nineteenth century had hardly been affected by New World technology. In the long run, it was the cultural interchanges that would prove important, and it was Western man's unreadiness for coöperative two-way intercourse—his egoism, his vanity, his reluctance to learn from those he conquered, and, not least, his calculated ferocity—that wiped out many of the potential advantages of the New Exploration.

Even from the standpoint of industry, Western man needed to explore the whole planet to make the fullest use of its technological potential. Turgot, in the eighteenth century, believed that Europe's "mission" to colonize and civilize the world was a necessary requirement for its own development, and that belief, Frank Manuel points out, was shared by such reformers as Condorcet and Saint-Simon. And though in time Western man accomplished this, he would probably have been far more successful had he paid closer attention to the cultures he disrupted and destroyed, for in wrecking them he was reducing his own intellectual working capital. Eighteenth-century industrialism did not need New World products to fabricate its new machines, but by the nineteenth century the New World's contributions of maize and the potato and the yam had made it possible to shift an increasing number of workers from farming to manufacture. In turn, it was the New World market for textiles, brummagem jewelry, glass beads, and hardware that at first offered the most profitable outlets for mass production.

As for the debt of our present technology to primitive societies, it would remain huge if only a single contribution were taken into account—that made by the obscure tribe of Amazon Indians who had learned the uses of their native rubber plant and had produced, before the white man encountered them, not merely rubber balls but syringes and raincoats. No twentieth-century invention is more remarkable than this imaginative utilization of the rubber plant's sap—a feat even more spectacular than the first extraction of metals or the making of glass. Without this primitive exploitation of the wild rubber plant, originally limited to its botanical distribution, the modern world would possess neither natural nor artificial rubber, for which the natural gum served as a model. And without rubber, obviously, all motor transport would screech to a halt. Still another contribution of "primitive" cultures—Peruvian bark, the source of quinine—made it possible for Western man to gain a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In sum, the last four centuries of prospecting and exploring have been fully as important to our major technological development as the fabrication of power machines or the development of electric communication. Because of the standard picture of the Industrial Revolution as an affair primarily of coal, iron, and steam, the significance of this search has been belittled or completely overlooked. Only a small portion of the metals and rare earths necessary for an advanced technology exists on any one continent; manganese, magnesium, chromium, thorium, tungsten, platinum, iridium, aluminum, uranium, to say nothing of petroleum and coal, have only a spotty planetary distribution. The discovery of these elements by chemists and the opening up of such resources were the necessary preliminaries to any wider system of invention and fabrication. Even today, despite the near-miracles performed by synthetic chemistry in manufacturing molecules to order, chemists and biologists are renewing the practice of systematically prospecting the seas, suspecting—with good reason—that the denizens of the ocean, some of whom learned to produce high-tension electricity long before man, have kept many other valuable secrets to themselves. The advantages that accrued from this far-reaching territorial exploration and interchange were immense. And many of these advantages, be it noted, owed little at first to mechanical industry; rather, the other way round. Without this vast increase in mineral resources, other raw materials, and food plants, the changes usually attributed solely to the physical sciences and invention would have been retarded or, in many cases, have proved impossible.

The transoceanic explorations of Western man had still another effect, all too little noted; namely, on the development of the exact sciences themselves. Long-distance sea voyages, taking the traveller out of sight of land for weeks at a time, demanded for their success more than a courage close to foolhardiness, even though such journeys, as in the case of both the Norsemen and their Polynesian contemporaries, seem to have been possible mainly because of a close observation of the flight of land-based birds. Navigational skill required exact science. It was on the sea that the main procedures of the scientific method itself were first worked out. It was the mariner's need for astronomical information, quite as much as the demands of astrological prediction, that turned the European mind to exact solar and stellar sightings. And it was the need for safety in approaching land, to take soundings and accurately record their measurements, that made quantitative observation a habit among seagoing peoples, while the need to respond to, and if possible forecast, the changes of weather led to constant observation of the clouds, the winds, the color and motion of the water. The plotting of a ship's course and the transcription of topographic data to maps instituted the higher bookkeeping of science. And, finally, the keeping of a ship's log, the prompt recording of observed events, set the meticulous pattern of the laboratory notebook, just as the constant cartographic correction of hypothetical or sketchy information by closer first-hand observation predated the methodology of the experimental sciences. All these practices were registered and reinforced in the scientific mind. Modern science's original debt to navigation is no less than its debt to capitalist accountancy, and it was on this double foundation that the abstract structure which the seventeenth century identified with cosmic reality came into existence.

THE underlying notion of "improvement by movement" curiously bound together the roving frontiersmen of the New World and the mechanical pioneers, who have for the last three hundred years devoted no small part of their energies to speeding every form of mechanical transportation. "The more rapid the movement the greater the improvement" was accepted as axiomatic. Behind all this was the belief that "farther" meant not only farther away in space but farther away from the past. That part of the environment which came under the influence of Rousseau and his followers—with Rousseau's reverence for the primitive and for peasant folkways and for simplicity—was, insofar as it sought primitive milieus and simpler modes of getting a living, a return to an impossibly archaic existence. Behind this attempt was the sense that civilization had, somewhere along the line, gone wrong, and that some of its institutions had held back, rather than advanced, the full development of man. The state, the bureaucracy, the army—the institutions that always went with civilization—could transform the environment in apparently constructive ways, but the human cost was great: war, slavery, economic and social inequalities. In effect, what Rousseau and his followers wanted to do was begin all over again at the point in paleo- and neolithic cultures before the new institutions of civilization had conquered and overwhelmed the small, scattered farming communities. For a brief period, almost a century, it looked as if this effort might partly succeed, and though it succumbed to the new forces of industrialism it left traces on American life that, happily, have not yet entirely disappeared, even if they are now sublimated in the conservation movement and in efforts to preserve some portion of the near-primeval wilderness.

The evidence for this brief success is known to all students of pioneer settlements. There the class distinctions, the regimentation, the legalized inequalities of Old World institutions were, if not absent, but faintly and intermittently present. Not merely was arbitrary political power, as exercised under kingship and feudal authority, curbed by representative government, but in New England, at least, there was a healthy development of communal autonomy, alike in the congregation-governed churches, the free schools and libraries, and the town meetings, which handled local public affairs. Living in small, partly self-contained communities, where each member was forced to count on his neighbors for help, whether to raise a roof or to shuck corn, or to band together, as in a mining camp, against desperadoes, the inhabitants seemed for a while to have found a way to overcome the basically one-sided modes of class exploitation introduced by civilization. Even the economic division of labor tended under these conditions to disappear. George Perkins Marsh, the linguist and geographer, one of the extraordinary minds that emerged from this background, observed in a lecture on the English language that "except in mere mechanical matters, and even there far more imperfectly, we have adopted the principle of the division of labor to a more limited extent than any modern civilized nation. Every man is a dabbler, if not a master, in every knowledge. Every man is a divine, a statesman, a physician, and a lawyer to himself, as well as a counsellor to his neighbors, on all the interests involved in the sciences appropriately belonging to those pro-

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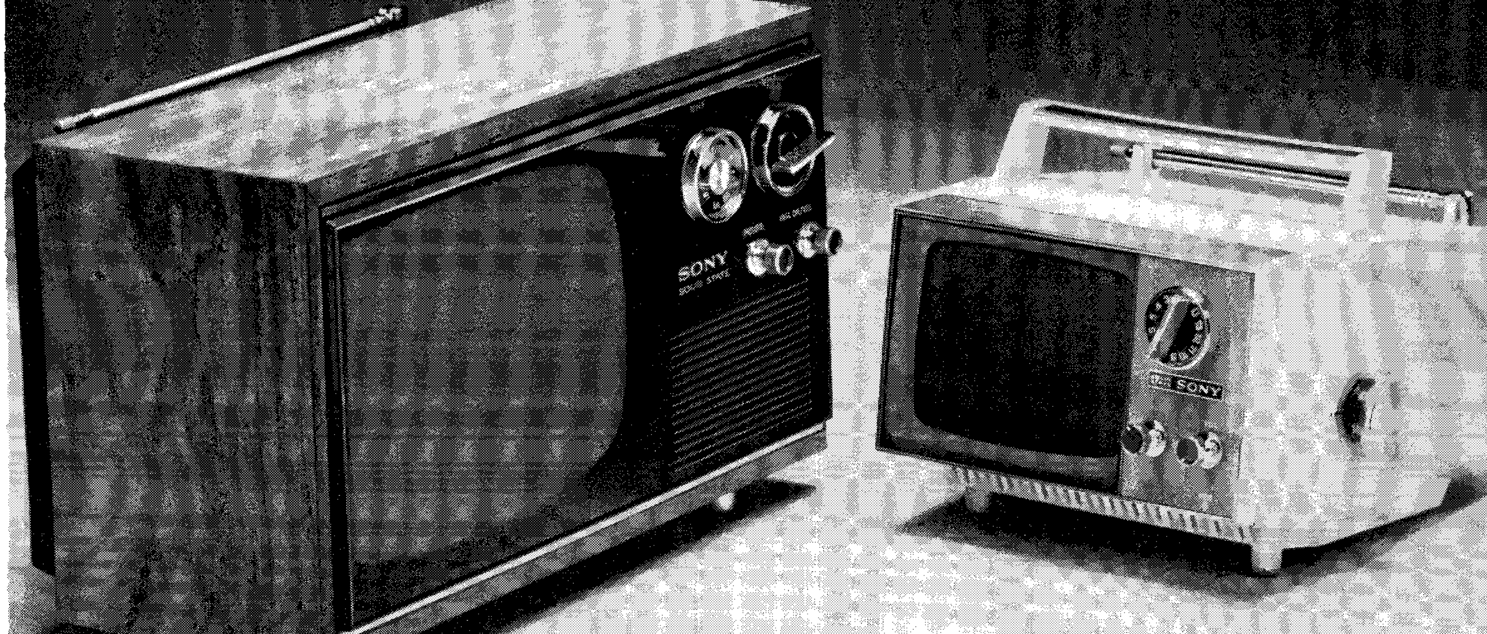

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fessions." Emerson's essay on "Self-Reliance" confirmed this attitude.

Marsh did not exaggerate or over-idealize this condition. Between 1800 and 1860, roughly, it looked as if the romantic personality and the utilitarian personality might exist harmoniously side by side, and, in certain instances, might be successfully joined in one person. Many of the leading minds—Audubon, F. L. Olmsted, Emerson, Marsh, Melville, Whitman, among others—could, with a wholeness of response, embrace the scientific and the mechanical and the industrial and at the same time place these within the ample framework of man's natural and humanistic heritage. But before the nineteenth century was over, the New World's promised land was destroyed by the very forces that had created "civilization": the expanded bureaucracy, the conscript army, the centralized state, the slavery and the regimentation that went with the factory system, the rise of imperialism. The utilitarian New World swallowed up the romantic New World. The mechanical world picture took possession of the mind. It displaced both the natural world and cultural memory. It produced an environment in which the technological complex—the Megamachine—became an end in itself, without regard for human needs and purposes.

MEDIEVAL BEGINNINGS

TO grasp the nature of this approaching ideological transformation, one must contrast it with the situation that prevailed in Europe toward the end of the Middle Ages. Such rudimentary scientific knowledge as the Middle Ages possessed, beyond the elements of geometry and astronomy, was largely passed on through the medical schools, beginning with the most influential, that of Salerno. Apart from the direct experience of the organism that physicians necessarily have, the desire for knowledge of nature mainly took the form of a series of questions, put almost at random, about the natural world. Brian Lawn, in his treatise "The Salernitan Questions," referring to a manuscript that seems to date from around 1300, observes that though the questions derive from many ancient sources, "not more than ten deal with abstract, Aristotelian physics and metaphysics, and only two deal with the soul or intellect." The questions as a whole, he points out, "are almost entirely confined to mundane subjects, such as anthropology and medicine, zoology, botany, mineralogy and alchemy, *experimenta*, meteorology, and geography. . . . Emphasis is laid on experiment and alchemy." Only scholarly courtesy led Lawn to group these questions under what would now be the appropriate scientific disciplines, for positive science was still centuries away. The questions range from "Why does the resounding echo repeat words?" and "Why is dry old age still prone to sleep?" to "How is it that milk or fish is changed into nourishment?" and "Why does the savage unicorn curb his fierce wrath with the virgin's embrace?" and "What causes rain, winds, and the lofty clouds?" These questions characterize minds that were only beginning to awaken to the natural world—still confused, still unable to take their bearings, still largely dependent upon Greek and Roman tradition, even for the questions themselves. Compare these questions with the medieval artist's accurate answers: this is ivy, this is a hunting dog, this is a peasant mowing, this is a sly old priest. Though the mind was handicapped for lack of an abstract framework and method, the craftsman was nearer to nature and a science based on nature than was the learned scholar who put these random questions in Latin verse.

Not that the medieval mind lacked facility for dealing with abstractions. In "Science and the Modern World," A. N. Whitehead, the distinguished mathematician and philosopher, pointed out that the extraordinary refinement of abstract thought among Christian theologians, with their deep faith in an orderly, coherent, and intelligible world, provided the strongest possible underpinning for rational science, since scholastic theology not only presumed a corresponding rationality in the universe but assured the investigator who took it for granted of his ultimate success. What distinguished the system of the logical abstractions developed by the Scholastics from those that scientists later developed was that the real world for the medieval mind was the invisible one—one toward which all earthly life was only a preparation. The basic concern of the axial religions with death, with non-being, with an "afterlife" deprived these religious abstractions of any immediate application to technology, though no small part of the energy of the great minds of this period was spent in forging ingenious links, or, rather, weaving gossamer threads of connection, between the ultimate abstractions—God, the Holy Ghost, angels, immortality, Heaven, Hell—and the concrete civic and domestic practices of the community.

Science itself, and with it, later, a science-oriented technology, did not be-

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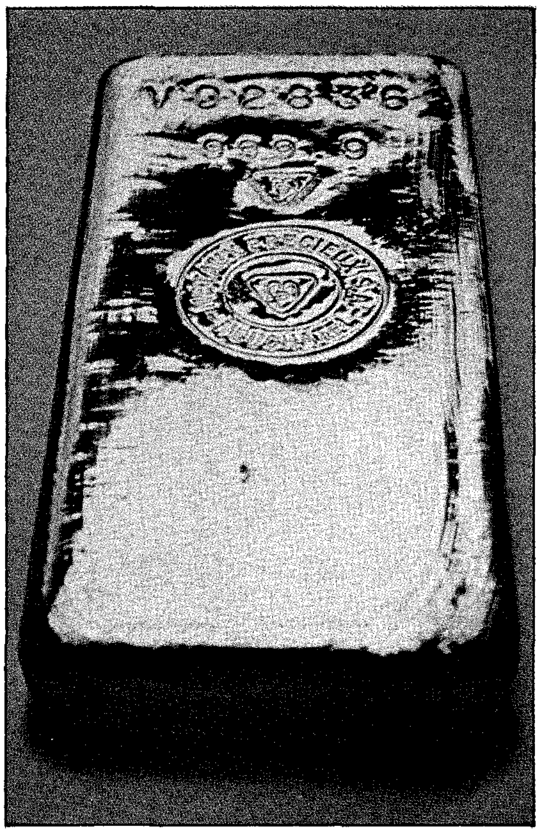
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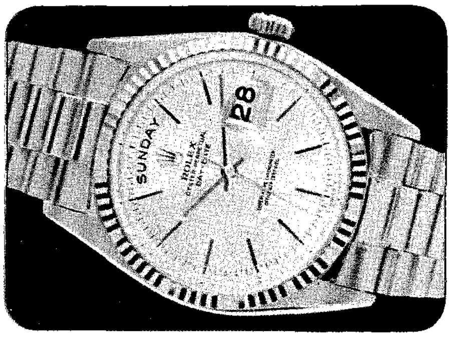

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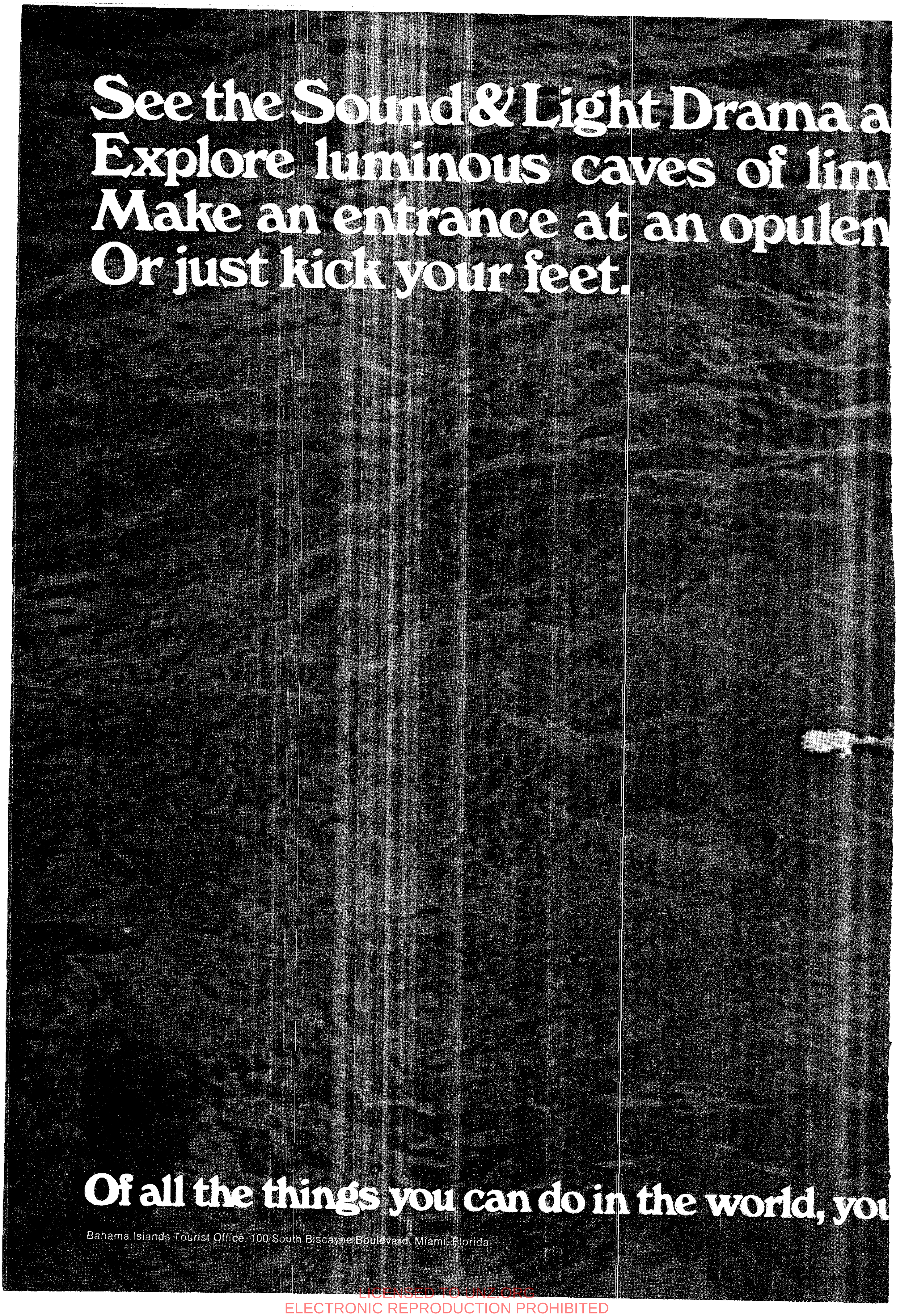

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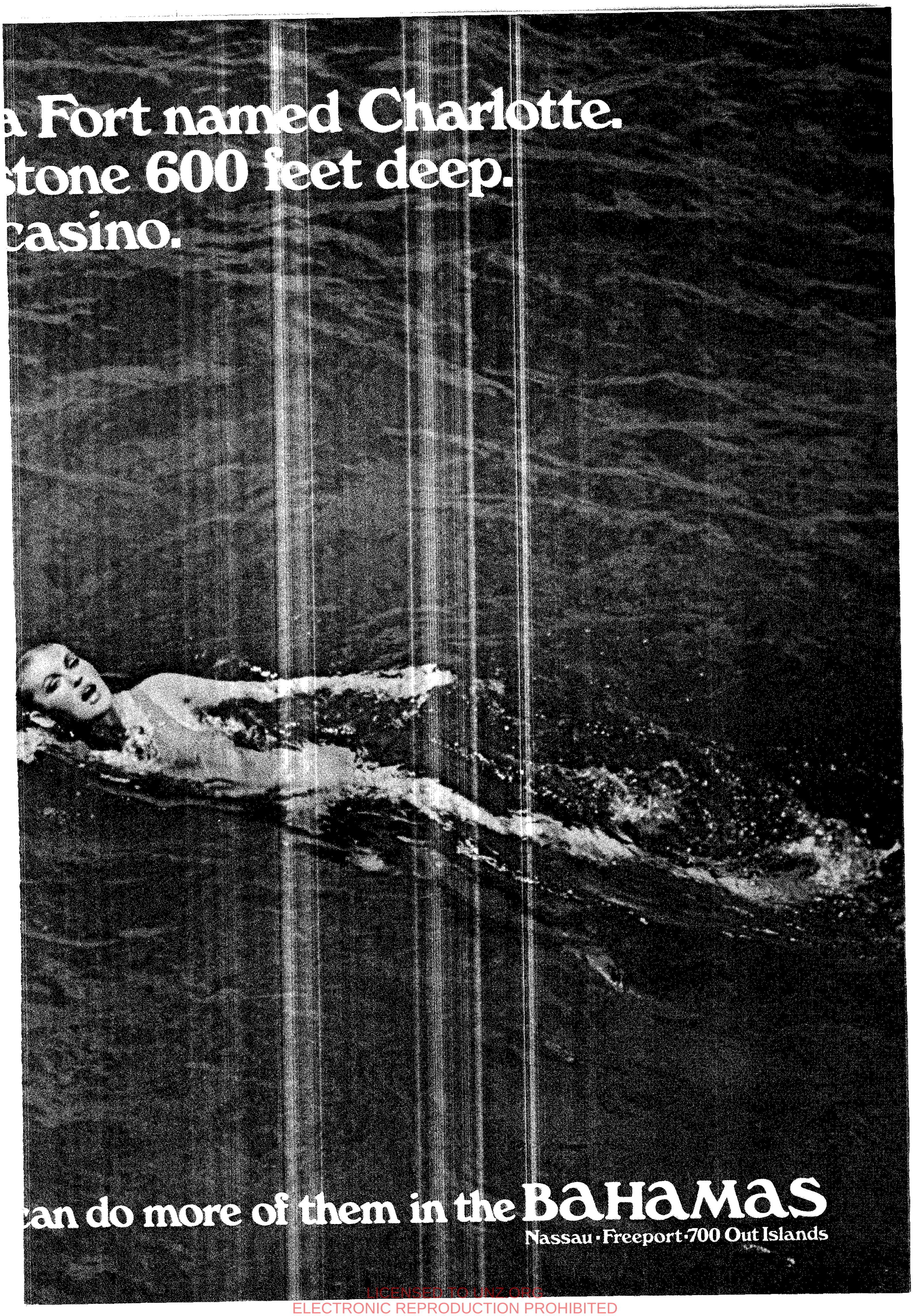
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gin to flourish until the medieval ability to deal logically with imaginary entities and hypothetical relationships was revived through fresh developments in mathematics. The question of how many angels could dance on the head of a pin no longer is absurd in molecular physics, with its discovery of how broad that head actually is and what a part invisible electronic "messengers" play in the dance of life. What medieval theology lacked was not rigorous abstractions but the ability to enter into and understand concretions, in all the richness and density and integrity that organized life presents. Here aesthetic naturalism had a contribution to make. The most limited handicraft worker, if he wished to qualify for his guild, had to report to his masters, on coming back from his travels, what he had seen with his own eyes and copied with his own hands. Artist-craftsmen transferred this new knowledge to images in stone, wood, and painted parchment. On church porches and pews, in calendars and Books of Hours, one finds scene after scene from daily life, not treated as an evidence of a spiritual revelation but enjoyed immediately as direct bearers of both aesthetic form and spiritual meaning. "The sculptors of gargoyles and chimeras," Lynn Thorndike observed, "were not content to reproduce existing animals but showed their command of animal anatomy by creating strange compound and hybrid monsters—one might almost say evolving new species—which nevertheless have all the verisimilitude of copies from living forms. It was these breeders in stone, these Burbanks of the pencil, these Darwins with the chisel, who knew nature and had studied botany and zoology in a way superior to the scholar who simply pored over the works of Aristotle and Pliny."

This recovery of nature through observation and exact representation preceded the "revival of learning" and was far closer to the original Greek tradition of science than the sedulous imitations of dead classical forms or the pious reading of timeworn and mangled Greek texts. Arising out of daily work in the free cities, under the guidance of autonomous guilds that had evolved high standards of workmanship and competence, this process of "naturalization" continued to grow, and it is not surprising that by the sixteenth century it had brought about the transformation of the craftsman into the full-fledged artist, alike a worker, a thinker, an organizer, and a creator, exploring every aspect of experience, in or outside his trade, by the same method. The artists of the Renaissance opened a direct passage from "naturalization" to "humanization": first the Holy Trinity takes on purely human form, then the saints and the pagan gods begin to disappear, too, leaving the natural landscape of Ruysdael and Constable, the natural man of Rembrandt and Hogarth, even the lowly peasants of the brothers Le Nain, as a sign that every part of the natural world open to human culture had been entered. In this process, the craftsman and the artist had preceded by whole centuries the natural philosophers or scientists.

Not surprisingly, it was an earlier advance in medieval technics—the development of glass lenses—that brought about the decisive change in the new picture of the world, for the astronomical observations that had been made with such difficulty by Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, using the naked eye, were vastly widened and the process itself was eased through the invention of the telescope. Heliocentrism was accepted slowly; indeed, it had little effect upon the learned world for a century after Copernicus. But the telescope and the microscope made a profound difference, for the infinite and the infinitesimal, the macrocosm and the microcosm, ceased to be merely speculative concepts; they revealed the ideal limits of significant visual experience. These two artifacts of glass technics wrought a far more radical transformation of human life than did the steam engine. What had once been purely religious concepts attached to an afterlife—infinity, eternity, immortality—were now related to actual time and space. With that, the once enclosed, self-contained, and self-centered world of Christian theology was no longer credible. But religion was not excluded, for a new and sinister religion had, in fact, secretly come into existence—so secretly that its most devout worshippers still do not recognize that it is in fact a religion.

BIRTH OF THE SUN GOD

IF there is any one point at which one may say that the modern world picture, the mechanical world picture, was first conceived as the expression of a new religion and the basis of a new power system, it was in the fifth decade of the sixteenth century. For not merely was Copernicus's "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium" published; there were, in addition, Vesalius's treatise on anatomy, "De Humani Corporis Fabrica" (also 1543), Geronimo Cardano's algebra, "Ars Magna" (1545), and Fraca-

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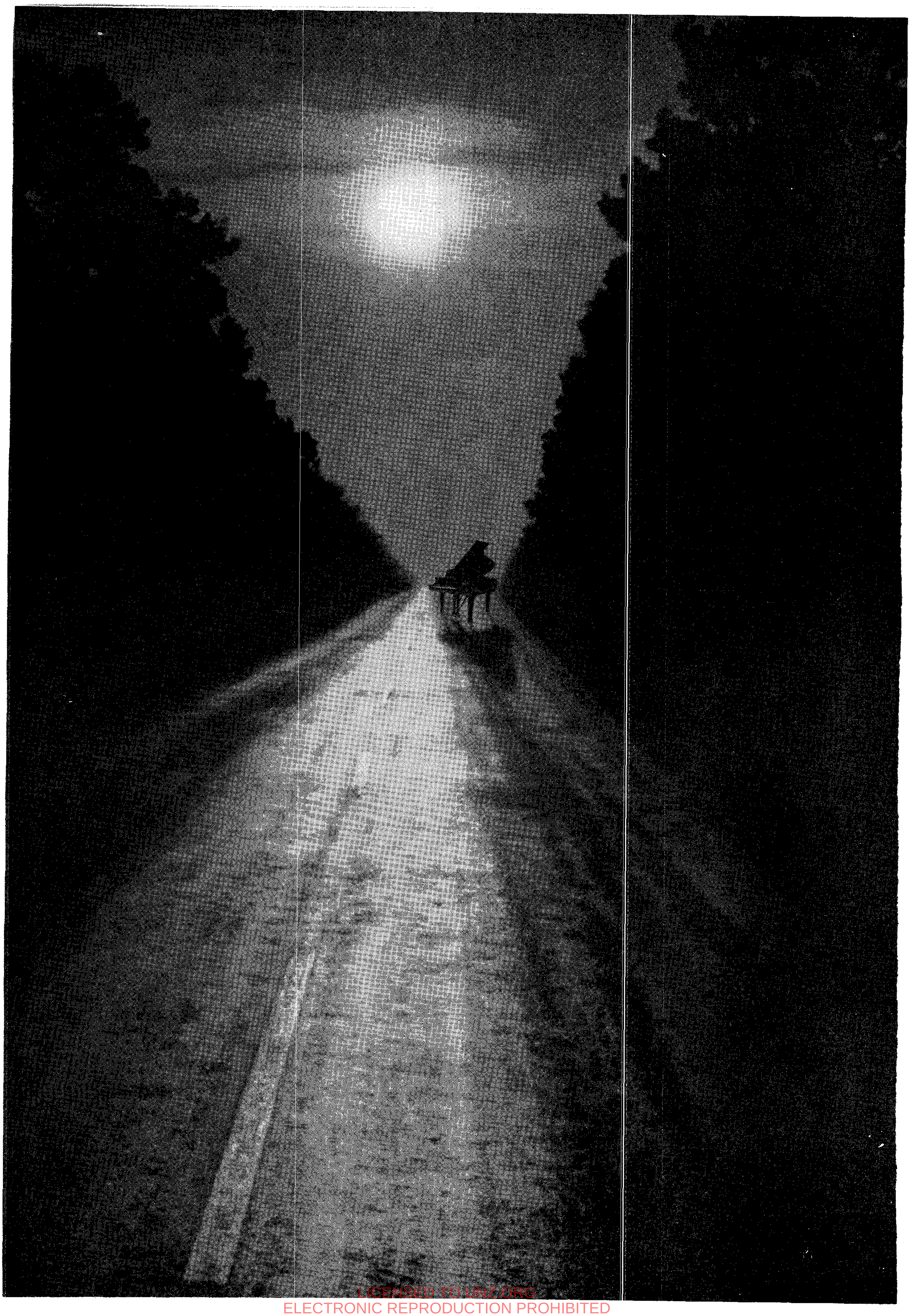

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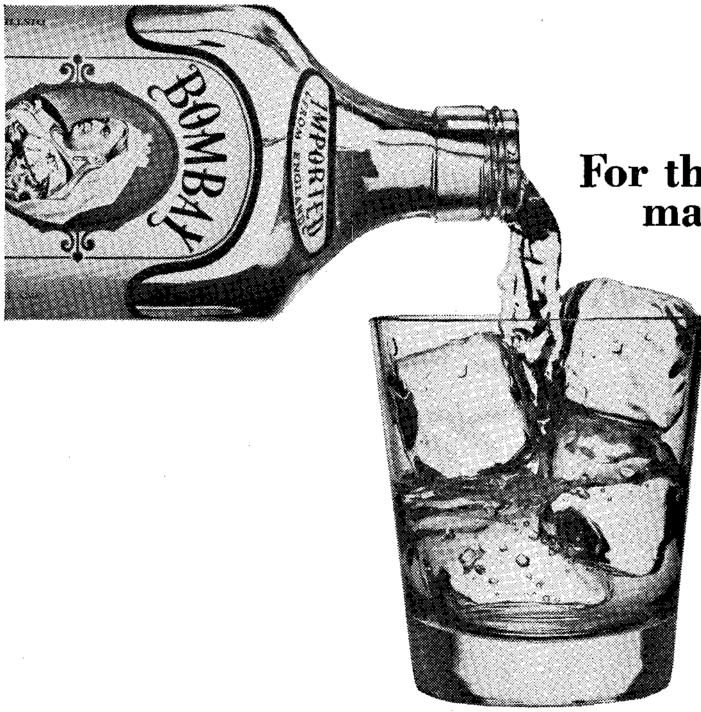

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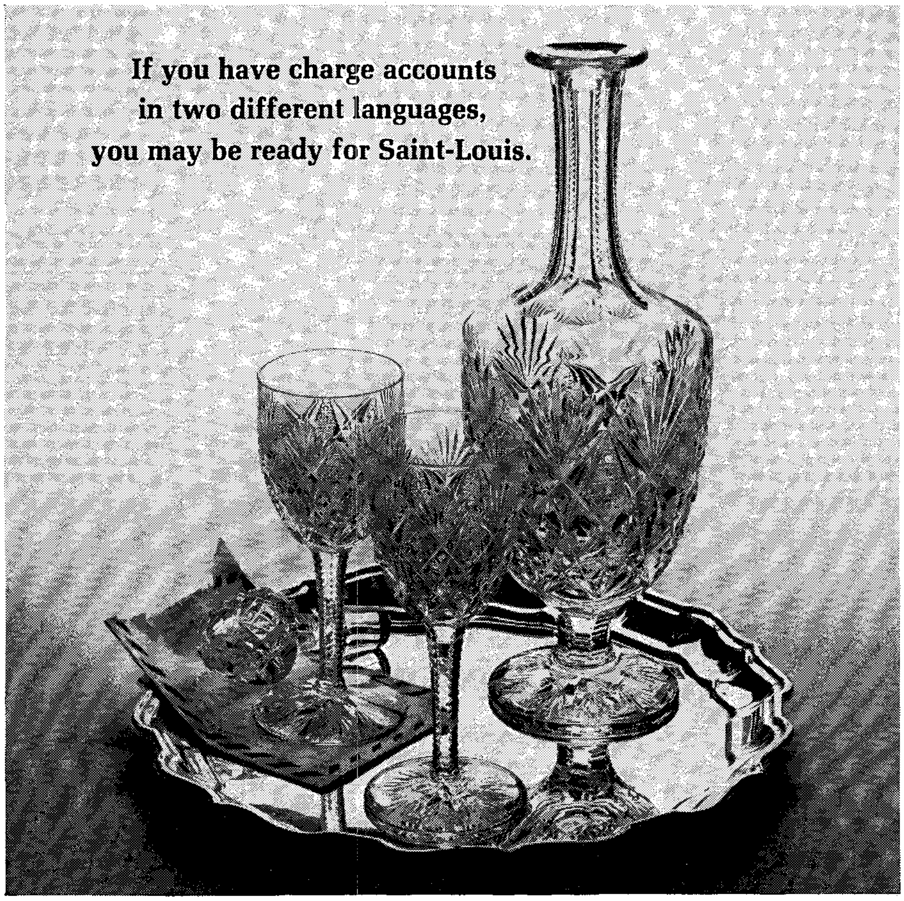

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storo's enunciation of the germ theory of disease, "De Contagione et Contagiosis Morbis" (1546). Scientifically speaking, that was the decade of decades, unrivalled until our own century.

The usual way of interpreting the Copernican revolution is to consider that its most shattering effect was to break down the theological assumption that God had made the earth the center of the universe and that man was the ultimate object of His attention. If the sun was actually the center, then the whole structure of dogmatic Christian theology—with its unique act of creation, with the human soul as the central interest of God, and man's moral probation on earth in preparation for eternity as the divine consummation of God's will—was threatened with collapse. Viewed through the new glasses of science, man shrank in size. In terms of astronomical quantities, the human race amounted to little more than an ephemeral swarm of midges on this planet. Science, which had made this shattering discovery by the mere exercise of common human faculties, not divine revelation, became the only trustworthy source of authentic knowledge. But all this, however obvious it may seem now, was not immediately recognized by those who were most deeply captivated by the new religion. For three centuries, Western man tried to make the best of both worlds without transcending in thought their self-imposed limitations.

The immediate effect of the new theology was to help bring back to life a concept that dated back to the Pyramid Age in Egypt and Mesopotamia. Resuming its central position in the minds of the ruling classes, the sun became God once more, not merely because the sun was the chief source of power on earth (which it in fact is) but because the sun was the central point of reference in the motions of the planets, including the earth; the mechanical regularity already achieved in machines—above all, in clockwork—became a miniature replica of absolute cosmic order. The sun was no longer deemed a satellite or servant; it had once more become the master of human existence.

In terms of this deity, all complex phenomena had to be reduced to the measurable, the repetitive, the predictable, the eventually controllable—first in the mind but finally in the organization of daily life. The Sun God, the symbol of centralized power, became the model of perfection for all human institutions, and the priesthood of science, whose mathematical measurements had first disclosed and utilized

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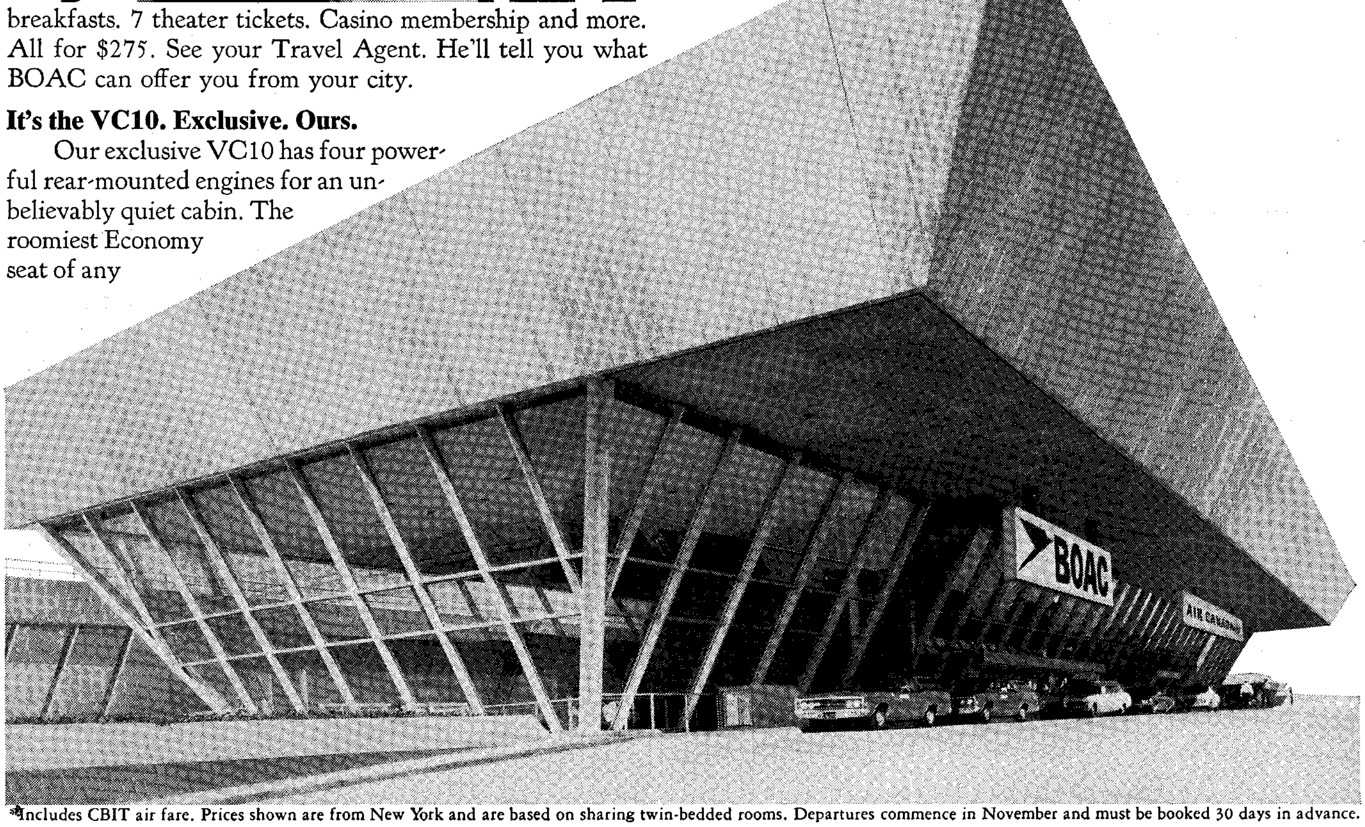

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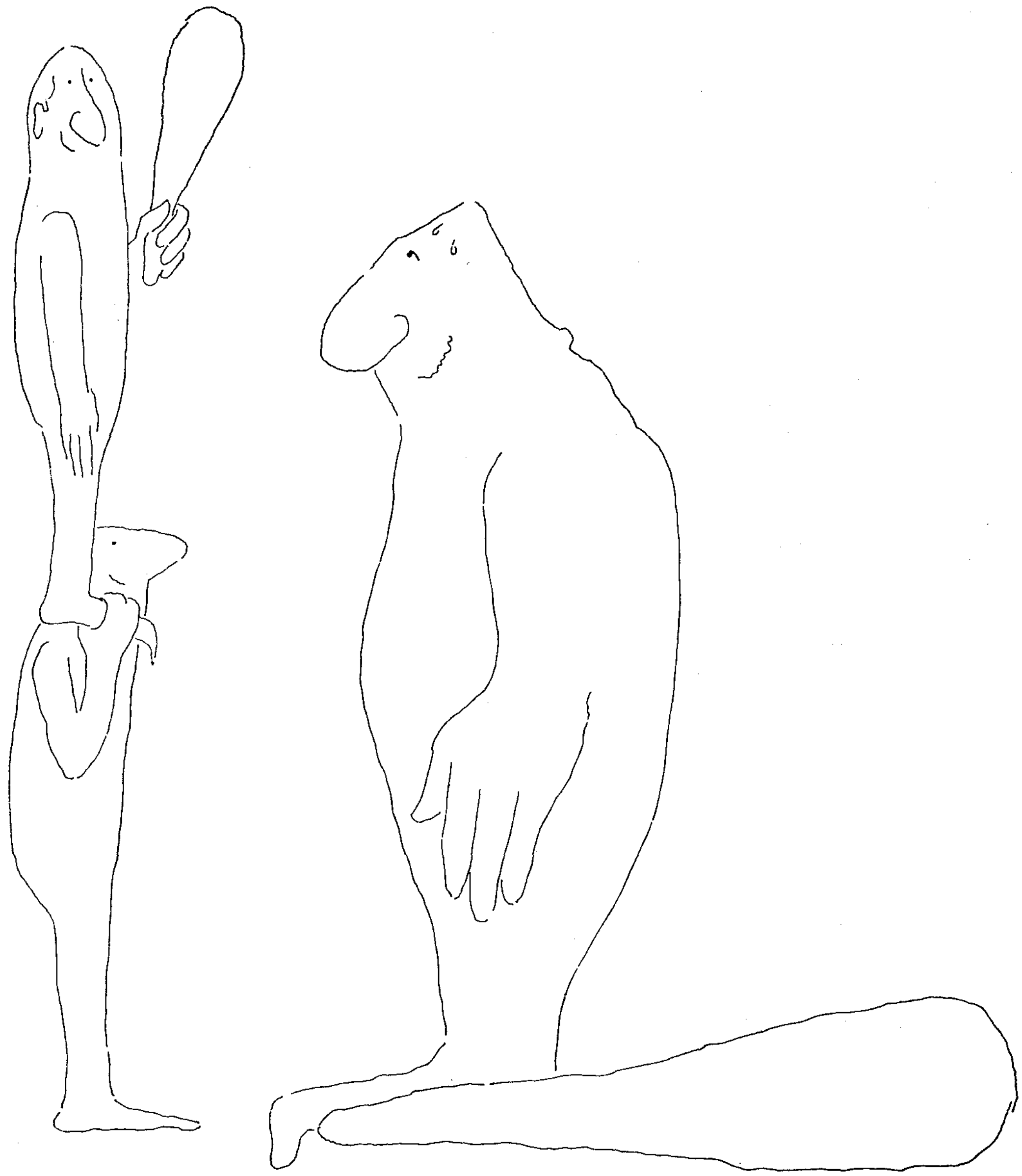
this source of cosmic order, had not the faintest premonitions of the possible consequences. In all innocence, astronomy and celestial mechanics laid the foundation for a more nearly absolute order, political and industrial, similar—point for point—to the one that underlay the Pyramid Age. Nevertheless, four centuries elapsed before the great pharaonic invention of the Pyramid Age, the Megamachine, could be assembled again.

Let me add, parenthetically, that this ancient megamachine remained undetected and undescribed as such until the present decade, though evidence for its existence had long been staring us in the face. This archetypal invention remained invisible for a good reason: it was composed not of stone, wood, or metal but of specialized human parts, assembled, drilled, and disciplined with military ruthlessness by royal command. The idea of universal mechanization (megatechnics) was established in the megamachine of Egypt and Mesopotamia well before even such elemental machines as the windlass and the wheeled wagon were invented, to say nothing of the potter's wheel and the drawloom. Centralized control, commanding both religious veneration and military force, was alone what made it possible to generate sufficient energy to build huge dams, irrigation systems, cities set on mounds forty feet above flood level, like Erbil, and the Great Pyramids of Giza. This power complex achieved a speed, a refinement of measurement, an ability to handle the most formidable engineering tasks that have been rivalled only in our own day.

In both ancient and modern times, the construction of the megamachine has been the supreme achievement of the Sun God. The cult of the sun, symbol of cosmic power, operated through a hierarchic pyramid, with authority descending through a divine or semi-divine king and a supporting priesthood to an army, a bureaucracy, an engineering corps, and a body of slaves and conscripts, all supinely obedient to the instructions of the sovereign. In mode of organization, there was nothing to differentiate the earliest labor machine from the military machine. They were complementary organizations, and they have remained so to this day—the first for large-scale constructive tasks, the second for human coercion and massive acts of destruction. Without this combination of military compulsion and religious authority, neither of these organizations could be assembled. From the first, the military table of organization, based on squads of ten men under a leader,



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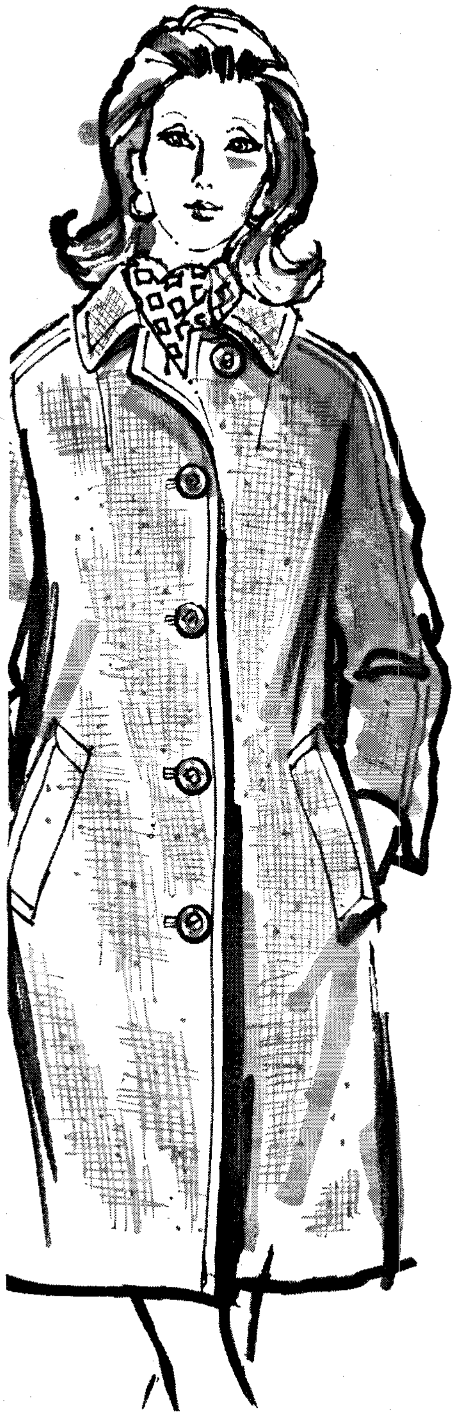

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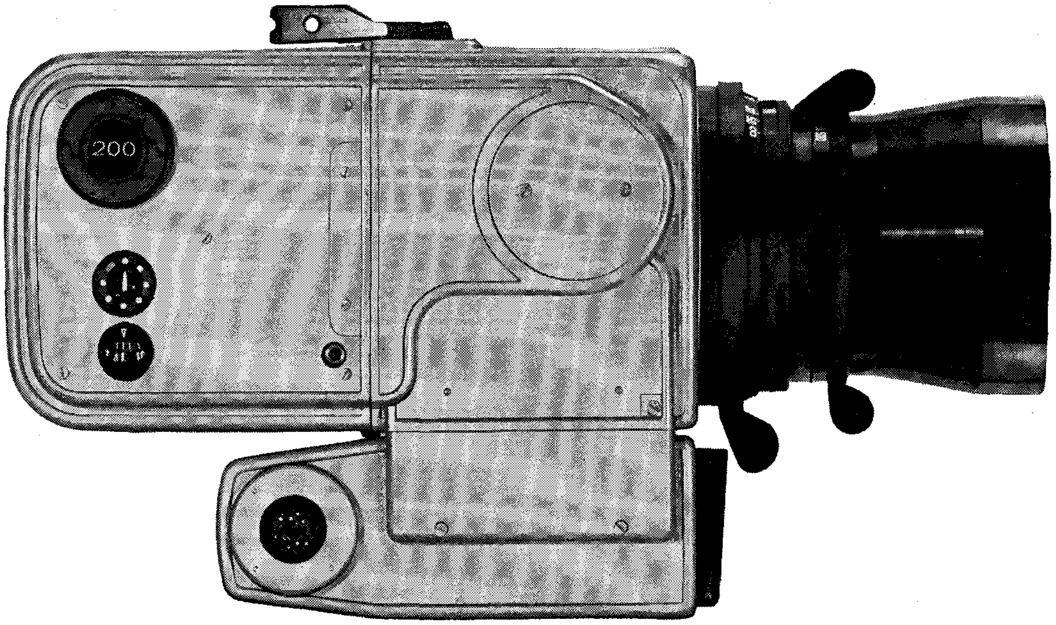
grouped in turn into companies, all acting under directions coming from the control center, governed both aspects of this machine. Only since the eighteenth century, however, has it been applied to industrial production, with machines replacing mechanized men.

The association of the new astronomy with the revival of divine kingship and centralized political power was thus no accident. The greatest Western monarch of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV, despite his piety as a Catholic prince, dramatized his absolute authority by calling himself Le Roi Soleil, the Sun King. And even before Louis XIV, Norden, in "A Christian Familiar Comfort," compared the state to the heavens and Queen Elizabeth and the Council to the *primum mobile*, or controlling sphere. "The *roi soleil* is indeed," adds Tillyard, "one of the most persistent of all Elizabethan commonplaces." Once this central authority was established, the other functionaries of the ancient system all reappeared, dressed in only slightly different costume: the priesthood, the army, the bureaucracy. With their assistance, the whole cult became operative again, working toward a system of absolute power capable of conquering and controlling great masses of men, widening the bounds of "human empire," as Francis Bacon said, "to the effecting of all things possible." The first mark of the Sun God's ascendancy, then, came not in technics but in government: the new religion reinforced both ideologically and practically the belief in power—inordinate and unqualified power. "Scientific thought," Bertrand Russell once observed, correctly interpreting what he called "The Scientific Outlook," "is essentially power-thought—the sort of thought, that is to say, whose purpose, conscious or unconscious, is to give power to its possessor."

From the beginning, astronomy had flourished under court patronage. The establishment of the solar calendar was from the outset one of the substantial attributes of royal authority wherever kingship spread, and a generation after Copernicus's treatise, in 1582, the spiritual monarch of Christendom, the Pope of Rome, ordered the latest revision of the calendar. It is not for nothing that the Vatican still maintains its own astronomer, though only to regulate its movable feasts. All European courts had an "astrologer in residence," just as their predecessors had done in Egypt and Babylonia thousands of years before. Without this intense interest in astrology, science would not have received the support it did from kings and men of affairs—a support that belies the popular notion that modern science had a difficult uphill fight. Astrology made still another contribution to exact science. It established as a canon of faith a belief in the strictest sort of determinism, for it interpreted individual life events in terms of collective statistical probabilities, based on data gathered from a mass of biographies, collected and collated, it is reported, by royal mandate. Thus, royal patronage had not merely promoted stargazing but had laid the groundwork for the more austere and pragmatically useful determinism of the physical sciences, and a proud mathematician was led to boast that, given a sufficient knowledge of a single occurrence, he could predict the position and state of every particle in the entire universe. That unfortunate exhibition of intellectual hubris laid the foundation at an early date for the dubious alliance between scientific determinism and authoritarian control that now menaces human existence.

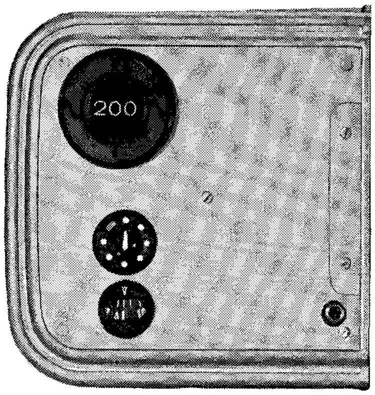
What astronomy did under the original influence of astrology was to transform a purely religious concept of Heaven, attached to an afterlife—infinity, eternity, immortality—to the observable movements of physical bodies travelling through a space whose vast size increased with each further improvement of the telescope. The enclosed, self-contained, man-centered world of Christian revelation was in this new perspective no longer credible. That this new world, which gave primacy to light and energy, to matter and motion, was as subjective and anthropomorphic as the older one remained to be acknowledged. But there is no doubt about the immediate effect upon the astronomers themselves. As Butterfield observes, "Copernicus rises to lyricism and almost to worship when he writes about the regal nature and the central position of the sun." It was in this state of emotional exaltation that the Sun God was reborn and the ancient megamachine reassembled and eventually rebuilt.

Though Galileo was no mystic, like Johannes Kepler, and though he was reluctant to disturb the prevailing Ptolemaic description of the planetary movements, he agreed in general with Copernicus, especially because the newly invented telescope gave him a much closer view of both the fixed and the moving objects in the sky. "He who gazes highest is of the highest quality," said Galileo in the dedication of his "Dialogue on the Great World



This is the Hasselblad that went to the moon.

This is the part that came back.



The camera up above is the Hasselblad 500EL electrically-driven space camera.

It's the camera the astronauts used on the moon.

It's also the camera they left behind.

Only about a third of it came back.

But then the Apollo rocket that carried it was 365′ tall when it left for the moon. And only 10′ tall when it returned. So the Hasselblad didn't make out too badly, considering.

The back of the Hasselblad is the part that came back. A detachable film magazine that assured the safety of the film. And was necessary because the astronauts' bulky gloves would have made it difficult to remove film in any other way. (To appreciate the problem, try unloading your own camera wearing hockey gloves.)

As valuable as it proved to be, the removable back isn't something that was designed for NASA. Every Hasselblad on earth is made that way.

Not only can the back of any Hasselblad be removed, but it can be interchanged with any of four other film magazines. Which lets you do things that weren't possible before.

There you are down at the water hole, photographing a rhino in black and white. When suddenly a red-billed oxpecker lands on its back. You'd love to switch to color, but you're only halfway through your roll, and you don't want to waste the rest of it.

With a Hasselblad you can simply take off the back in one second, and snap on a new one pre-loaded with color film. Then when the oxpecker flies off, you can switch back to black and white again.

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The backs even let you decide on the size and shape of your shot. You can pick a big 2¼" square. Or a rectangle 1⅝" x 2¼". Or make super slides 1⅝" x 1⅝" (they're 50% larger than ordinary slides, yet fit all standard projectors).

You can also choose the number of exposures you want, 12, 16, 24 right on up to 70. This last magazine is great for shooting continuous action, like the rhino coming to have a closer look at you.

The front, top and sides of the Hasselblad give you as many possibilities as the back. The front accepts ten different Carl Zeiss lenses, each with its own built-in Compur shutter, synchronized for flash and strobe at all speeds. The top accepts five different viewers. And the side takes three different film advance mechanisms. These components, together with accessories and three different camera bodies, add up to the Hasselblad System.

Within the system, the 500EL electrically-driven earth camera —cousin to the moon camera— can do a few things that even the other Hasselblads can't do.

Because this camera is electrically-operated, it can be triggered from a distance through the use of long release cords or remote radio control. And because the camera readies itself for the next shot automatically, you can shoot as many as 70 consecutive exposures without being anywhere near the camera. Which is a good way to get a shot of the rhino coming towards you, without having to be the one it's coming towards.

So you can see that the Hasselblad has even more application on earth than it has on the moon.

And another nice thing about using a Hasselblad on earth is that when you come back with your pictures, you also come back with your Hasselblad.

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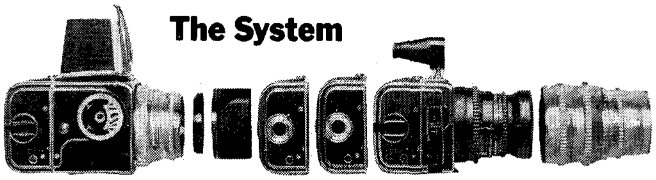

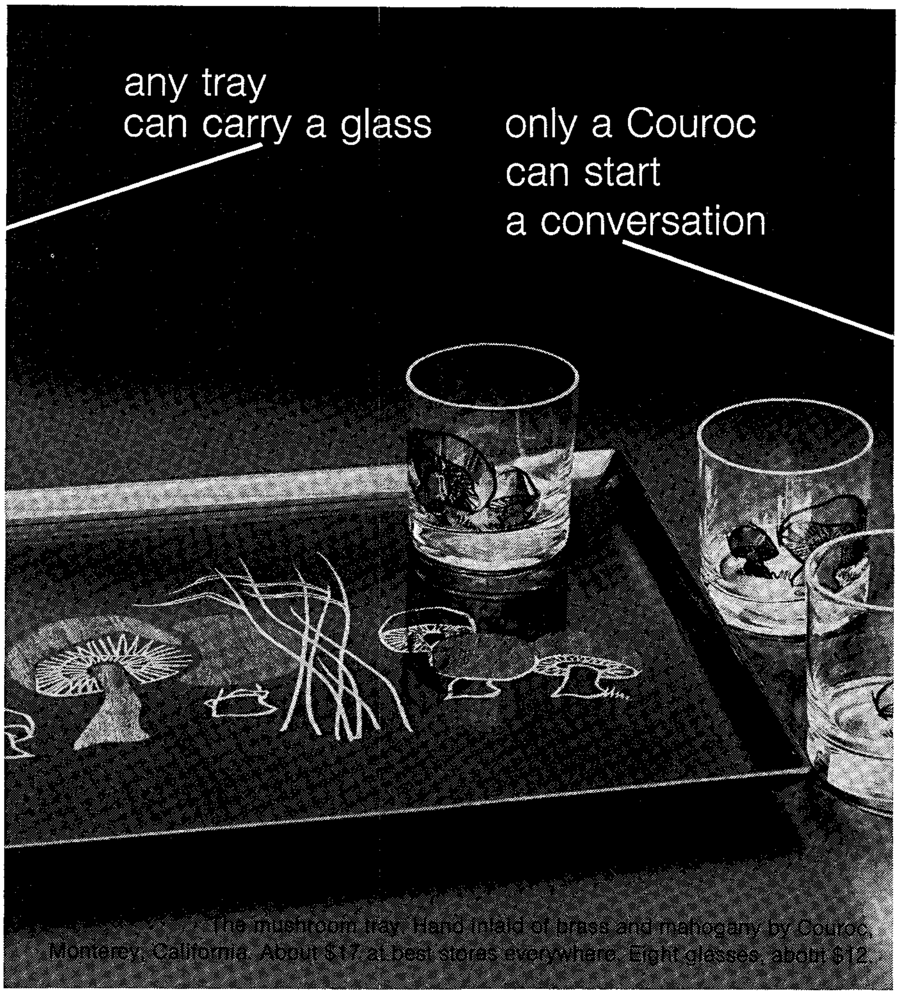

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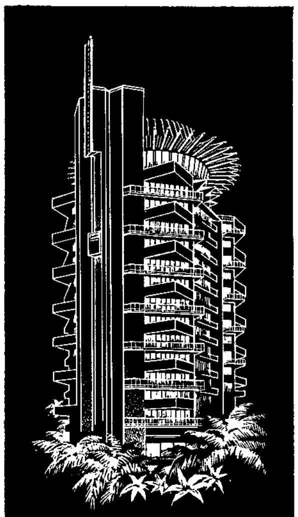

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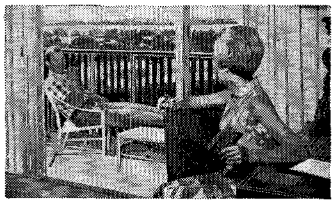

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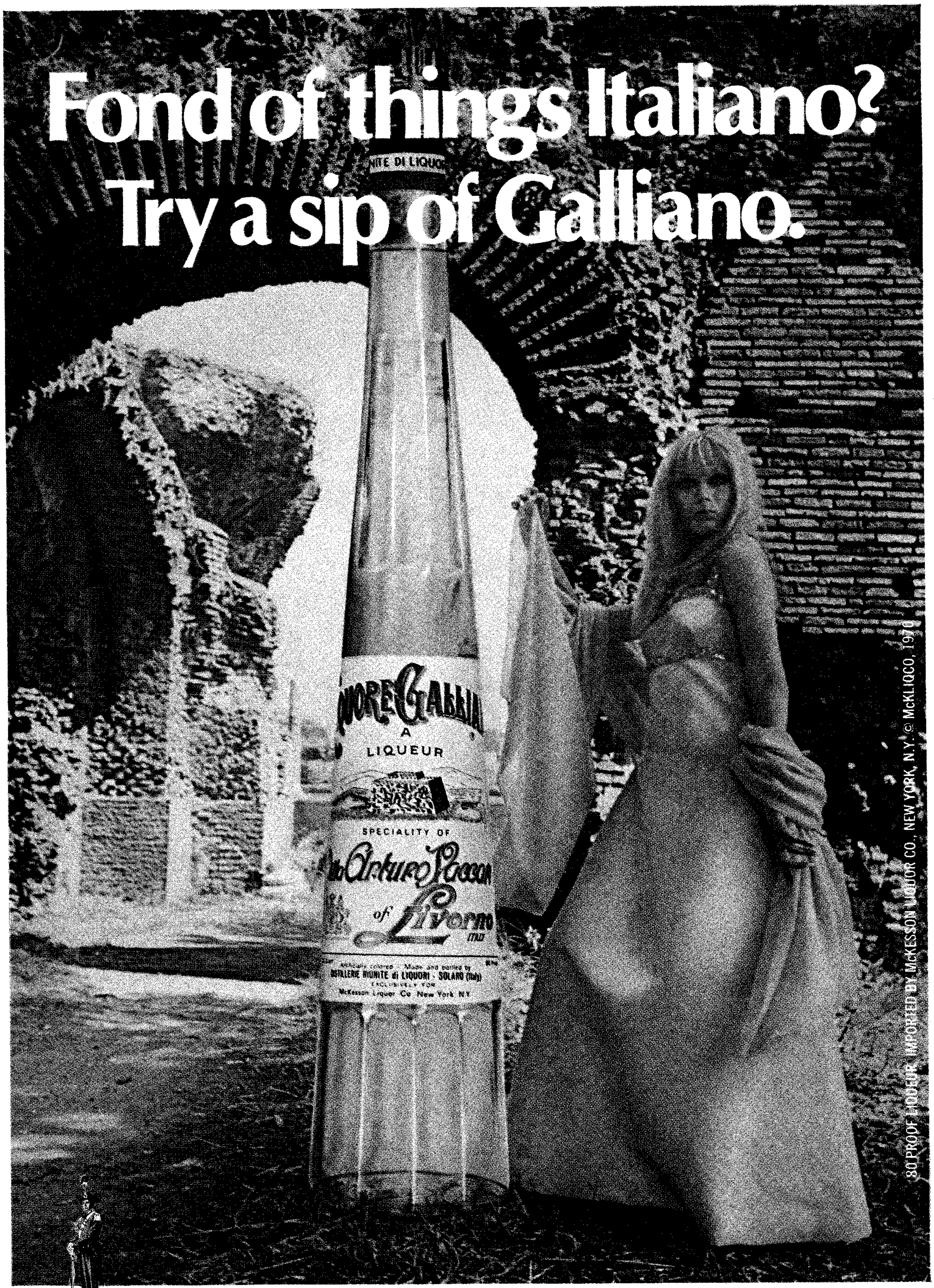
Systems," and he added, "The turning to the great volume of nature, which is the proper object of philosophy, is the way to make one look high. . . . Hence, if ever any persons might claim to be signally distinguished for their intellect from other men, Ptolemy and Copernicus were they that had the honor to see farthest into and discourse most profoundly of the World's systems."

Unfortunately, in seeking to read the book of nature more faithfully, the new thinkers repeated the error made by Thales and Aristarchus: unthinkingly, they banished the thinker himself from the picture as peremptorily and arbitrarily as Socrates and, after him, the Christian theologians had turned their backs on nature. Those who looked upward and outward and forward, and were prepared to traverse astronomical distances, did not remember to look downward and inward and backward. The Sun God had dazzled and blinded them into conceiving scientific reality as a landscape without figures, forgetting the artists who had spent countless generations painting it and without whom the universe in its vastness was literally unthinkable.

The new world that astronomy and mechanics opened up was, in fact, based upon a dogmatic premise that excluded from the outset not only the presence of man but the phenomena of life. On this assumption, the cosmos itself was primarily a mechanical system capable of being fully understood by reference solely to a mechanical model. Not man but the machine became the central feature in this new world picture. Hence the chief end of human existence was to confirm this system by utilizing and controlling the energies derived from the sun, reshaping every part of the environment in conformity to the Sun God's strict commands. In the acceptance of this mechanical orthodoxy man was to find his salvation.

Though the religion of the Sun God, which shaped the new power complex, was to have immense practical consequences—political, military, economic—it would be an error to believe that this was the reason for its establishment; the numinous and luminous aspects of astronomy, achieved by its very detachment from pressing human concerns, seemed to offer a new promise of salvation, not tainted by corrupt human motives. In a world still embattled in relentless theological controversy and enmeshed in ideological confusions, the new astronomy brought a clarifying order that in itself evoked—to use a then current phrase—the "music of the spheres." This new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Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

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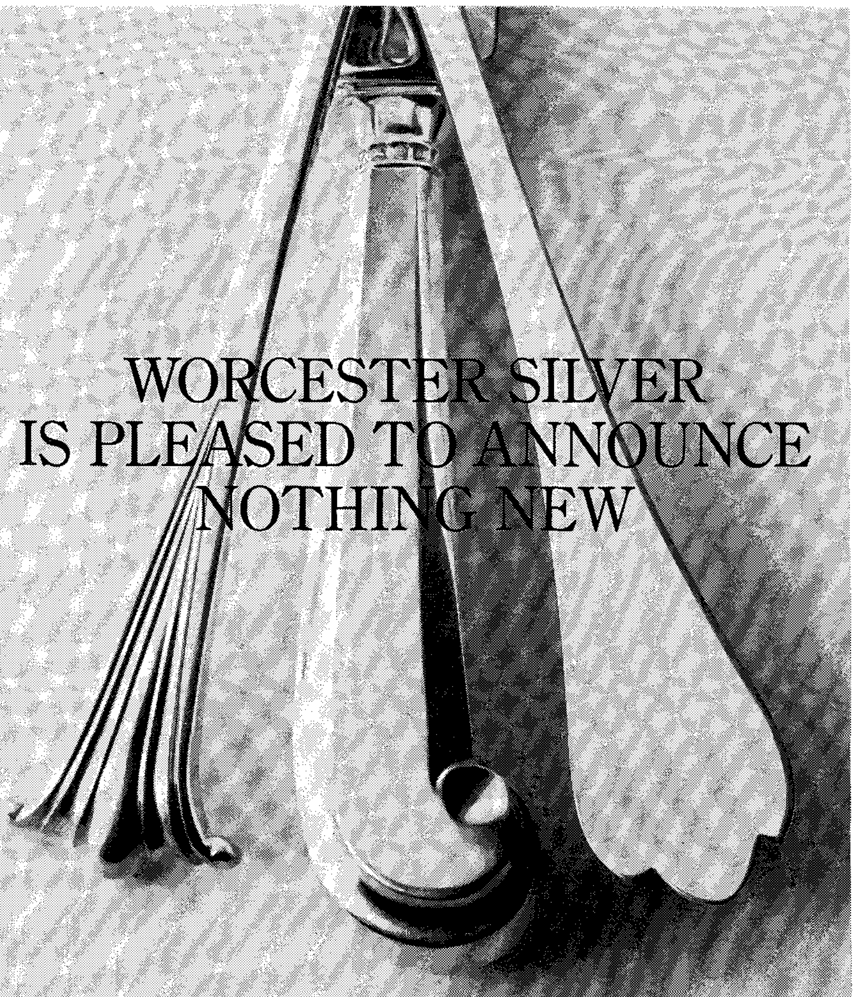
world of light and space, disinfected of the human presence, was a refuge from the dogmatic brawls and savage religious persecutions that characterized the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and remained a refuge until our own time. As late as the eighteenth century, the words most often on the lips of scientists when they contemplated the new system of nature so majestically revealed by Newton were "order" and "beauty." Though the silence of infinite space frightened Pascal, it was this very silence and distance that gave comfort to many harassed spirits.

If one ignores the religious aura that hung over the great scientific discoveries in the period between Copernicus and Newton and that never, for that matter, entirely disappeared, one misses the hidden subjective contribution of the new outlook and its great source of sacred power. While the Christian Heaven shrank, the astronomical heaven expanded. Such mighty changes as have taken place during the last three centuries could proceed only from a profound religious reorientation—one that permeated every aspect of existence. Only in this way can one account for the immense authority that the astronomical and mechanical world picture exerted—and still exerts—over many of the most able minds.

Unfortunately, just as behind the terrestrial exploration stalked demonic and criminal impulses that crippled its utopian hopes, so behind the benign order and geometric beauty of the new science the ancient power system had begun to reëstablish itself, on a scale never before conceivable. So far from reducing human affairs to insignificance and discouraging all worldly ambitions, the new cult paradoxically promoted an immense concentration on the mastery of earthly life: exploration, invention, conquest, colonization, all centered on immediate fulfillment. "Now," not the Hereafter, was what counted. In fixing their gaze on the sky and on the movements of physical bodies, the scientific revolutionists were only continuing an austere religious tradition that goes back to the beginnings of civilization, if not before, and, more immediately, they were resuming an attitude that looked back to the Greeks. When Pythagoras was asked why he lived, he answered, "To look at Heaven and nature." That struck the new scientific note. Similarly, Anaxagoras, de Santillana points out, when accused of caring naught for his kin and his own city, replied by pointing at the heavens and saying, "There is my country." The exchange of the Christian's universe, focussed on man's



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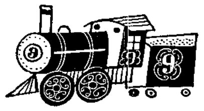
existence and his ultimate salvation, for a purely impersonal universe, with no God but the blazing sun itself, without a visible purpose or desirable human destination, might seem a bad bargain. But it had the effect of making science the only source of meaning, and the achievement of scientific truth the only ultimate purpose.

For those who may still feel that I am exaggerating the subjective, emotional, religious attractions of the new cosmic order that centered on the sun, let me cite the words of Kepler. Listen to his description of the sun, in which the two heavens—the ancient one of Christian theology and the new one of astronomy and exact science—become one:

> In the first place, lest perchance a blind man deny it to you, of all bodies in the universe the most excellent is the sun, whose essence is nothing less than the purest light, than which there is no greater star: which single and alone is the producer, conserver, and warmer of all things: it is a fountain of light, rich in fruitful heat and most fair, limpid, and pure to the sight, the source of vision, portrayer of all colors, though himself empty of color, called king of the planets for his motion, heart of the world for his power, its eye for his beauty, and which alone we should judge worthy of the Most High God, should he be pleased with a material domicile and choose a place in which to dwell with the blessed angels.

Kepler's rhetoric is the language of religious adoration—perfervid, exalted. And it does not weaken the case for regarding sun worship as the renascent religion to discover that Copernicus and Kepler were not alone. Tillyard points out that the sun in Elizabethan times was widely considered the material counterpart of God. The medieval author of the "Cursor Mundi" came close to downright heresy from any Christian view, for he described the sun as God the Father, the sphere of the fixed stars as the Son, and the intervening "ethereal medium" as the Holy Ghost. "Where history is on the march, thanks to kings, heroes, or empires," Mircea Eliade observes, "the sun is supreme." No one can doubt that history was on the march in the Western world from the sixteenth century on, or that it was the kings of Portugal, Spain, England, and France, monarchs by "divine right," who seized the initiative in conquering and colonizing with their own peoples large portions of the planet. Meanwhile, the more circumscribed ventures of the Venetians, the Genoese, the Florentines, and the Hansa cities, the leaders in the first wave of migrations and conquests, diminished, for they were unfavored by the magic of divine kingship and were therefore unattached to the new cosmic seat of power and the myth that supported it. In establishing the sun as the center of the planetary system, Copernicus unwittingly had also made Europe the center of the twin New Worlds: the New World of geographic exploration and the New World of the machine. The latter proved to be an even greater and richer empire, open to colonization by the mind, and richer in pecuniary reward than that claimed by military conquest and settlement.

The language of daily speech no longer sufficed to describe this insistently dynamic world or served to direct it. For this purpose, new symbols and logical operations were needed—those of algebra, trigonometry, differential calculus, vector analysis. While there is no real analogy between a planetary system and a machine, they share the properties of motion and measurability, and so the abstract advances first made in astronomy and mechanics proved serviceable, in both direct and roundabout ways, to mechanical invention of every sort, for in both it was necessary to exclude qualitative organic factors and concentrate upon quantities. This relation was reciprocal. The increasing use of artillery in warfare called for better scientific data to make sighting more accurate, and this in turn called for the spyglass to supplement the naked human eye. Precisely the same kind of military demand led to the development of the computer of today. So it is hardly strange that the arsenal at Venice served as one of Galileo's best laboratories and that his observation of the swaying lamp in the cathedral at Pisa brought about the application of the pendulum to the improvement of timekeeping in clocks. In turn, metaphors and analogies derived from the machine were applied shrewdly, if coarsely, to organisms; to reduce life to its quantitative mechanical and chemical components seemed an infallible method of eliminating the ultimate mystery of life itself. Among the most original and fruitful contributions to the study of living organisms in the seventeenth century were Harvey's observations on the circulation of the blood, in which he described the heart as a pump with pipes called veins and arteries, whose blood flow was regulated by valves, and Borelli made efforts to interpret the locomotion of animals in equally mechanical terms. These were admirable contributions, as long as their de-



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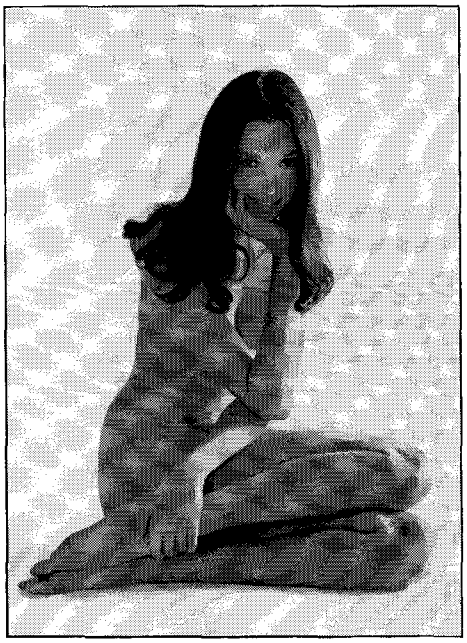

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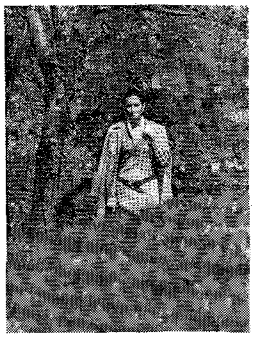

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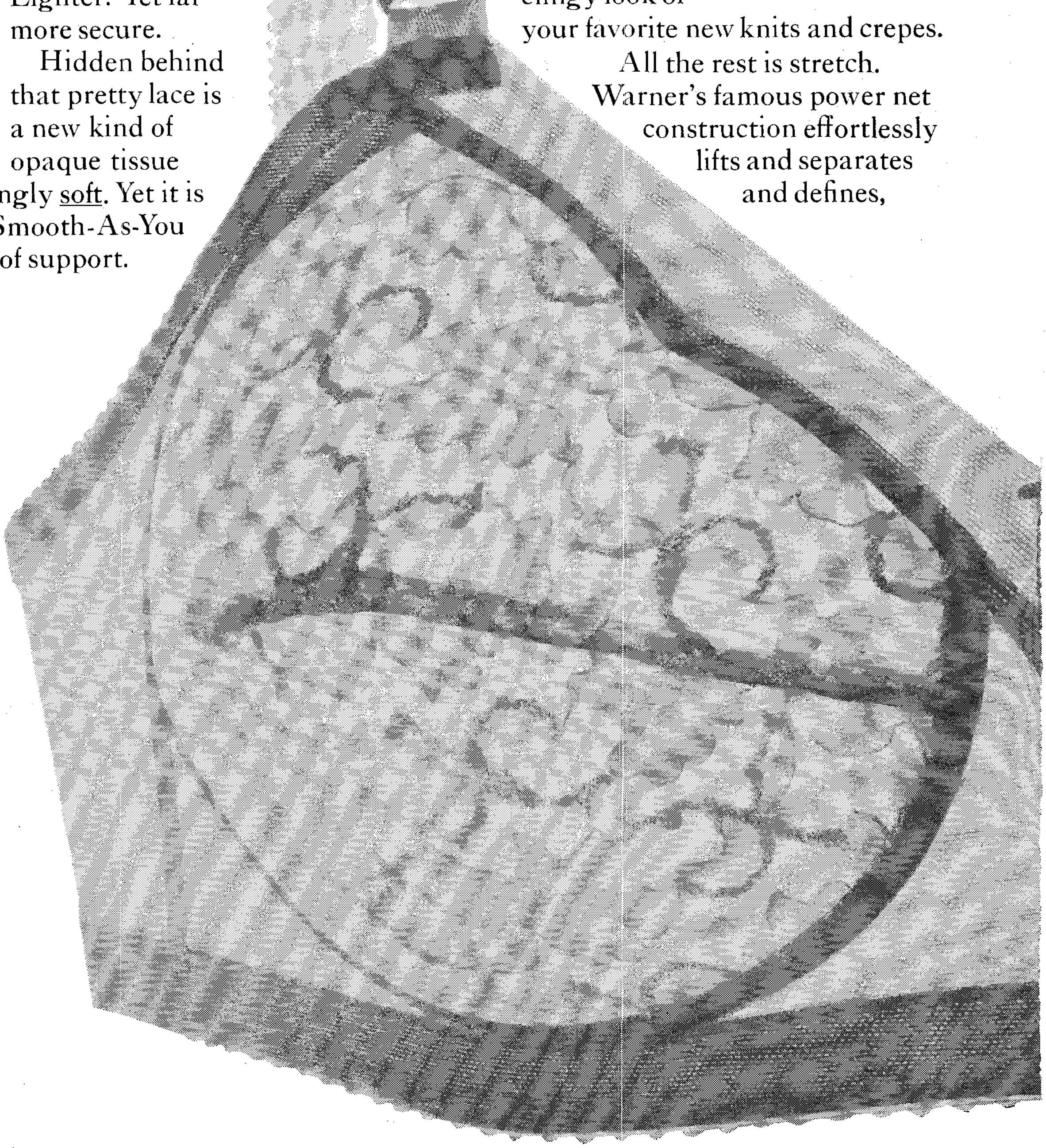

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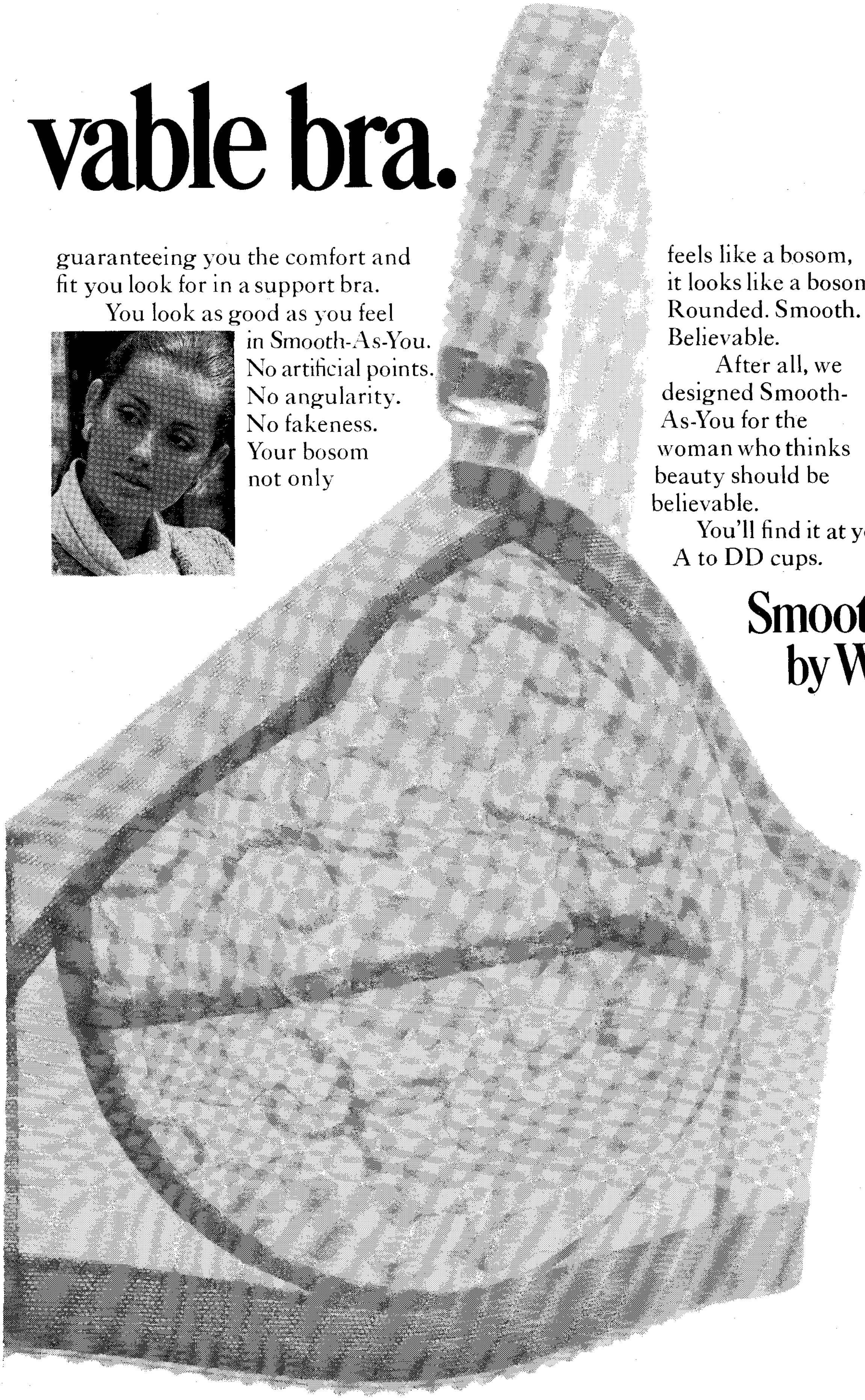


scriptive limitations were not taken as those of the living organism itself, for life was the "filterable virus" that teasingly escaped through the pores of this new mechanical container.

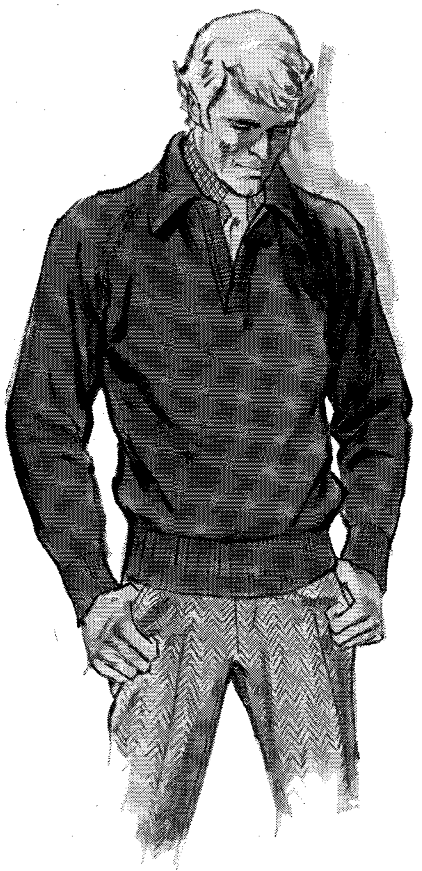
This new outlook did not take possession of society by any sudden breakthrough; it is only in retrospect that events of the sixteenth century assemble themselves in a recognizable "mechanical" pattern. Rather, the new ideology seeped into the common mind through a thousand cracks and fissures, against which no peremptory ecclesiastical edicts, aimed at a single book or a special doctrine, could in the long run have any effect. Actually, despite conflicts and skirmishes with the Church, science produced no martyrs. Whatever the Church might say or do, the fact is that kings and emperors, from Frederick II of Sicily onward, repeatedly accorded scientists their favor. Once, indeed, scientists decided to exclude theology, politics, ethics, and current events from the sphere of their discussions, they were welcomed by the heads of state. In return—and this remains one of the black marks against strict scientific orthodoxy, with its deliberate indifference to moral and political concerns—scientists habitually remained silent about public affairs and were outwardly, if not ostentatiously, "loyal." Thus, their mental isolation made them predestined cogs in the new megamachine. Napoleon I, while he favored mathematicians and physical scientists because of this political neutrality, distrusted humanists and excluded them from his circle because he deemed them troublemakers.

Even under the provocation of the military misuses of nuclear power as an instrument of genocide by the United States government in 1945, the nuclear physicists, however humanly apprehensive and morally concerned not a few of them were, never went so far as to propose a general strike of scientists and technicians. Only a brave minority disdained the patronage and the rewards that the government offered for their acquiescence, if not their active coöperation. Science produced many "saints" who dedicated their lives with monastic devotion to their discipline, but it produced few notable rebellious martyrs against the political establishment. Yet today, at last, that alienation and renunciation are perhaps under way.

THE TWO NEW WORLDS

THESE, then, in the barest outline, were the two New Worlds that took possession of Western man in the sixteenth century—the geographical New World and the mechanical New World. And to these I would venture to add a third New World, the New World of historical time, which has during the last few centuries widened the entire human horizon. This conquest of time has in subtle ways changed modern man's perspective and opened new possibilities of releasing him from the grip of his unconscious past, with its buried traumas and its futile repetition of attested errors. But that consummation is still to come.

What I propose to account for now is the way in which the first two concepts of the New World went wrong in their translation from imagined possibilities and projects to their actual expression. How is it that the period of terrestrial exploration and settlement was conducted with such flagrant brutality, with such disregard for traditional human values, with so little regard for the future, though it was usually in the name of a better future that so much of this effort was made? And how is it that the development of science and invention, with its intent to liberate man from the burdens of heavy toil on a meagre subsistence level, imposed new burdens, new diseases, new deprivations, in a routine that lacked all direct contact with the sun and the sky and other living creatures, including his own kind? In short, how did the brave new world of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" become the derisive "Brave New World" of Aldous Huxley—now vulgarly pictured as the inexorable destiny of modern man? To these questions no one can yet give more than a tentative and imperfect answer. But certain clues to this gross miscarriage are not lacking. This miscarriage occurred during a period when in Europe the great fabric of Christian belief, embodied in the ceremonies, rituals, dogmas, and daily practices of the Church, had begun to disintegrate. By the seventeenth century, conditions in Western Europe had so far improved that the morbid fear and anxiety, the despair and disillusion, that had prompted the spread of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire no longer tallied with reality; for the moment, the Dance of Death seemed over, so it was no longer in Heaven but on earth that men began again to look for salvation, and it was not simply by prayer and good works and divine grace but by strenuous and systematic efforts that they sought to improve their condition. Gradually, Heaven, that shining place in the mind, faded away. It was to the stars and planets that kings, councillors, and learned men turned to foretell their fate and map their courses accordingly. Even earlier,



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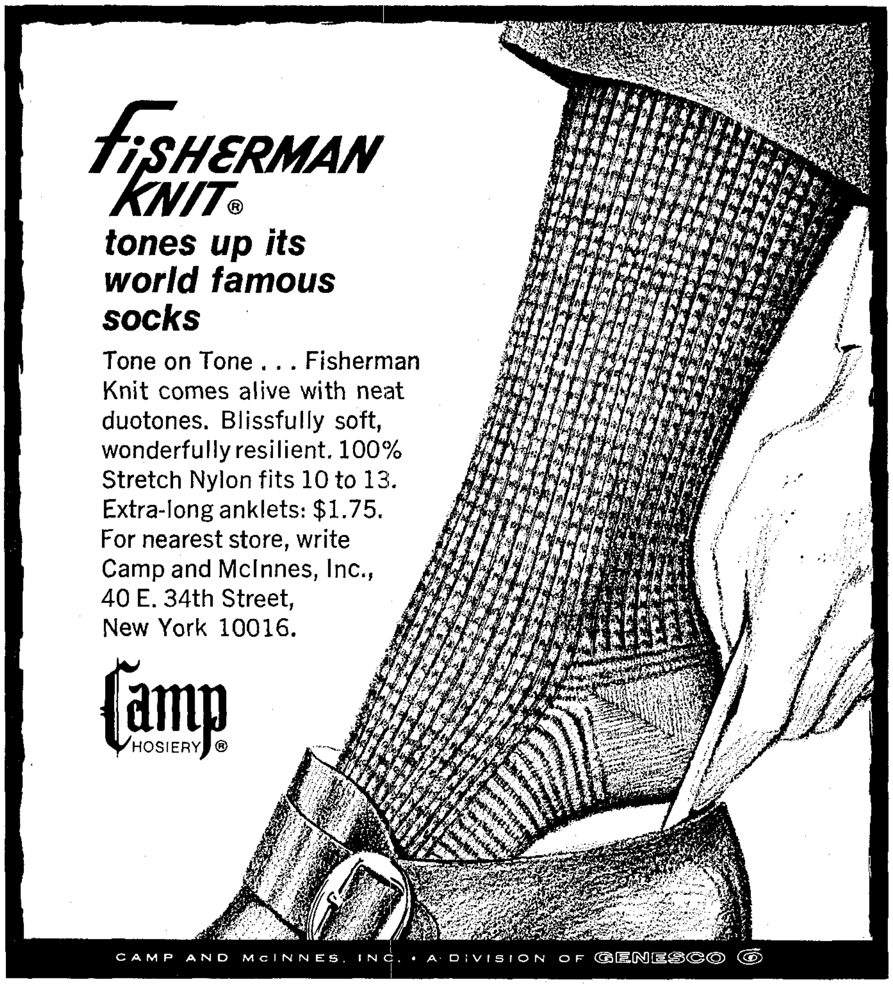

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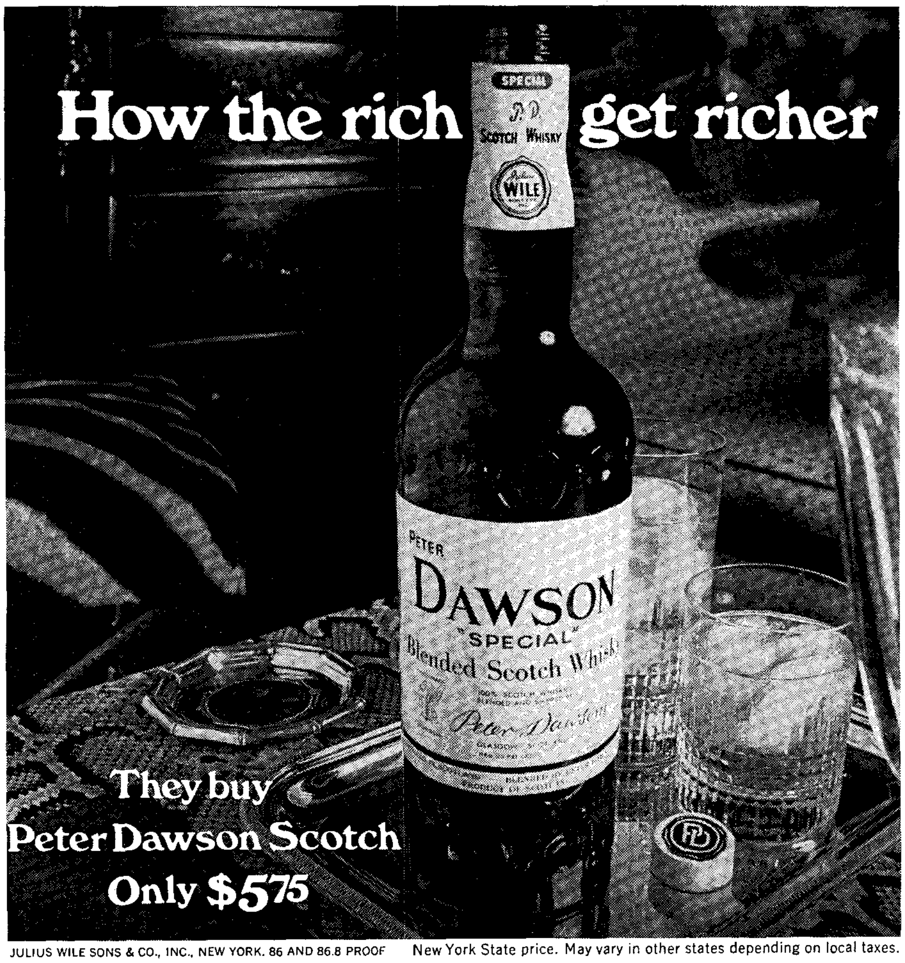

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when Louis IX asked his trusted courtier de Joinville whether he would rather be healthy in this life and be damned for eternity, or be a leper and be saved, de Joinville unhesitatingly rejected salvation. That was a secret turning point.

Thus, whatever their adherence to the outward ceremonies of the Church or their belated professions in the panic of their deathbeds, more and more people began to act as if their happiness, their prosperity, their salvation were to be achieved on the earth alone, by means they themselves would if possible command. If God was not dead, man at least had become alive with new bodily vigor—confident, audacious, sexually exuberant, climbing mountains he had once feared, traversing seas that had never before beckoned him, and in general translating five of the seven deadly Christian sins into positive virtues, topped by pride, the special sin that caused Lucifer's fall from Heaven.

Centuries passed before the New World ideology displaced verbal professions of Christian faith, and, to make the passage to the New World of the machine slower, a counter-movement to recover the inner life took place, first by the Franciscans and the Waldensians, then by Protestant sects, while saintly rebels within the Church managed, at the height of New World aggression, in Peru, in Yucatán, in Paraguay, to recapture, by caring for the pagan natives, some modicum of Christian grace, and even began there to preserve some written memorial of the life the natives had once lived. But in the end the new forces triumphed; power in all its forms went to men's heads like the strong drinks, brandy and whiskey, they had recently learned to distill. Murder and lust became rampant under the guise of missionary zeal. Exploration was merely the first stage of exploitation, and with it came war, slavery, economic pillage and piracy, and environmental destruction—the ancient trauma of "civilization," which has been imprinted upon every "advanced" culture ever since.

In short, with every step forward that Western man took into the New World, with its promises of natural abundance, social equality, personal autonomy, mutual aid—and all these brave, vivid promises, newly made, seemed within the pioneer's grasp—he took two steps backward into his "civilized" but savagely brutal past, and repeated methodically all the sins that had accompanied the otherwise valuable achievements of the Pyramid Age. The promise of a great forward movement was authentic, but the regression

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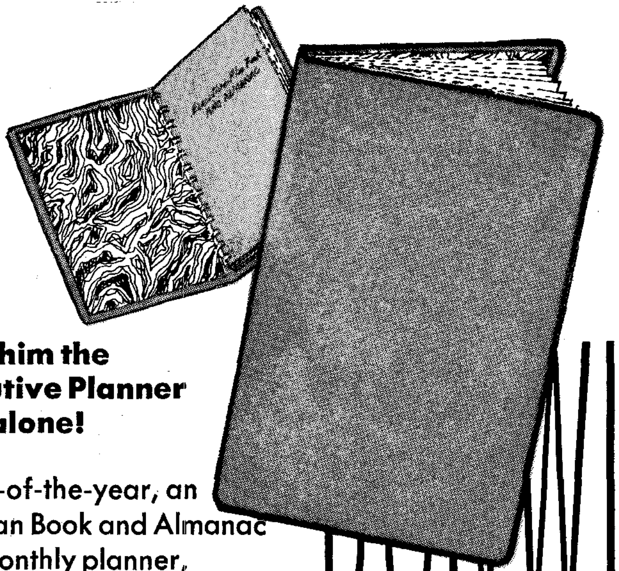

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into the past, the sinking back into the original perversions of power, was no less real. Against such forces, the salutary romantic reaction that began in the eighteenth century proved hopelessly naïve—and eventually impotent. Nevertheless, by the middle of the nineteenth century a considerable part of this new culture had put aside many of the disabilities encrusted in all previous civilizations, and had done so without forfeiting the residual advantages of the Old World traditions. In the free states and territories of North America, slavery was banished. Gone, too, were lifetime labor at a single occupation, watertight divisions of labor, excessive caste divisions between occupations and professions, between mental and manual labors; gone was the secret knowledge confined to a restricted, self-favoring group; gone was the authority of an inviolate priesthood and an all-powerful monarch; gone was remote control through a bureaucracy whose own prosperity depended upon the life, health, and prosperity of the divinely appointed king; gone were the compulsions of an alien army cold-bloodedly executing the will of the sovereign.

All these burdens had been removed or greatly lightened, if not everywhere, at any event in large patches, while, thanks to the printed book and improved direct communication by telegraph, the forerunner of other forms of instantaneous communication, the tribes and nations began to sense—and, to a degree, experience—their interdependence. Not least, with the eager use of many laborsaving and energy-multiplying devices, and with the spread of automatic machines, the burden of life-cramping overwork was lightened. Early in the nineteenth century, an English observer had calculated that a stevedore, unloading bags at a Liverpool dock, might trot, staggering under a heavy load, some forty-eight miles in the course of a day. Now, in every industry, that inhuman load was slowly being lifted; machine power was replacing muscle power. In short, there were large areas in which the mechanical New World had joined with the terrestrial New World to modify, if not completely undermine, some of the burdensome practices of the ancient power system. If this gain brought a loss of specialized efficiency in certain areas, it promised, in compensation, an increase in human dignity and self-respect.

These were not little benefits and ameliorations, and they largely explain the confident, exultant note that one finds, at the climax of this movement in the mid-nineteenth century, in the

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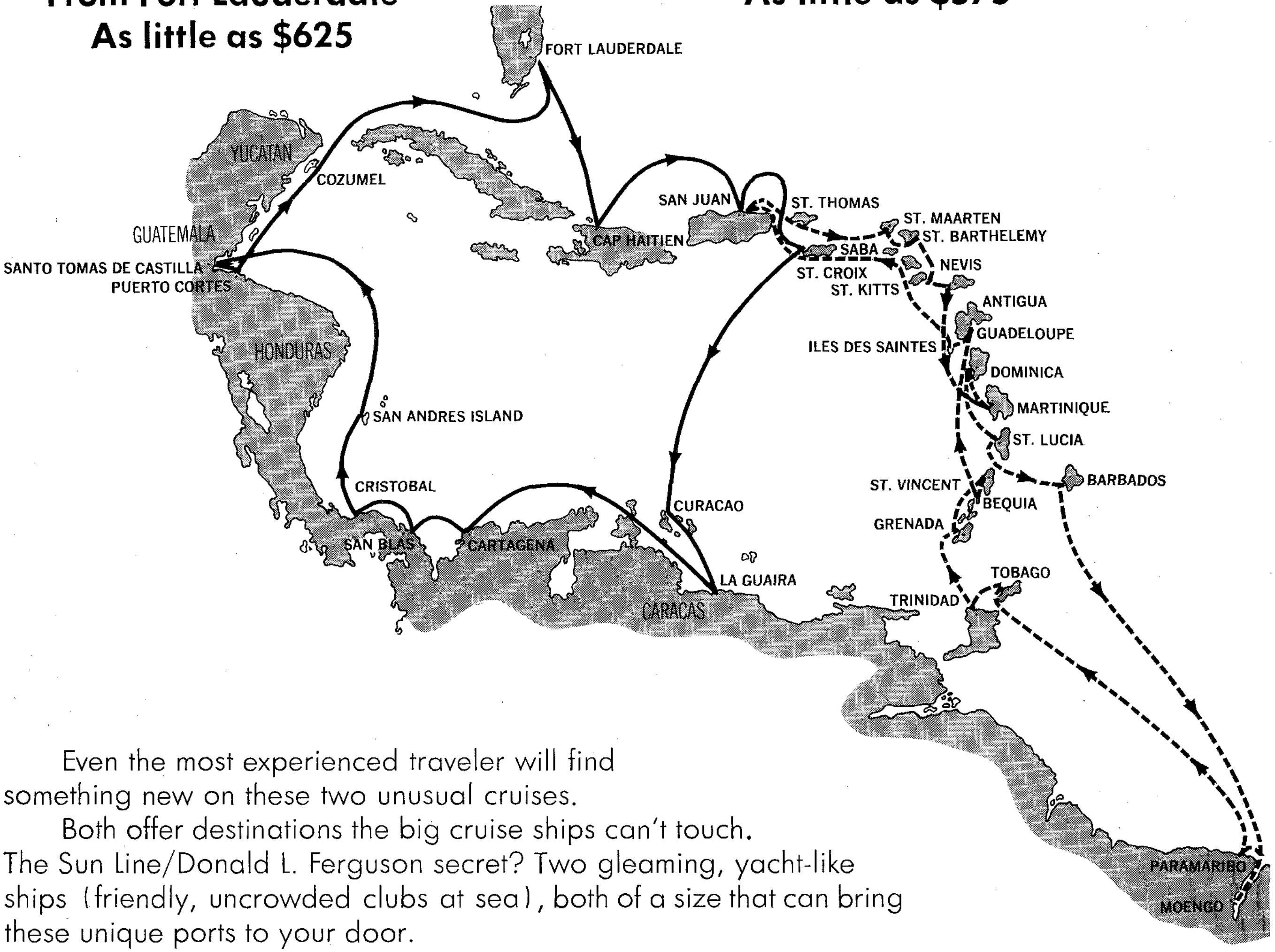
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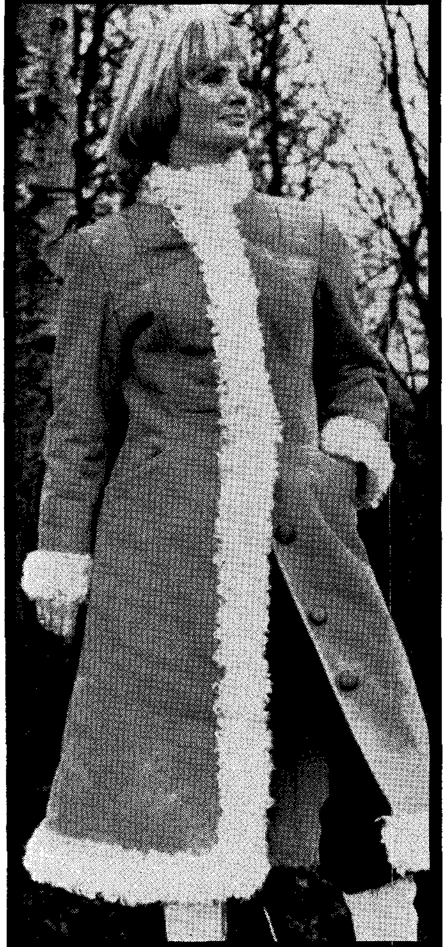

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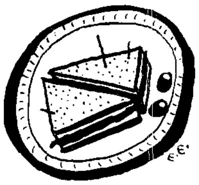
writings of Emerson, Whitman, and Melville, who, even in the darkest pages of "Moby Dick," still felt that "the declaration of independence"—independence from the past and its constraints, not just from the British rule—had made a vital difference. But one might easily spoil one's case by making the New World achievement seem more nearly complete and more durable than it actually was, so qualifying admissions must be made. Let me then give full weight once more to the ways in which the romantic dream had fallen short or betrayed its own promises.



By formal declaration, the Northern American states had abolished slavery, but the shovel gangs of the Irish and Chinese immigrants who built the railroads were hardly to be distinguished from slaves. Republican government had promoted civil justice, along with law and order, to such an extent that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts showed so low a rate of violence and crime that Daniel Webster could boast without exaggeration that no one had to lock the door of his house at night. But such democratic communities were nevertheless part of a national state that waged merciless war all through the nineteenth century upon the rightful, original occupants of the soil, the American Indians, and that despoiled Mexico of millions of acres of land in an infamous war. Theoretically, the New World polity favored equality, and it actually distributed freely vast tracts of land to those who would work them, but it also surrendered public lands for the benefit of private lumber, railroad, mining, and soil magnates, thus increasing economic inequality and promoting the rich and unscrupulous at the expense of all other citizens. In short, war, oppression, human alienation, and economic exploitation all remained. One need not pile up these negative examples. Enough to say that there was hardly an ideal possibility or achieved benefit that was not endangered, even in such a self-governing country as the United States, from 1830 on, or that was not effectively subverted by 1890, when the last frontier was reached. New World man, if one may put the case paradoxically, dug his own grave before he was out of the cradle. So when one considers the three components of the New World dream—the utopian, the romantic and naturalistic, and the mechanical—one must realize that the first two had vanished as tangible possibilities well before the last frontier had been conquered. This left the mechanical power impulse dominant.

Until the nineteenth century, the geographical New World and the mechanical New World had seemed to offer equal benefits. To many, indeed, the territorial New World appeared a more attractive alternative—an escape route into a realm of effortless abundance and wealth, or a return to primeval simplicity and good-natured felicity—while, though the mechanical New World seemed to lead to the same destination, it was by an altogether different, somewhat duller route. As long as the territorial refuge was open, at least as a possibility, the growing regimentation of life could be accepted as a temporary inconvenience, not necessarily a permanent oppression; the frontiers beckoned to those who preferred to get their living from the land. For a long time, the territorial New World thus served as a safety valve—at any rate, in the mind—and when it was most open, between 1814 and 1914, even the poor, the exploited, the desperate were not without hope; they could not only dream of a promised land across the ocean but could freely migrate to it.

In the nature of things, it was impossible to maintain this balance between the two New Worlds, for as the population of the planet increased and as all the good land in the sparsely occupied continents was taken up by farmers and herders, the province of the machine widened, and it dominated increasingly not merely the process of manufacture but every other aspect of life. The original New World dream thus faded away, or, rather, it retained a hold on the mind only by conforming to the demands of the machine.

AS a student, Kepler, who was born a few years after Galileo, devoted one of his required dissertations at Tübingen University to the question "How would the phenomena occurring in the heavens appear to an observer stationed on the moon?" He already saw in his mind what the first astronauts beheld with no greater vividness from their space capsule, and Plutarch's work "On the Face in the Moon" so fascinated him that in 1604, in his "Optics," he drew from it fourteen quotations. Kepler's "Somnium" ("Dream"), published only after his death, remained a literary curiosity, generally unread, partly because it existed for three centuries only in its original Latin, though supplemented in 1898 by an equally obscure German

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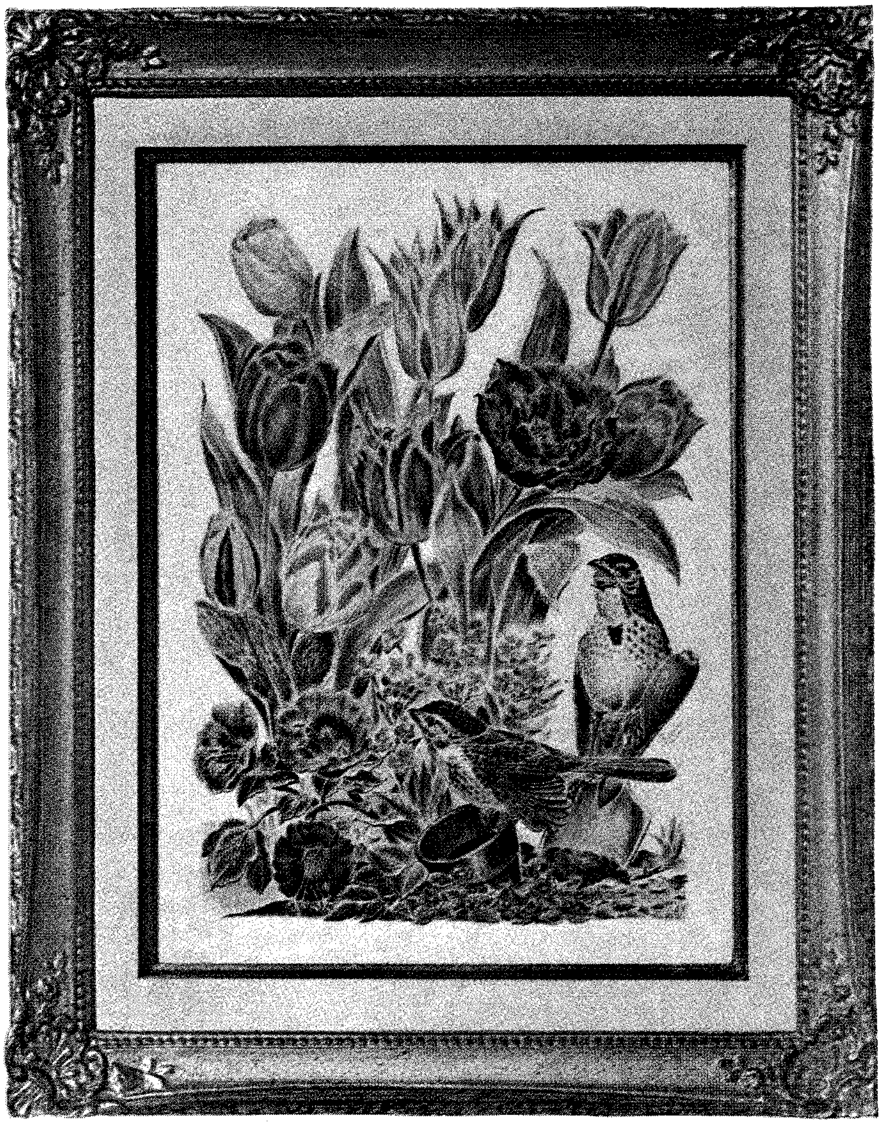

SONG SPARROWS

Edward Marshall Boehm loved the classical art forms and media. In his porcelain sculpture he manifested that respect for the old and joined it with contemporary expression. During the last ten years of his porcelain career, ended in January, 1969, he and his artisans devoted part of their time exploring the possible application of their collective, renascent talents to other hard-paste art forms. Of all that had been practiced in the millennia before, what fascinated them most were thin, hand-painted, hard-paste porcelain plaques.

This fascination resulted not just from the beauty of fine plaques, but also from the technical and artistic challenges presented by them. Eloquent evidence of the difficulty of mastering the plaque techniques is the paucity of plaques in existence today. Few contemporary plaques of quality have been made; and only a handful of the fine old factories of Europe and Asia ventured into them — and with varying degrees of success.

So small has been their yield over the centuries that little has been written and reported about them. In researching the subject we asked two friends, among few who have knowledge about plaques, for source material references. Neither knew of the existence of a written history. To quote one of them, "There is nothing very specific I can put on the line about porcelain plaques. I certainly don't know of any treatise on them, and I think the subject can only be pieced together from scattered illustrations and museum specimens."

From what we have "pieced together," — The Chinese were the first to make plaques, followed by Vienna and Sèvres. These factories largely portrayed floral still-lifes and most of their plaques were made for inlaying into furniture. Several English factories are known to have made hand-painted plaques for wall display, primarily Worcester, Darby, Coalport and Coalbrookdale. The subject matter dealt with floral and pastoral scenes. Some were made in the eighteenth century, but the majority probably in the nineteenth. One of the most active factories was Berlin. In large part their artists copied paintings, often the Old Masters.

It seems that the stimulus for doing plaques originated from early porcelain painters who felt they had talent to do two-dimensional as well as three-dimensional work, and who, occasionally, out of frustration born of continuous figurine painting, took home old kiln bats and other flat scraps on which they would work, copying oil paintings as described. We've seen this happen here in our studio. Often in the past a few of our artists expressed themselves on flat porcelain scraps and proudly brought them to Mr. Boehm to see.

In creating fine, hard-paste porcelain plaques, the critical factors largely are technical. When exposing thin, rectangular pieces to the 2400°F bisque kiln, the clay physically tends to warp and curl during vitrification and shrinkage. Those which are relatively flat and acceptable then must be glazed and subjected to intense heat a second time. Hand-painting follows, interspersed with as many as four to six additional firings to anneal the different "families" of colors. Apart from the curling and warping of the bisque firing, therefore, a successful plaque must also survive the hazards of five to seven more firings, each of which can, and often does, result in the plaque cracking. There is no reclamation. In attempts to reduce losses, the old factories cast their plaques quite heavy. Some we've seen measure as thick as one inch. An interesting facet of the kiln work is the time required. A successful plaque consumes approximately 15 days just for the firings.

Early in 1969 we decided to carry forward the plaque venture. The difficulties which lay ahead paralleled Mr. Boehm's experiences of prior years with some of the porcelain birds whose sculptural conformations were set on thin, rectangular bases — subjects like the "Cerulean Warblers", "Carolina Wrens", "Red-winged Blackbirds" and "Blue Jays." We were determined to create plaques which would not exceed 1/4 of an inch in thickness, and we were willing to pay the price of failures.

Our design staff, composed of myself and eight key craftsmen whose service

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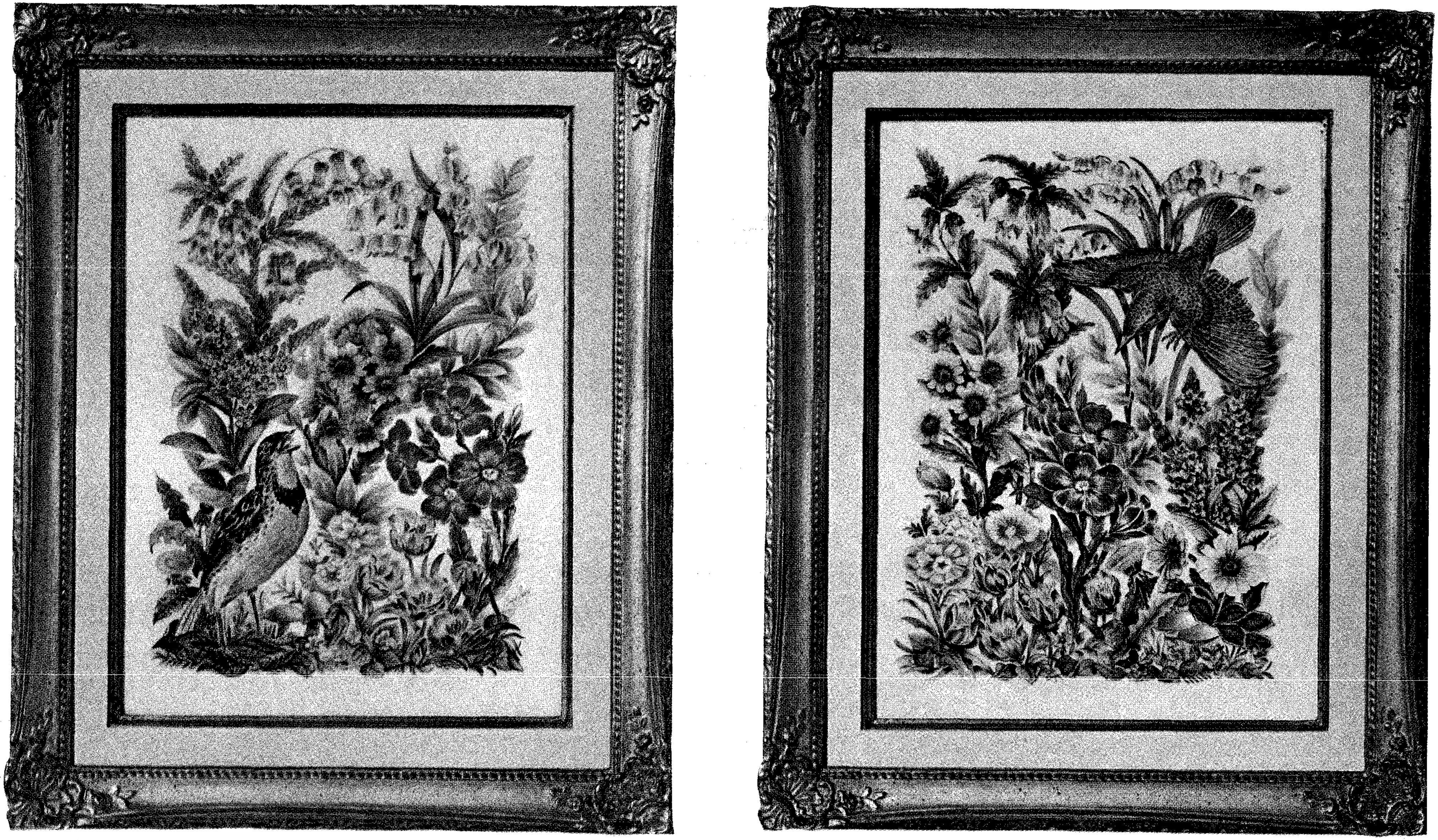
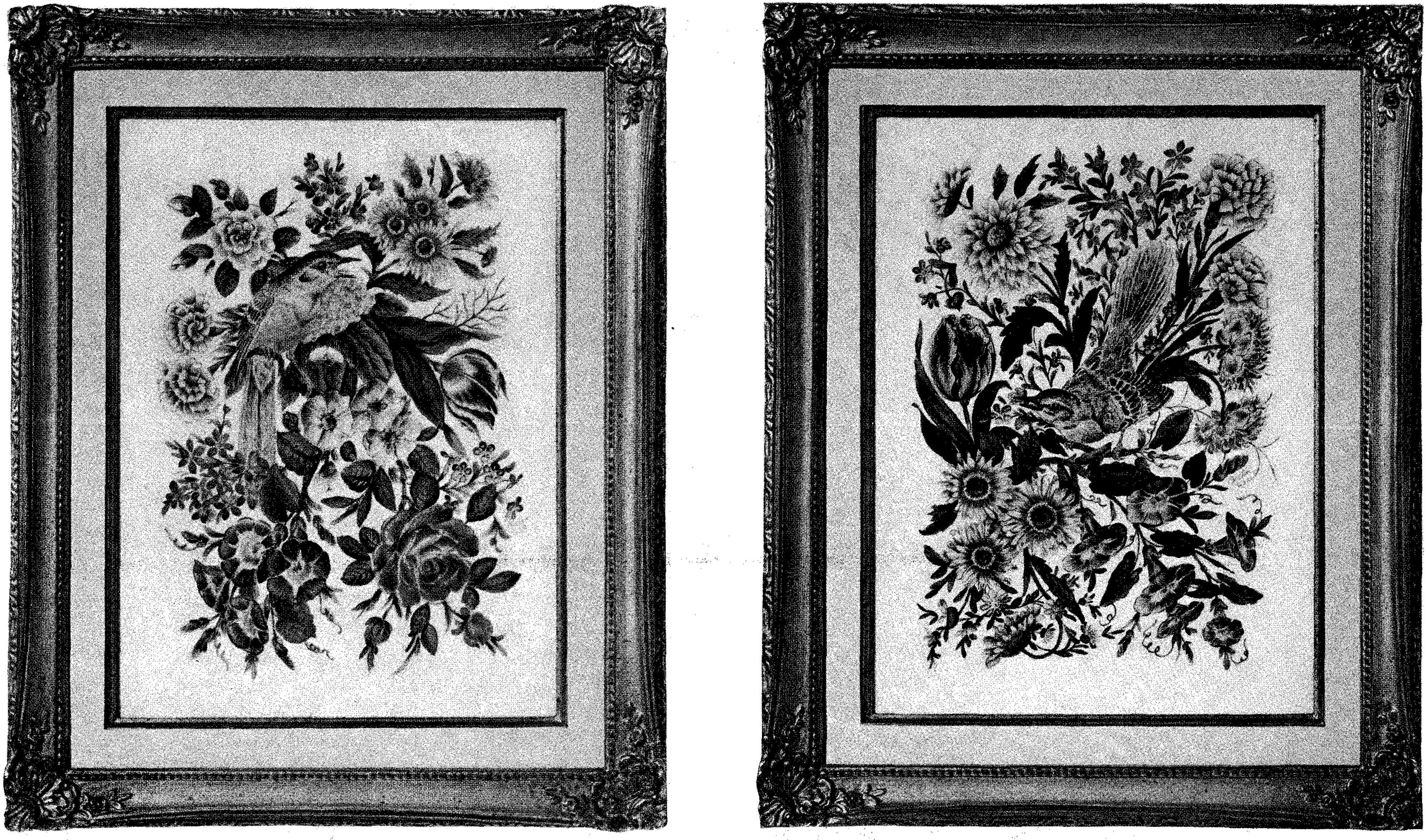


MEADOWLARKS

with Mr. Boehm averaged eighteen years, went to work. Each of us drew from this long and close association. With the spirit of the "master" always present, we brought together our specialized skills and experiences, forming a highly talented creative force; and although we had many disappointments, we gradually gained the techniques of plaque firing.

I feel comfortable in my expanded role with our design staff. Through our happy and rewarding life together, Mr. Boehm and I spent many hours discussing each new design as well as future concepts; and, having traveled and studied the fine arts market for twenty years, I can contribute experience from both ends of the spectrum.

Designs for the plaques evolved from art work and sketches Mr. Boehm and his staff had prepared. Our aim was to introduce our first four plaque designs by May of 1970. We have accomplished that goal and are proud of our results. Mr. Boehm's spirit, traditions



MOCKINGBIRDS

and techniques clearly shine through. The "Mockingbirds" was the first pair, followed by pairs of "Eastern Bluebirds" and "Meadowlarks" and a single plaque, "Song Sparrows." The flowers of the designs are among the most popular of American flora. Most of them are found in our gardens and aviaries.

Each plaque is framed and wired for hanging; or they also may be displayed on holders or standards for use on mantles, sideboards or other furniture. The back of each frame has a cut-out window revealing the identification of the subject and our new "feather" Boehm hallmark.

The frames are in the style of the 18th century English antiques. They are handcarved of aged, Appalachian virgin yellow poplar. Corners are joined with flat, wooden dowels. Then the surface is gessoed with several applications of paint in preparation for the 23-Karat gold leafing. Following this ancient art of "water gilding," polished agates are used to meld

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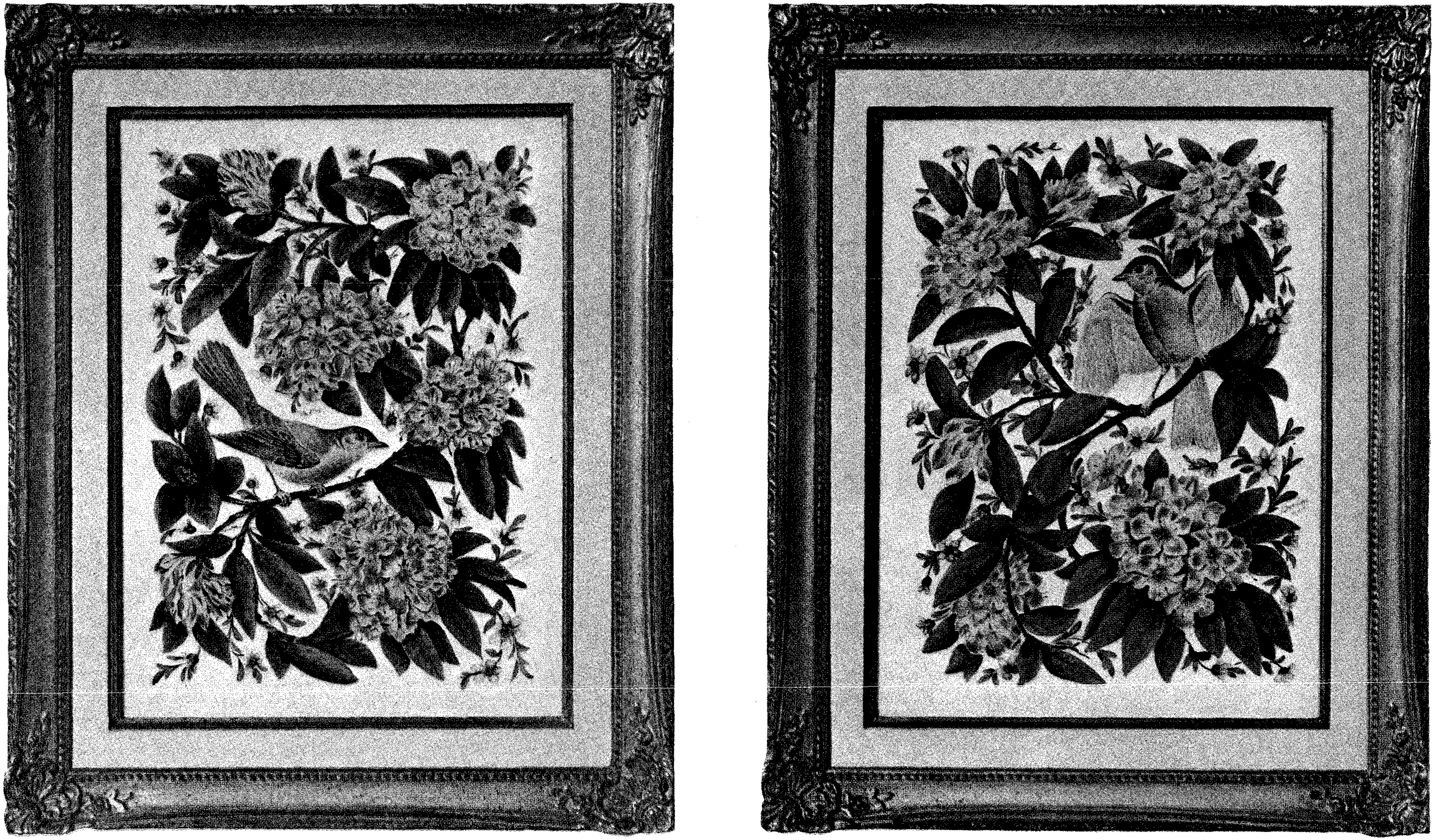

BLUEBIRDS

and antique the finish. The methods and materials used produce a frame that will stay in perfect condition for centuries.

The outer dimensions of the 1970 framed plaques are approximately 12″ x 15″.

The pairs will be made in editions of 250 each. 350 of the single Song Sparrows plaque will be made.

Helen Boehm
(Mrs. Edward Marshall Boehm)

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE EDWARD MARSHALL BOEHM, INC. • 25 FAIRFACTS ST. • TRENTON • N. J. • 08638 • PHONE: (609) 392-2207 edition, but even more because it seemed too fanciful to be taken seriously. Kepler himself, however, as early as 1610, had no hesitation in putting a projected moon flight before Galileo. He wrote out his plan for a moon landing and justified his interest in exploring that satellite on the same grounds that justified exploration by sea. "Who would have believed [before Columbus]," he wrote, "that a huge ocean could be crossed more peacefully and safely than the narrow expanse of the Adriatic or the Baltic Sea, or the English Channel? . . . Provide ships or sails adapted to the heavenly breezes, and there will be some who will not fear even that void [of interplanetary space]. . . . So, for those who will come shortly to attempt this journey, let us establish the astronomy."

Note the word "shortly." In "Typee," Herman Melville predicted that by the end of the nineteenth century people on the West Coast would, thanks to air travel, be spending their weekends in Honolulu. But Kepler's impatient prediction was even more audacious. Those who have seen in scientific and technical advance only a cautious, hard-headed series of steps from one solid tuft of observed facts to another have not reckoned with such hot subjective pressures. Kepler was far from being alone. The space-centered adventurers felt the future in their bones—that is, in their unconscious—and to the extent that their own work helped to bring that future nearer their predictions became self-fulfilling.

Kepler's "Dream" passed beyond the borderline of prudent speculation, yet by that very fact it draws attention to another characteristic of his age. The science-stimulated fantasies of the seventeenth century have often proved closer to our twentieth-century realities than the more humanly fruitful but relatively pedestrian enterprises of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century industry, for in general their boasted mechanical improvements only applied new sources of energy and a more militarized type of organization to the most ancient neolithic industries—spinning, weaving, pottery-making—or to the later Bronze and Iron Age industries of mining and smelting. In the seventeenth century, Joseph Glanvill, who still believed enough in witchcraft to write a book denouncing it, also looked forward to practical consequences of science, such as the phonograph and instantaneous communication at a distance. Even more remarkable is the fact that an English bishop, Dr. John Wilkins, sometime Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote

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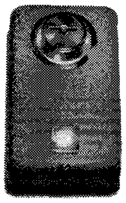

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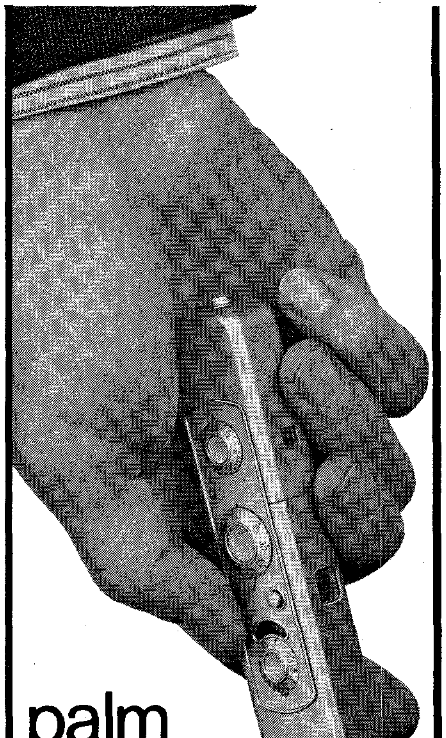

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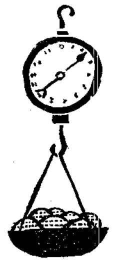
a book in 1638 proposing travel to the moon and in a work entitled "Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger" (1641) predicted a series of inventions, among them the phonograph and the flying chariot. A year earlier, in "A Discourse Concerning a New World," he suggested that "as soone as the art of flying is found out, some of [our] nation will make one of the first colonies, that shall transplant into that other world."

What is perhaps just as important as Kepler's realistic if fanciful description of a moon flight, which he thought would be a mere matter of hours, is his description of the kind of organisms that might, under the permanent conditions of extreme cold and extreme heat on the opposite sides of our satellite, have developed on the moon. For he rounded out that journey with a nightmare of no little psychological significance. With marvellous ecological insight, Kepler translated the physical conditions of life on the moon into appropriate biological adaptations. He imagined that "Privolvan" creatures would inhabit the far side of the moon and "Subvolvans" the near side, that plants would grow visibly before one's eyes, and likewise decay as rapidly, that the infrahuman inhabitants would have no fixed and safe habitation, that they would traverse in a single day the whole of their world, on legs longer than those of our camels, or on wings, or in ships, that anything remaining on the surface would be boiled by the midday sun and serve as nourishment for the approaching nomadic hordes of Privolvans rising up from cavernous interiors. Kepler, be it noted, had no romantic illusions such as legend attributes to Ponce de León, exploring America to find the Fountain of Youth; Kepler presents nothing less than a painful phantasmagoria of organic deformation and degradation, of grotesque creatures in a fever of insensate activity and purposeless travel—the ultimate lunar Jet Set. Ignoring his hypothetical rapid maturation and death, Kepler allows the Subvolvans to build cities—but mainly for a characteristically technocratic reason: to solve the problem of how they could construct them.

One must grant Kepler not merely truly remarkable powers of scientific deduction but an equally realistic imagination in dealing with biological conditions, inasmuch as he did not for a moment suppose that any organic forms comparable to those that exist on earth could flourish in such a hostile environment. Unfortunately, this raises a serious question that it is impossible to answer and fruitless to speculate upon: Why did Kepler suppose that a journey to such a planet was worth the effort? Why should the utmost achievements of technology, which are symbolized even today by a journey to distant planets, terminate in fantasies of shapeless monsters and cruel deaths, such as often haunt the cribs of little children? If we had an answer to this question, many other manifestations of the life-negating irrationalities that now threaten man's very survival would perhaps be sufficiently intelligible to be overcome.



Kepler's "Somnium" has only to be translated into rational contemporary terms to serve as an urgent warning signal. What did his sky-searching mind foresee in the new world created by science and technics? It saw a world that had escaped organic limits, a world in which the processes of growth and decay had been reduced to an almost instantaneous process, and in which its ephemeral creatures existed only to be immediately devoured. In this world, the only protection against a savage environment would be retreat into deep underground shelters, and the chief occupation of its unfortunate inhabitants would be continuous motion. A monstrous habitat, in short, in which only monsters could be at home. In cutting loose from the earth, Kepler left behind two billion years of organic existence, with all the immensely creative activities and partnerships of living species, culminating in the mindfulness of man. As far as life values are concerned, one might trade all the planets of the solar system for a square mile of inhabited earth.

If this nightmarish conclusion were peculiar to Kepler, it might be treated as a personal aberration, but, as it happens, it has been a recurrent theme of later technological kakotopias. (I use "kakotopia" [*kakos*=bad] as the opposite of "utopia," to describe a misplanned and ugly urbanoid place.) In H. G. Wells' "The Time Machine," the narrator realizes that the technological progress toward leisure and luxury has proved self-destructive, and he travels further into time, only to find all life on the planet gradually waning. He sees in the growing pile of civilization merely a "foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end." This premonition was so deeply at odds with Wells' conscious commitment to scientific progress that he came to a startling conclusion: "If that is so, it remains for

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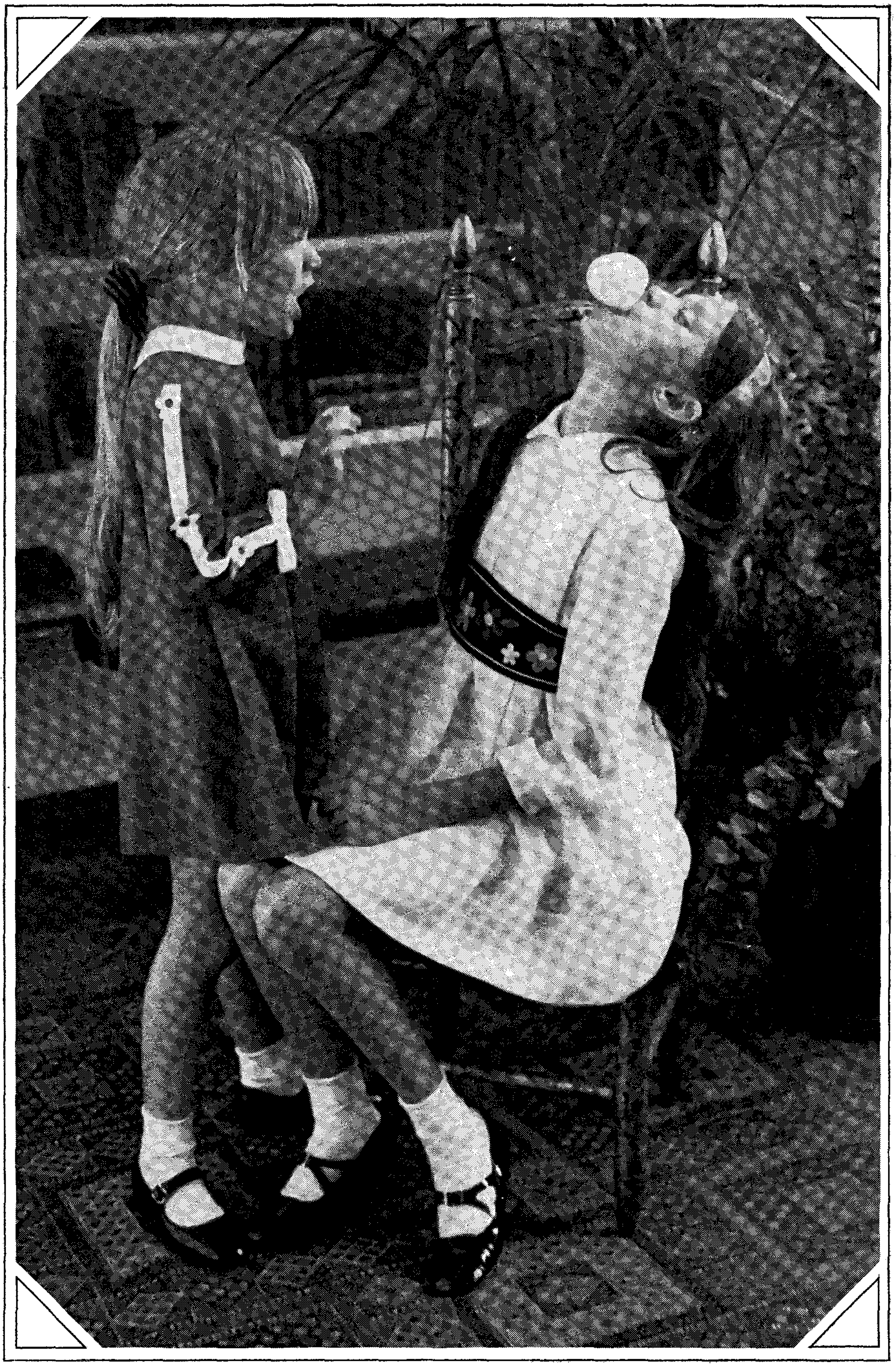


Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

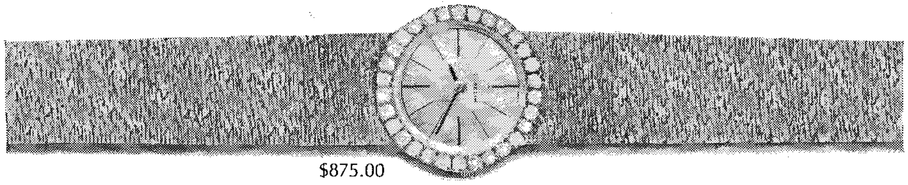
us to live as though it were not so." In other words, we had better close our eyes and shut our minds. A fine terminus for the scientific pursuit of celestial truth that Copernicus and Kepler had instituted!

THE CRIME OF GALILEO

THE cult of the Sun God gave the ultimate authority of cosmic fitness and rightness to every earthly manifestation of order, regularity, predictability, and—because of the sun's own position and influence—centralized power, political and economic. It was no mere literary whim that caused Louis XIV to call himself the Sun King; his own courtiers and generals regarded themselves as satellites, basking in his warmth and circling around his august person. Behind this cult lay an ancient perception whose truth further scientific inquiry has demonstrated: that the phenomena of life are actually influenced by remote forces—many, like cosmic rays, long unperceived, some doubtless still to be identified—over which man himself can have little, if any, control. What was lacking in this picture was the realization that man himself was also a cosmic event—indeed, a culminating one—and possessed powers of mind derived not alone from the sun but from his own highly evolved nature.

In the galaxy of luminous mathematicians and physicists who put together a new mechanical picture of the world and eventually shifted the emphasis from man to the machine—Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Newton—the central figure was Galileo, for he embodied in his own person the two great attributes of the new science: empirical knowledge, based on close observation, and theoretical knowledge, based on an ability to formulate and manipulate symbolic abstractions of quantity, number, relationship, structure—an ability that disentangled the mind from the often impenetrable and indescribable confusions of concrete existence. In effect, Galileo brought Copernicus down to earth. Yet in doing so he exiled man himself from this new realm of clarified knowledge as completely as the new astronomy had exiled the pious Christian from his hoped-for Heaven. Galileo and his disciples were the philosophers of the non-living processes that were then being incorporated in the new machines. He radically modified man's sense of his own unique place in the cosmos.

Galileo developed an observation that his younger colleague Kepler had made in the first volume of his "Op-



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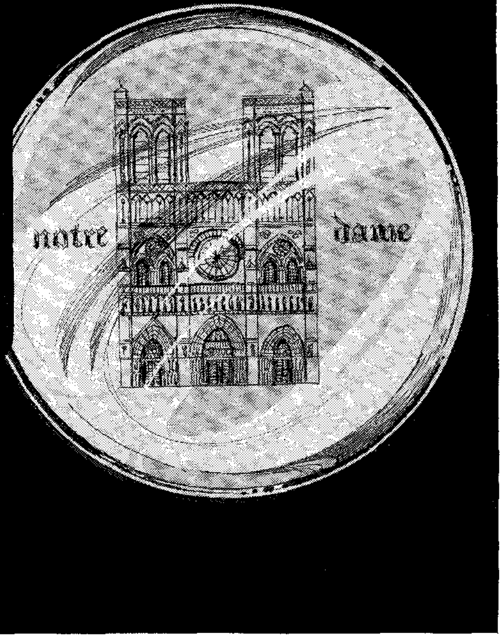

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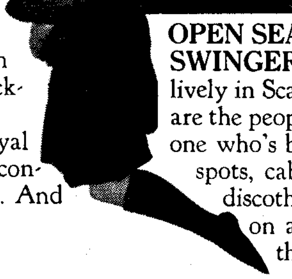

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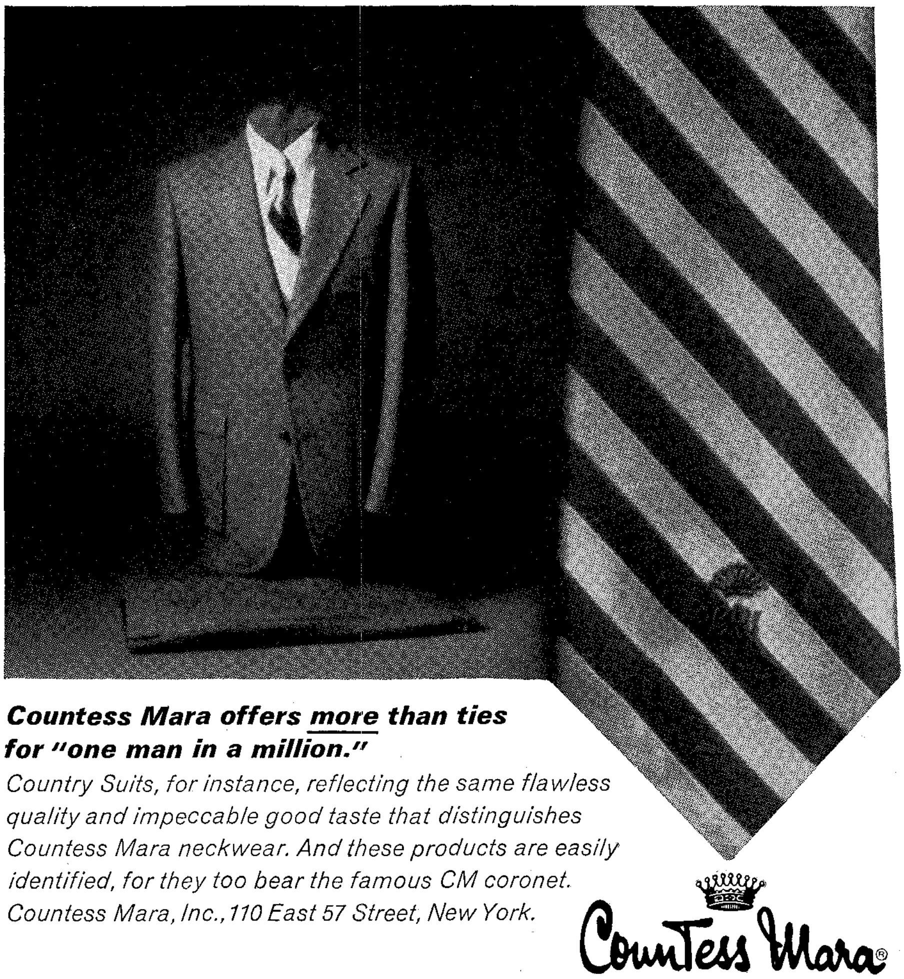
era." "As the ear is made to perceive sound," Kepler observed, "and the eye to perceive color, so the mind has been formed to understand not all sorts of things but quantities. It perceives any given thing more clearly in proportion as that thing is close to bare quantities as to its origin, but the further a thing recedes from quantities the more darkness and error inhere in it." The Franciscan friar Roger Bacon, in his "Opus Majus," Part IV, had long before taken the same position: "All that is necessary for physics can be proved by mathematics, and without them it is impossible to have an exact knowledge of things." In both cases, exact knowledge was identified with sufficient knowledge, and the truth that applied to inanimate things was applied without amplification to organisms, though it did not suffice there until *they* were reduced to things.

In "The Assayer," Galileo repeated Kepler's idea in his own words. "Philosophy," said Galileo, "is written in this great book, the Universe, which stands continually open to our gaze. But the book cannot be understood unless one first learns to comprehend the language and to read the letters of which it is composed. It is written in the language of mathematics, and its characters are triangles, circles, and other geometric figures, without which it is humanly impossible to understand a single word of it; without these one wanders around in a dark labyrinth." Following Kepler's clue, Galileo constructed a world in which matter alone mattered, in which qualities became "immaterial" and were turned by inference into superfluous exudations of the mind.

Galileo's spirit was so close to that of Kepler, with whom he was in friendly correspondence, that he did not suspect how many fallacies lay embedded in what seemed to both thinkers a quite obvious statement. And even now, so firmly have their views become entrenched—indeed, popularly accepted as unchallengeable axioms—that I find it necessary to expose these fallacies before tracing their consequences. Fortunately, this task has been lightened by the criticisms of a growing group of mathematicians, physicists, and biologists, from Stallo and Lloyd Morgan and Whitehead to Planck, Schrödinger, Bohr, and Polanyi, who have anticipated me.

First, one must note that the "universe" Galileo and Kepler were talking about was composed only of isolated physical bodies, destitute of life. But we know now that this utter absence of life—or, at least, of life potentiality—is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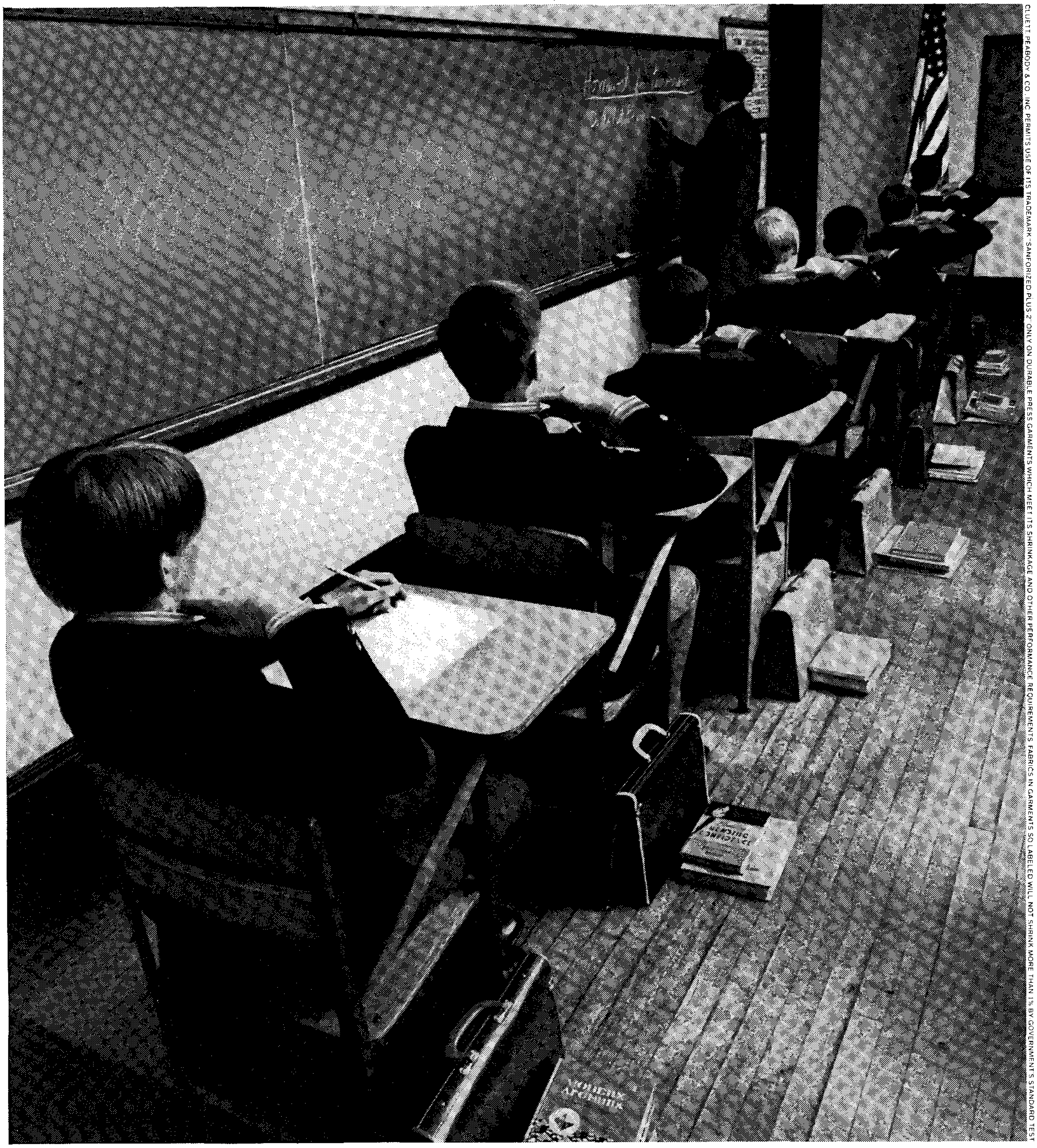

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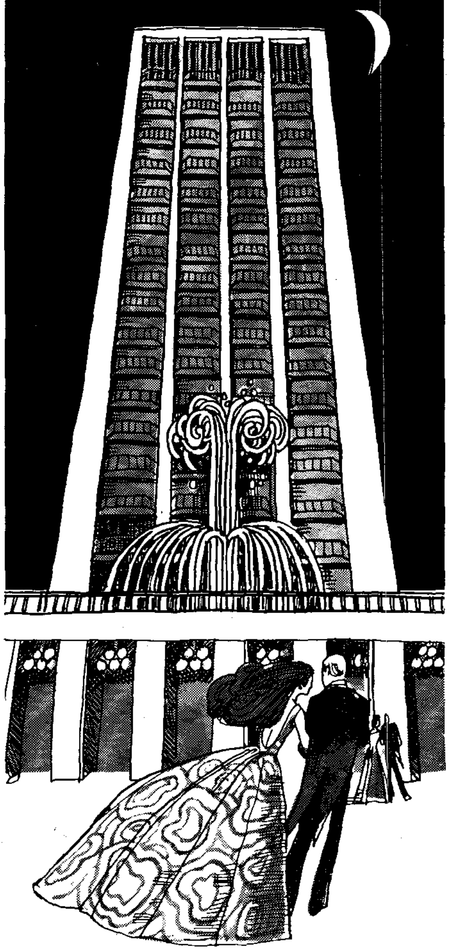

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an illusion. There is, in the constitution and most intimate structure of certain elements of matter, that which is capable, at some far point in its evolution, of fulfilling its potentiality for becoming "alive," and it was with the emergence of living organisms that the qualities Galileo rejected as subjective and unreal, because they were indescribable in mathematical terms alone, came into existence. There is, indeed, an underlying unity between the astronomical cosmos and man's nature. Organic life conforms to cosmic periodicities—night and day, the phases of the moon, the change of seasons—and doubtless responds to many more obscure physical changes, for man himself is a representative sample of the cosmos.

Galileo was correct in surmising that the language of geometry would help in understanding even the behavior of organisms—as the concept of the double helix in DNA has notably done in our own generation. But no organism could survive in the rarefied world that the physicist, up to the present generation, regarded as the real one—the abstract area of mass and motion—any more than man could survive without a vast amount of equipment on the life-forsaken moon. The actual world occupied by living creatures is one of indescribable richness and complexity: a life-furthering accumulation of molecules, organisms, species, each bearing the impress of countless functional adaptations and selective transformations, the residue of billions of years of evolution. Of these vast transformations, only an infinitesimal part is visible or can be reduced to any mathematical order. Form, color, odor, tactile sensations, emotions, appetites, feelings, images, dreams, words, symbolic abstractions—that plenitude of life which even the humblest being in some degree exhibits—cannot be resolved into any mathematical equation or converted into a geometric metaphor without the elimination of a large part of the relevant experience.

Another fallacy in the new mechanical world picture issued from the first—Galileo's dismemberment of the human organism. For he took the attitude that the mind could function without all the other members of the body, as if the eye saw by itself and the ear heard by itself, and as if the brain, equally isolated, were dedicated in its perfect state to the specialized function of mathematical thinking. Recent experiment shows that, on the contrary, the human brain, far from having the limitations of a computer, which can work only with definite symbols and exact images, has a marvellous capacity for coping with vague, indistinct, and confused data, making sense out of information so incomplete that it would paralyze a computer—as in translating a wide range of sounds, tones, different pronunciations into intelligible words. It is these unifying properties of the human mind, with its ability constantly to bring together symbolically relevant portions of the past, the present, and the future, that have made it possible for man to react with some measure of success to a diversified environment and an open world, instead of retreating into a safe niche, with a limited range of opportunities and responses, like all other species.

Against Kepler, then, one may justly say that the further the scientific world picture recedes from sound and color and odor and the animal functions they derive from, the more darkness inheres in its treatment of the unique properties of organisms and living human beings. Both Kepler and Galileo held that organisms cannot, so to say, become respectable citizens in the commonwealth of scientific knowledge until they are dead. This curiously dogmatic discrimination against living phenomena had no ill effects whatever upon the pursuit of experimental physics and mechanics, but for long it retarded biological investigations and diverted them into blind alleys. It has taken the scientists the better part of three centuries to see through this faulty diagnosis. Recent experiments, fortunately, have demonstrated, according to Dr. Lawrence Hinkle, that to cut the mind off completely from qualitative stimuli of light, color, sound, muscular tension, even under laboratory conditions, is to bring about psychological disintegration, for it is only through maintaining constant intercourse with his complex surroundings, including his own organs, that man's delicate mind can be kept in balance. To reduce events solely to their quantitative elements is to make the believer in this method unfit for dealing with any kind of organic behavior.

In his personal behavior, Galileo, a true exemplar of Baroque culture, with its dazzling mixture of the mechanical and the sensual, delighted in the multidimensional world that his intellectual analysis denigrated and rejected. He was an ardent lover and a prolific sire, and he allowed erotic passion, aesthetic delight, poetic feeling to be exiled from his world only as long as his technical and scientific interests were uppermost. As de Santillana has emphasized, he

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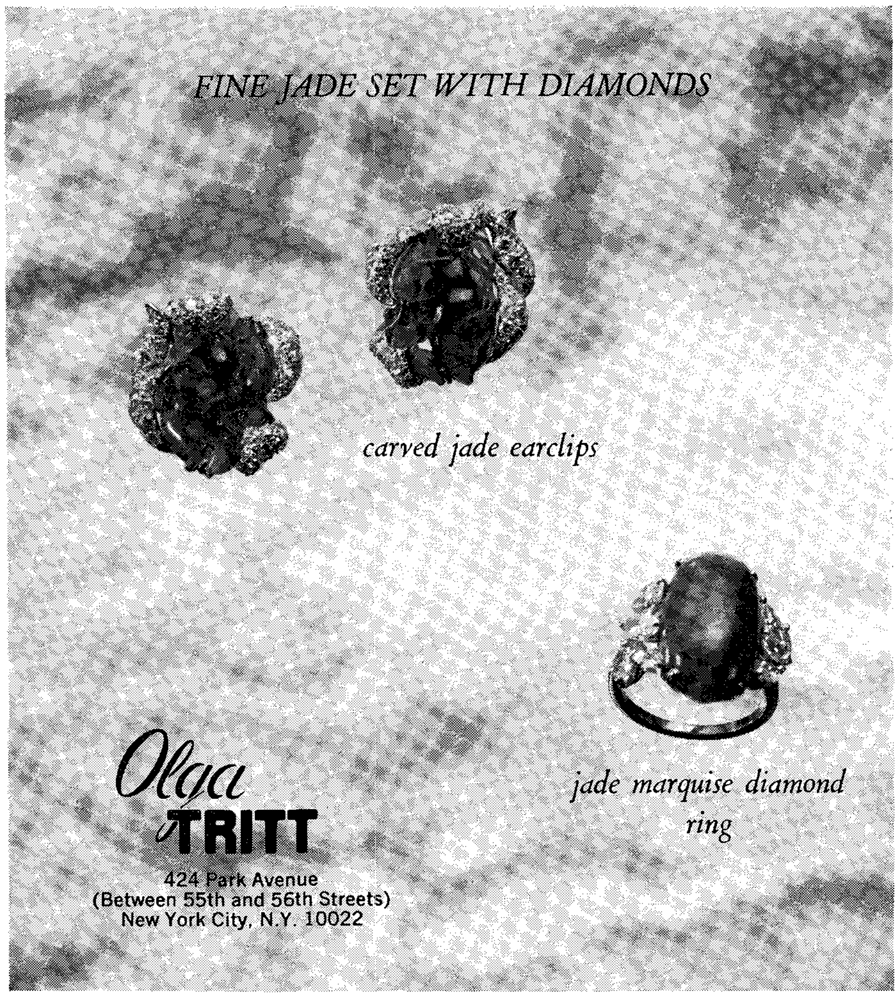
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was as proud of his literary skill as a humanist as he was of his scientific discoveries. Though Galileo's own limited concepts helped to establish the machine as the ultimate model for scientific thought, his actual environment was still richly furnished with traditional aesthetic forms, religious rituals, and emotionally charged symbols. So he had not the faintest anticipation of what the world would be like if his standards were universally accepted and if the machine and machine-made men succeeded in denaturing or banishing every organic attribute. He never suspected that the ultimate consequence of the mechanical world picture would be an environment like our present one—fit only for machines to live in.

Galileo committed the crime of giving up man's birthright—man's remembered experience, or accumulated culture. He had no notion that his radical distinction between the external world and the internal world, between the objective and the subjective, between the quantitative and the qualitative, between the mathematically describable, and thus knowable, and the irreducible, inaccessible, unanalyzable, and unmeasurable, was a false distinction once human experience, in its symbolized fullness—itself a deposit of countless ages of organic life—was left out of account. What was worse, Galileo introduced a dualism between the objective and subjective worlds that was even grosser than what Christian doctrine had imposed by separating the heavenly, perfect, and eternal from the earthly, imperfect, and sinful, for at least the Christian's subjective Heaven became an operative part of his daily life, made visible in splendid churches and cathedrals, charitable acts, and communal celebrations. In the anti-historical utilitarian order through which the mechanical world picture became validated, what was left of subjective experience was either impoverished or deformed by loss of contact with man's past and by lack of prudent forethought for his future.

Under this new scientific dispensation, it was the organic world, and not least man himself, that required redemption. All living forms must be brought into harmony with the mechanical world picture by being melted down, so to say, and molded anew to conform to a more nearly perfect mechanical model. For the machine alone was the true incarnation of this new ideology. However complicated any particular mechanism might in fact become, it was still a simple artifact. Only by throwing off organic complexity, purifying it by abstraction and intellectual sterilization, eviscerating man's inner organs, and wrapping the remains in ideological mummy cloth could man become as flawless and as finished—finished in every sense!—as his new mechanical artifacts. To be redeemed from the organic, the autonomous, and the subjective, man must be turned into a machine or, better still, become an integral part of a larger machine that the new method would help to create. This view, curiously, did not even do justice to the "physical" properties of natural phenomena, as Kepler himself was quick to perceive when he meditated on the complex geometry of a snowflake and observed that a similar order, as if mind were at work, pervaded other parts of nature, as in the structure of a flower. Atoms, too, physicists now hold, have their own innerness, impenetrable to the eye, puzzling to the mind, and each atom has its own definite character, dependent upon the arrangement of its various hypothetic particles. Some aboriginal tendency to organization and association seems, accordingly, to have been ingrained at the lowest level of existence, billions of years before living organisms appeared. The belief in this tendency expressed by both Leibnitz and Stallo was too long ignored. What is more, these "ultimate" particles elude direct observation, so what is innermost and inaccessible, even in physics, cannot be said to be unreal; much less can it be called wholly subjective, however well preserved its secret. In short, innerness is as objective as outerness. As for what we call the external world, it is a necessary part of each organism's internal world, and only by internalizing it in some degree can the organism remain in existence.

All this critical analysis would be a flogging of a dead horse but for the fact that these original misconceptions and misinterpretations have left a heavy deposit of bias and error in scientific (and even more in popular) thought and technological practice. True, the mechanical world picture, as first put together by Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and Boyle, has long ceased to be acceptable to advanced science. Through the reasoning and the experiments of Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, Planck, and their successors, every part of the classic "physical world" has become dematerialized—more insubstantial, more subtle, more complex, and therefore ultimately more elusive than ever, but also more ready to come to terms with the complexities and mysteries of life. The seventeenth-century world of spinning planets, swinging pendulums, hurtling cannon-

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balls, falling stones, hard atomic pellets no longer embraces all observable or conceivable existence, inasmuch as electromagnetic radiation, spreading in every direction, cannot be plotted on a two-dimensional surface, and many physical phenomena, physicists tell us, cannot be visualized at all.

Despite this, the world picture of the scientist even today bears the faded impress of Galileo and Kepler, for, as Schrödinger observed, it still remains without “blue, yellow, bitter, sweet, beauty, delight, and sorrow”—in short, without the most vivid reports of human experience. Existentially, the scientific world picture is still under-dimensioned, because at the outset it eliminated the living observer and the long history recorded in his genes and his culture. Unfortunately, the ultimate effect of the methodical seventeenth-century advance in clarity of description and in fidelity to observed fact was to devalue every aspect of human experience that could not be so treated—to devalue, and eventually exile, the human personality.

THE great merit of Galileo's method, once it was widely applied, was that it opened an important part of the visible world to systematic public observation, while the method itself, accessible to all who were competent to master it, lifted the results above private dispute. Positive science, in the sense that Galileo exemplified it, was a reaction against the medieval notion that such truths as had not been established by divine revelation were to be arrived at by purely verbal reasoning between opposed sides, in open debate. This is the dialectic method, still largely used in courts of law; it puts a premium upon personal force and forensic skill but easily descends in the course of argument to empty verbal pyrotechnics and ill-natured wrangling. As Renaudot, a French popularizer of science in the seventeenth century, put it, such discussions “not only obscured all eloquence and pleasure of the discourse but usually ended in riots and pedantic insults.” Galileo, accordingly, deserves the approbation he has won by helping to establish a method that would induce open minds to correct their personal bias and faulty reasoning, and, through careful observation and well-planned experiments, skillfully interpreted, to arrive at common conclusions open to all who would repeat the same operations. Not merely strict reasoning but reasonableness, not merely brilliant intuitions but humility in accepting the coöperation or the contrary findings of other minds working under the same orderly discipline were the great moral fruits of the new scientific method, and in time these mollifying intellectual courtesies spread from the sciences to other departments of life. The high reputation that the scientific vocation once rightfully enjoyed was largely due to this selfless detachment, this open-mindedness, this willingness to discard untenable hypotheses, to correct errors, even to revise basic postulates—in short, to the absence of ulterior motives and willful passions. The new discipline was not easily imposed. To judge by the kind of opposition Galileo awakened, we can infer how necessary his innovations were. “Oh, my dear Kepler,” he wrote to his colleague, “how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is a principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do.”

This eye-opening had begun, we have seen, at least three centuries before, notably in Roger Bacon, who observed, “He therefore who wishes to rejoice without doubt in regard to the truths underlying phenomena must know how to devote himself to experiment. For authors write many statements, and people believe them through reasoning which they formulate without experience. Their reasoning is wholly false. For it is generally believed that the diamond cannot be broken except by goat's blood, and philosophers and theologians misuse this idea. But fracture by means of blood of this kind has never been verified, although the effort has been made, and without that blood it can be broken easily. For I have seen this with my own eyes.”

“I have seen this with my own eyes.” This was the new note, now struck more emphatically and decisively by Galileo and his successors. Once the method was firmly established, angels, devils, ghosts, not visible to an unbelieving observer, became suspect, unless, indeed, these entities had been smuggled, in scientific costume, as “phlogiston” or “the ether,” into the mechanical world picture. Every true scientist became professionally a Doubting Thomas, like the disciple who demanded to see for himself Jesus's wounds before he would credit His resurrection.

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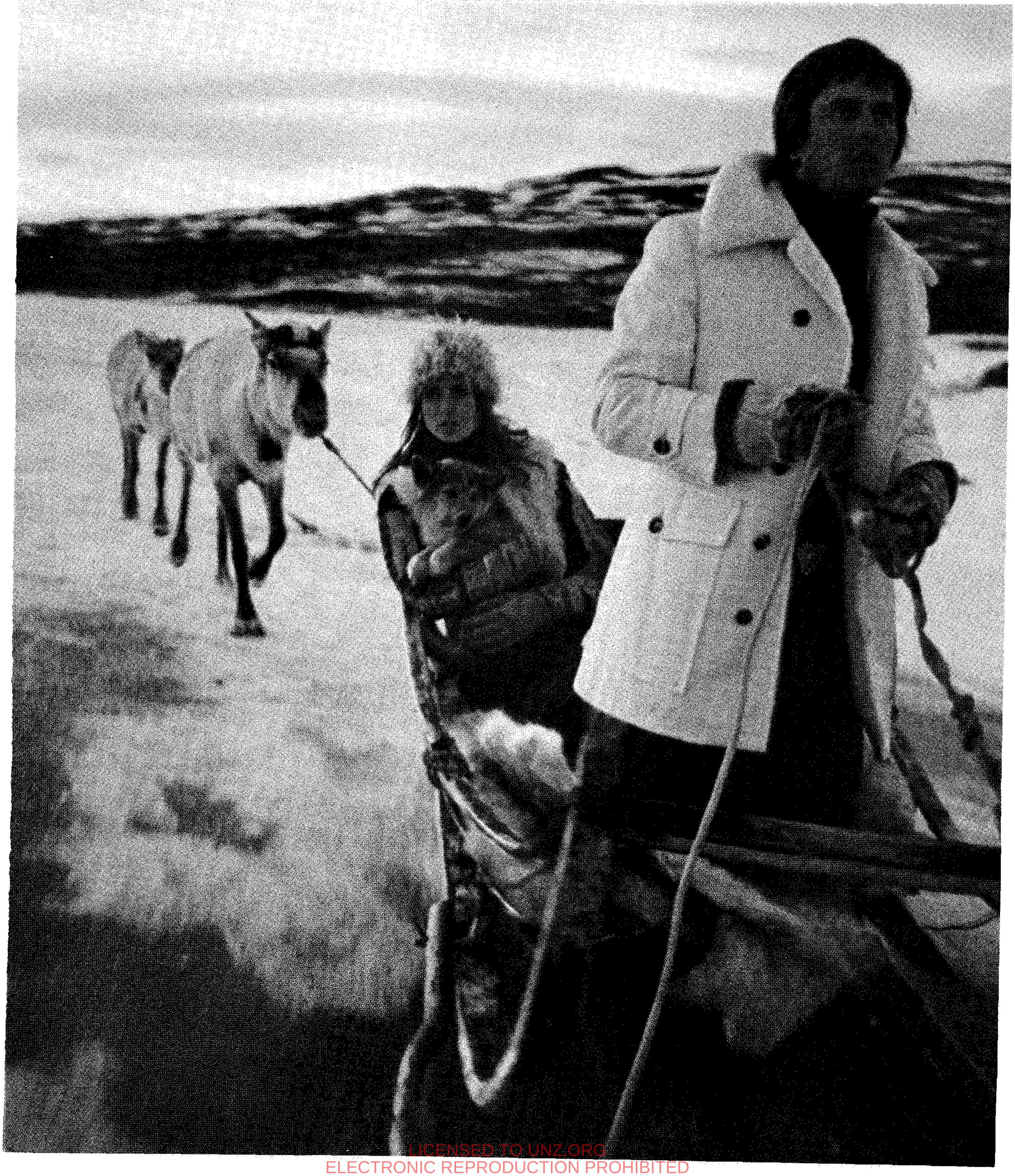

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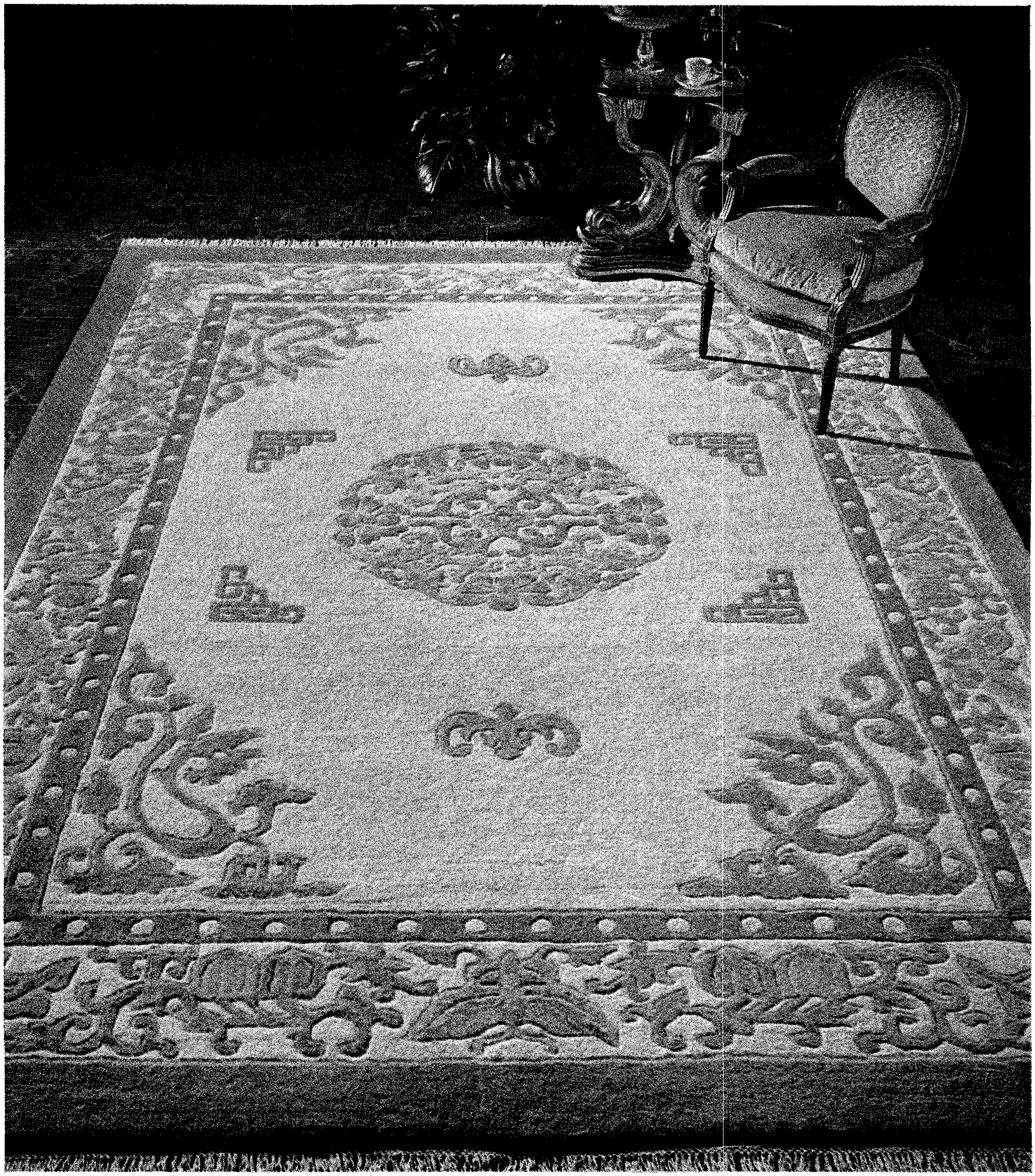

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Worlds. And for the change of temper that Galileo had helped to bring about his contributions deserve our qualified respect. Unfortunately, in achieving these results, and attempting to make them more austerely objective, Galileo accepted Kepler's baseless notion that the brain was a specialized organ peculiarly adapted to handling only mathematical information, and that to achieve such intelligible order all other avenues of information must be sealed off. "As soon," Galileo wrote, "as I form a conception of a material or corporeal substance, I simultaneously feel the necessity of conceiving that it has boundaries of some shape or other; that relatively to others it is great or small; that it is in this or that place, in this or that time; that it is in motion or at rest; that it touches or does not touch another body; that it is unique, rare, or common; nor can I by any act of imagination disjoin it from these qualities. But I do not find myself absolutely compelled to apprehend it as necessarily accompanied by such conditions as that it must be white or red, bitter or sweet, sonorous or silent, smelling sweetly or disagreeably; and if the senses had not pointed out these qualities, language and imagination alone could never have arrived at them. Therefore I think that these senses, smells, colors, etc., with regard to the object in which they appear to reside are nothing more than mere names. These exist only in the sensitive body, for when the living creature is removed, all these qualities are carried off and annihilated. . . . I do not believe that there exists anything in external bodies for exciting tastes, smells, and sounds, etc., except size, shape, quantity, and motion."

This judgment was not, be it noted, the result of any experimental demonstration. It rested solely on the postulates of astronomy and mechanics, backed by a hypothetical operation, performed by the observer, that removed all physiological data except those necessary for describing size, weight, "force," mass, and motion. Not merely human personalities and organisms but the chemical elements—themselves as yet unidentified and undescribed—were absent from Galileo's universe. "I think," said Galileo, going back to this thought, "that if ears, tongues, and noses were removed, shapes and numbers would remain, but not odors, nor tastes, nor sounds." But why did he halt his hypothetical surgery with ear, tongue, and nose? What would become of shape and numbers and motion if the eyes

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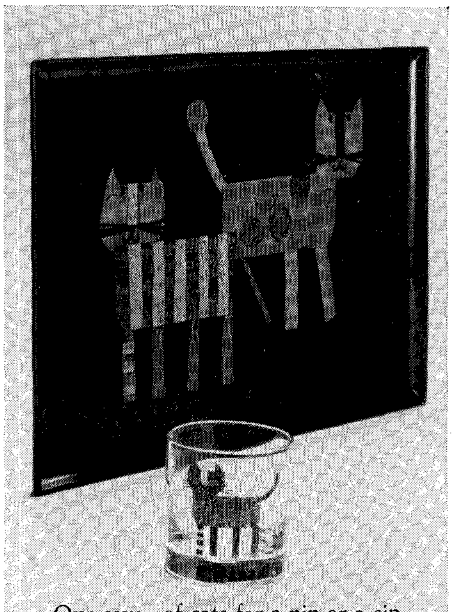
and hands and brains were removed, too? Absolute entities that exist by themselves are only plausible figments of the human mind. All that can be called "real" is the outcome of a multitude of sustained transactions and interrelations between the human organism and the environment.

Galileo never explained how his so-called primary qualities—size and shape—would have any more tangible existence or meaning than color and odor if the human brain that reacted to them, and translated the phenomena into symbols, should vanish. Nor did he face the equally baffling problem of how mass and motion could produce even the illusion of qualities. All the supposedly objective components of the physical world are inferences—by now highly probable inferences, at least for man—from a multitude of historic and biographic experiences. Galileo's mechanical world was only a partial representation of a finite number of probable worlds, each peculiar to a particular living species, and all these worlds are but a portion of the infinite number of possible worlds that may have once existed or may yet exist. Anything like a single world, common to all species at all times, under all circumstances, is a purely hypothetical construction, drawn by inference from pathetically insufficient data and prized for the assurance of stability and intelligibility it gives, even though that assurance turns out, under severe examination, to be just another illusion. A butterfly or a beetle, a fish or a fowl, a dog or a dolphin would have a different report to give even about primary qualities, for each lives in a world conditioned by the needs and environmental opportunities open to its species. In the gray visual world of the dog, smells, near and distant, subtle or violently exciting, probably play the part that colors do in man's world, though in the primal occupation of eating the dog's world and man's world would approach each other more closely. What applies to the biological background applies likewise, and perhaps even more, to human cultures, as a whole series of observers, from Immanuel Kant to Benjamin Whorf, have in one way or another sought to show. The only world that human beings move about in with some confidence is not Galileo's "objective" world of primary qualities but the organic world as it has been modified by human culture; that is, by the symbols of ritual and language, by the diverse arts, by tools and utensils and practical activities, by the geotechnic transformation of landscapes and cities, by laws, in-



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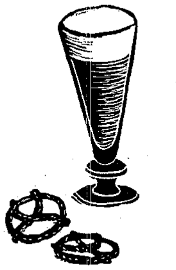
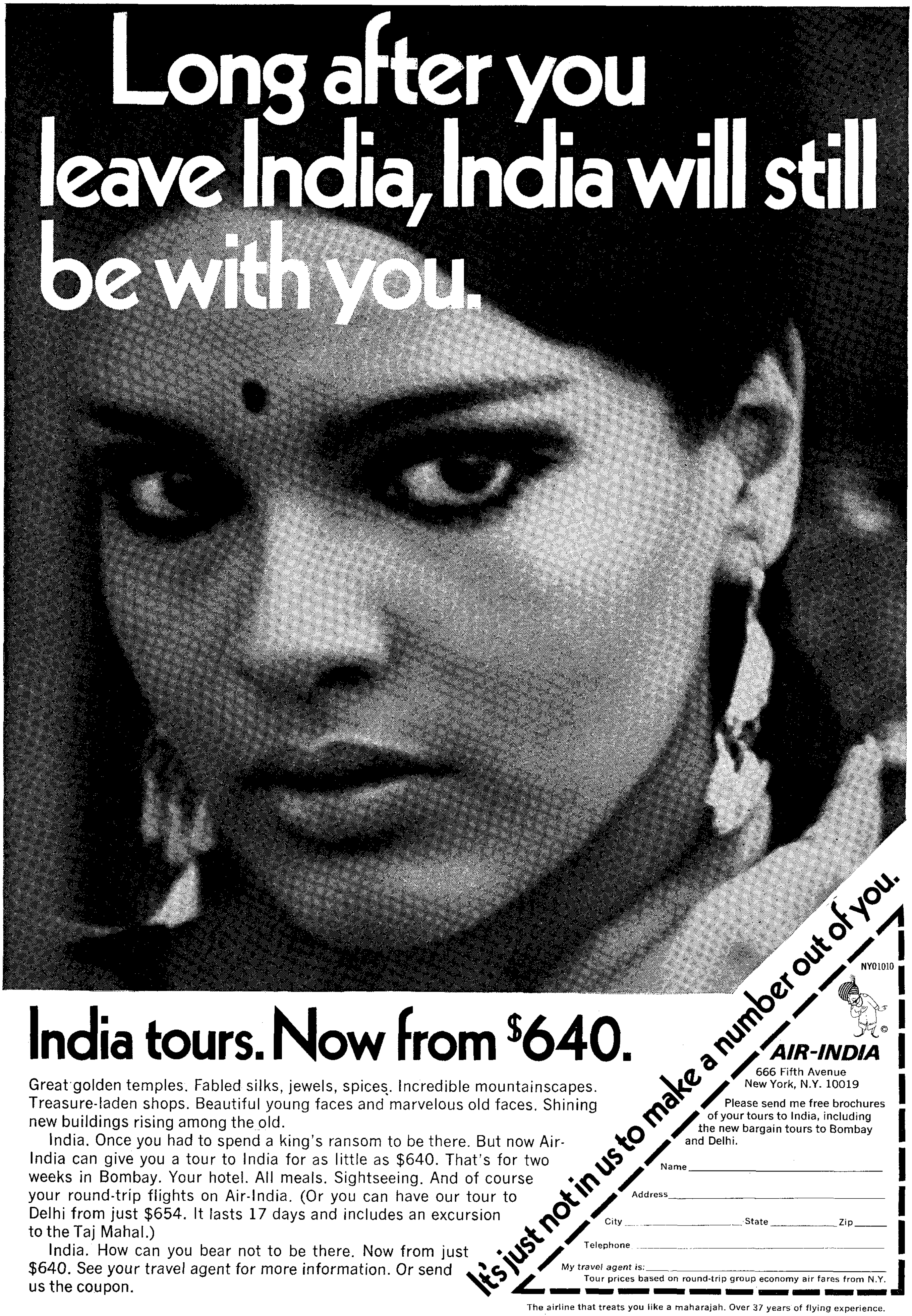
stitutions, and ideologies. As soon as we move in time to another epoch, or step into another culture, this subjective familiarity and seeming objectivity disappear. Disparities, anomalies, differences, contradictions disclose themselves, and along with these the irreducible richness of human experience and the inexhaustible promise of human potentialities—not to be contained within any single system.

When Galileo's successors pulverized this immense cultural heritage into that which was measurable, public, "objective," repeatable, they not merely falsified or obliterated the basic facts of human existence but curtailed the possibilities for human growth. Even worse, they created split personalities, whose private and subjective life never could, on the accepted postulates, modify or be modified by their public, objective life. By the nineteenth century, that split opened into an unbridgeable gap between the artist and the scientist—a gap not to be closed, on Lord Snow's prescription, simply by making the artist more receptive to science. Galileo's distinction between primary and secondary qualities was, he believed, a distinction between verifiable reality and mere sensory illusion. The first was an aspect accredited by the heavenly bodies and independent of man, while the latter was a subordinate kind of experience, since it rested upon the private reports of an ephemeral human personality. This was a faulty distinction; object and subject are inseparable. Anger, for example, is a private, subjective state, insofar as it directly affects consciousness. It becomes more public, but not more real, when it is open to external observation, in the tone of voice, the color of the skin, the contraction of the muscles, and this could be further objectified instrumentally by taking the blood pressure, the heartbeat, and by noting the volume of adrenin and of sugar in the blood. Both aspects of anger are real, but the public report would be unidentifiable without reference to the private emotional state that accompanied these events, since similar bodily changes are also produced by fear. On pseudo-objective terms, anger and fear would be virtually identical, except that in some instances—but not always or inevitably—the first may lead to attack and the second to flight. As for Galileo's belief in the objective reality of shapes, without reference to the contribution of the observer, this, too, has no foundation. The boundaries that Galileo so clearly envisaged as a proof of independent objectivity disappear when the electromagnetic field is taken into account, just as the smooth edges of a sharp knife become jagged under a high-power microscope. The experience of reality in the higher organisms, particularly man, involves a continued oscillation between the inner and the outer, the subjective and the objective fields, and this reality is not only limited but falsified by a one-sided account. "Nature," Adolf Portmann wisely observes, "comprises every aspect of life—subjective experience no less than structure."

Needless to say, it was not Galileo's commitment to primary qualities and mathematical analysis that alone brought the mechanical world picture into existence. He was abetted by both the theoretical pronouncements and the actual experiments of a succession of fellow-scientists, who, far from correcting his bias, deliberately exiled a large part of human experience from the realm of science. The documents that establish this general acceptance of the mechanical world picture are numerous. I will take a single example from the eighteenth century to stand for the rest. The classic summation of Galileo's conception was made by David Hume, a brilliant mind that, under the cover of complete skepticism, established the new outlook as a dogma. "When we run over libraries," Hume noted, "persuaded by these principles, what havoc must we make? If we take in our hand any volume, of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."



Those who took all this seriously found it easy to wipe out every mode of theology and metaphysics but their own, which they mistook for common sense and reality. Lived and recorded history suffered the same fate. On his own terms, Hume's "History of England" would have been among the first works to be destroyed. Science, in fact, so thoroughly lost any respect for the immediately non-observable and the non-repeatable that it is only recently that scientists and technologists have begun to be interested in their own history. More than one scientist has lately said that any work of science more than ten years old is not worth considering. This indicates more than the inordinate



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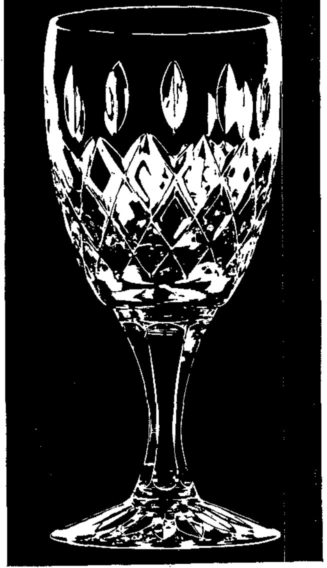

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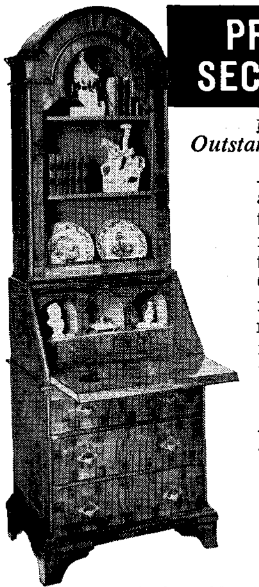
inflation of the scientific ego that the great theoretical and experimental advances of the last generation have produced. It indicates an effort to discredit an essential part of organic experience—memory, which establishes continuity with a longer past and a wider environment than a ten-year mind can encompass.

THE MECHANICAL WORLD PICTURE

THE new scientific philosophy took over and carried further two processes that were already at work in society, and were partly responsible, indeed, for the renewed interest in science itself. One was the invention and multiplication of machines, composed of closely articulated, finely measured, standardized, and replaceable parts, as in the mechanical clock and the printing press. The other was the wider use of coined money, stamped uniformly by machines—a practice that was partly due to the increasing practice of attaching a price (an abstract numerical notation referring to weight or number) to goods offered for sale. Benjamin Franklin's maxim that "time is money" symbolized this change, and the transactions of science resembled those of the marketplace in that they both required a neutral medium of exchange.

As mechanical power increased and as scientific theory itself, through further experimental verification, became more adequate, the new method enlarged its domain, and with every fresh demonstration of its efficiency it shored up the shaky theoretical scheme upon which it was based. What began in the astronomical observatory finally ended, in our day, in the computer-controlled and automatically operated factory. First the scientist excluded himself, and with himself a good part of his organic potentialities and his historical affiliations, from the world picture he constructed. As this system of thought spread into every department, the autonomous worker, even in his most reduced mechanical aspect, was progressively excluded from the mechanism of production. Finally, should these postulates remain unchallenged and the institutional procedures remain unchanged, man himself will be cut off from any meaningful relationship with any part of the natural environment or of his own historical milieu.

Those who created the mechanical world picture foresaw many inventions and discoveries, and were passionately eager to bring them about, but they could not, even speculatively, anticipate the dismaying social effect of their ef-



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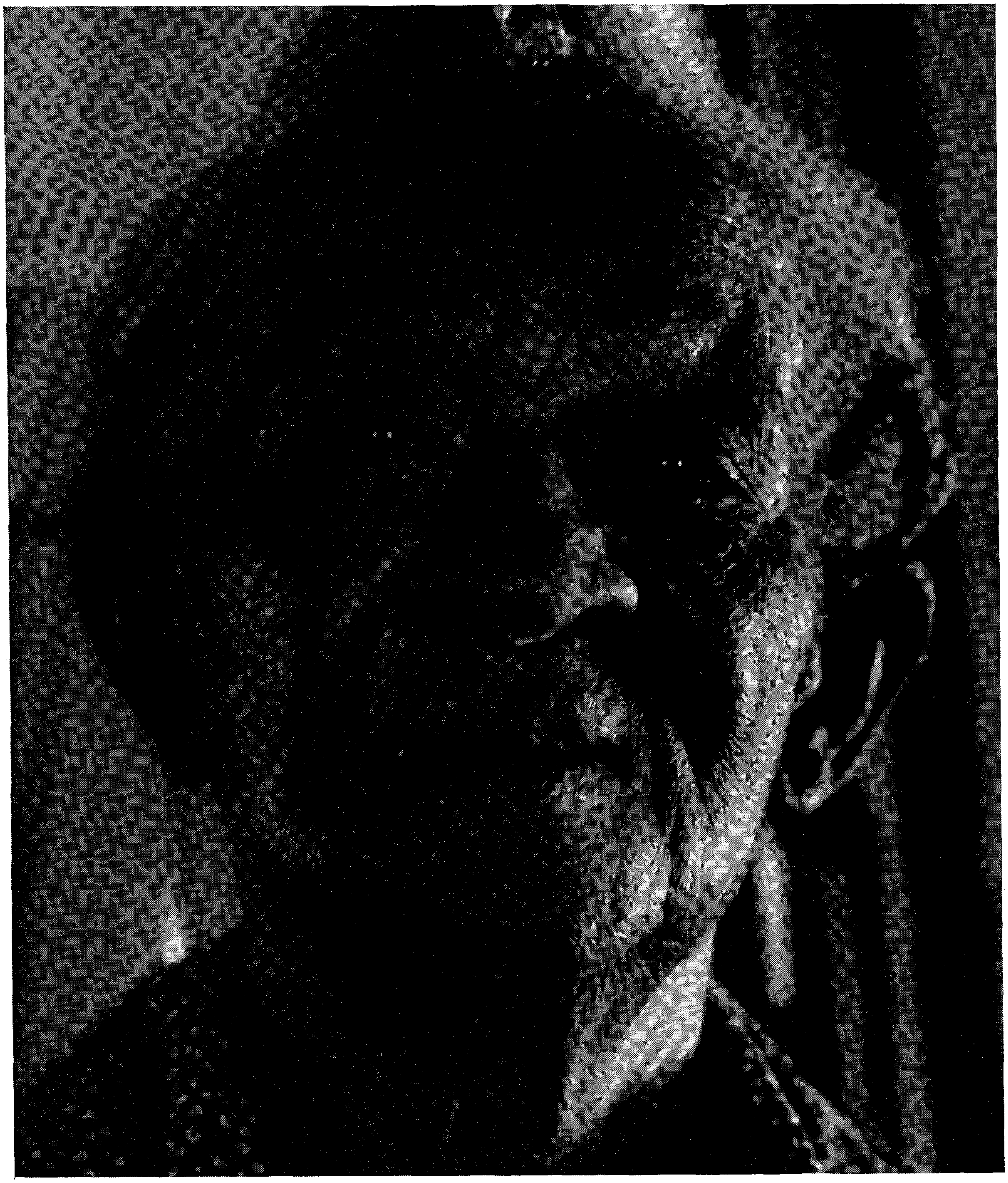

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forts. The immediate effect, in fact, of the new system of thought was at first a happy one, for it cooled off the overheated atmosphere of the theological controversy left over from the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. The interest of the poets in science, from Milton and Johnson to Shelley and Wordsworth, and beyond, to Whitman and Tennyson, testifies to the liberating effects of the new world picture, for poets, Homer reminds us, tell us of things as they really are. Minds that were divided about the nature of the cosmos and man's ultimate concerns were drawn together by their appreciation of the new world picture and of the new machines that translated this picture into operative realities, useful products, social improvements.

What was generally helpful about this attitude toward the "external world" was that it made constant reference to common experiences, in which everyone could in some degree participate, and it gave man confidence in his ability to understand nature and control it. No longer could the mind be content with imaginary maps, fanciful histories, tenth-hand explanations, cherished hallucinations, in the fashion still prevalent in the Middle Ages and acceptable then to all but the keenest minds. Accurate knowledge, even if unduly isolated and restricted, was better than muddled and inaccurate general knowledge that pretentiously professed to embrace everything. The provision of such useful knowledge temporarily offset, if it did not cancel out, the underlying errors. Thus, in the seventeenth century the application of the thermometer to register the body's heat—Galileo's suggestion to Sanctorius—furnished a diagnostic aid to medicine, as the use of both the thermometer and the barometer offered the first quantitative clues to describing and predicting the weather.

All these achievements made the mechanical world picture highly acceptable. In every department, the sign of quantity or magnitude would, ideally, become a necessary part of every qualitative judgment. Up to a point, then, the new method was self-validating. It was only when it concentrated on quantity to the exclusion of quality, and upon piecemeal knowledge to the exclusion of form, pattern, functional organization, design, that the weakness of the emphasis on so-called primary qualities became a handicap. Those who developed the mechanical world picture ignored Leibnitz's salient distinction between accurate knowledge and adequate knowledge, and were too easily content with accuracy, even if at the

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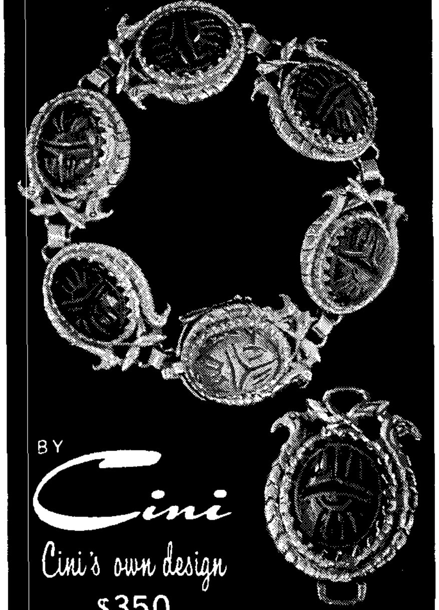

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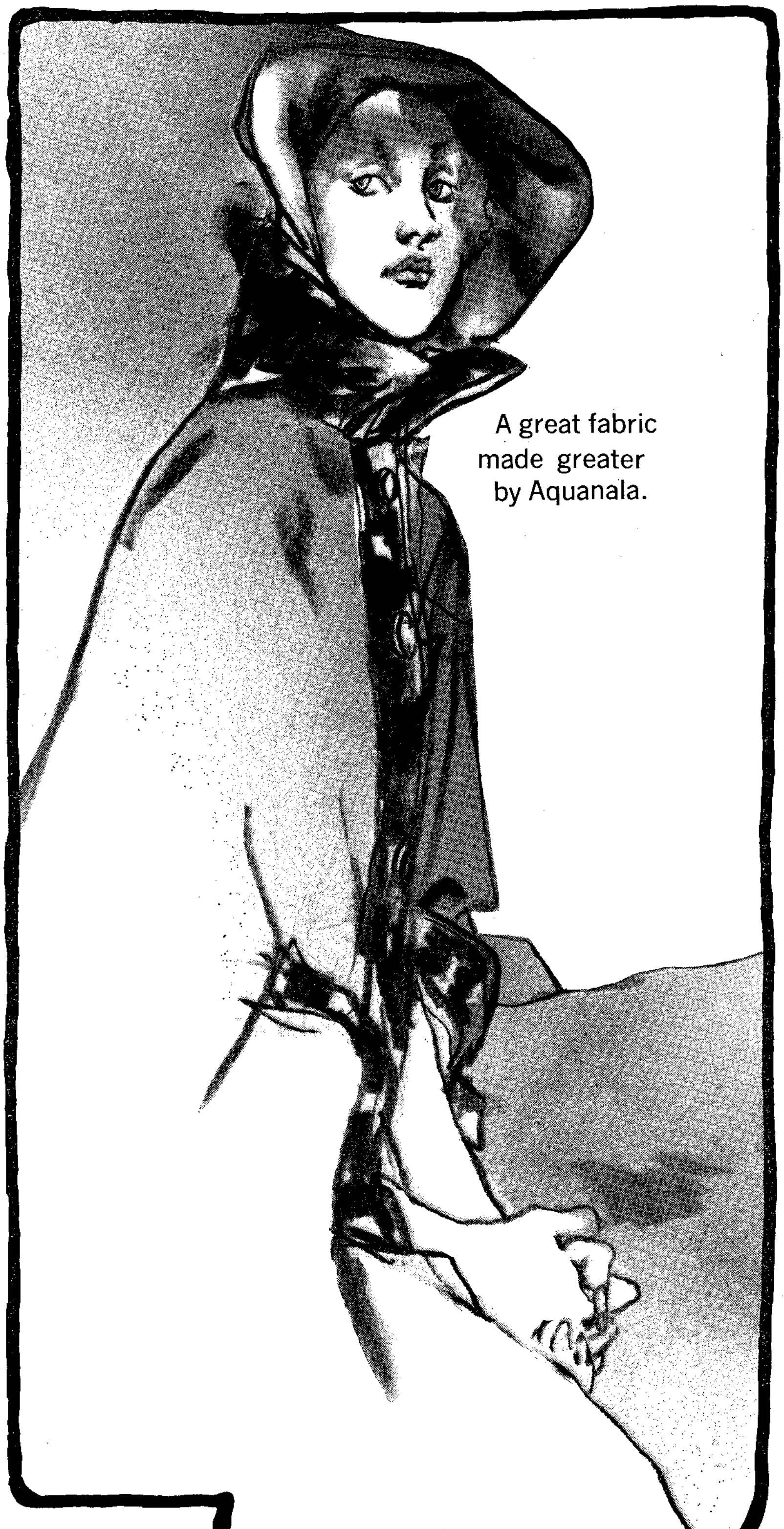
cost of leaving out or denying the existence of relevant data. This practice was made all the simpler because function and purpose, both essential in describing organic processes and human behavior, were transferred to the machine. The philosopher E. A. Burtt, commenting on the consequences of giving special status to the so-called primary qualities, observed, correctly, that this was "the first stage in the reading of man quite out of the real and primary realm. . . . Man begins to appear for the first time in the history of thought as an irrelevant spectator and insignificant effect of the great mathematical system which is the substance of reality."

In effect, when the new scientist eliminated man from the picture he presented, he was seeking to let nature itself make the direct impression, much as the photographer allows light and chemicals to leave a "neutral" record on a film. But those who use such a simile for a process seemingly independent of human bias disclose the speciousness of this conception. For before such a neutral procedure can be set in motion the photographer must load his film, choose his subject, and focus his camera, and, of course, before the camera could come into existence a long process of human discovery was necessary in optics, chemistry, glassmaking, plastics. In short, a multitude of human needs, interests, and choices must be reckoned with before the impression of light on a sensitized surface can be recorded and preserved. So with exact science. If man could have actually pushed himself and his culture completely out of the picture, there would have been no picture and no reason for taking it—certainly no mechanical world picture and no fresh generation of machines.

Yet, for all its ideological weakness, the mathematical-mechanical method resulted in a clarification of "physical events" that gave the inventor and the engineer confidence in their ability to arrive at predictable results. As for the "physical world," what was this but a plausible abstraction? For, as Whitehead pointed out, "the concrete enduring entities are organisms, so that the plan of the whole influences the very characters of the various subordinate organisms which enter into it. . . . Thus an electron within a living body is different from an electron outside it, by reason of the plan of the body." And, one may now add, an electron within an oxygen atom behaves differently from one in a carbon atom, by reason of the atom's plan. Thus, the scientific method, when it ceases to deal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with statistical probabilities, must pass from positivism to Platonism.

What made the new world picture so potent was that its method of deliberately ignoring the complex reality of organisms was an immense laborsaving device: its pragmatic efficiency counterbalanced its conceptual superficiality. The universe as a whole, the whole that contains all other wholes, is immeasurable and inconceivable in its infinite variety and multifold concreteness. Only by samples and abstractions can one put together in the mind a playtoy model. The ecological complexities of existence overpower the human mind, even though some of that richness is an integral part of man's own nature. It is only by isolating some little part of that existence for a short time that it can be momentarily grasped. We learn only from samples. By separating primary from secondary qualities, by making mathematical description the test of truth, by utilizing only a part of the human self to explore only a part of its environment, the new science successfully turned the most significant attributes of life into purely secondary phenomena, ticketed for replacement by the machine. Thus living organisms, in their most typical functions and purposes, became superfluous.

AGAIN, it was E. A. Burtt who, a generation before Schrödinger, put his finger most decisively upon the consequences of the new system of analysis: man's performance "could not be treated by the quantitative method except in the most meagre fashion. His was a life of colors and sounds, of pleasures, of griefs, of passionate loves, of ambitions, and strivings. Hence the real world must be the world outside of man: the world of astronomy and the world of resting and moving terrestrial objects. The only thing in common between man and this real world was his ability to discover it, a fact which, being necessarily presupposed, was easily neglected, and did not in any case suffice to exalt him to a parity of reality and causal efficiency with that which he was able to know. . . . Along with this exaltation of the external world as more primary and more real went an attribution to it of greater dignity and value. Galileo himself proceeds to this addition: 'Sight is the most excellent of the senses, because it has relation to light, the most excellent object, but, as compared with the latter, it is as far inferior as the finite in comparison with the infinite.' "

To treat as ultimate and supreme the physical phenomenon of light, and to forget the light of consciousness, itself the highest manifestation of life, shows how effectively the Sun God had stricken his worshippers with blindness. How much was lost by this exaltation of the mechanical world picture one may gather from an account of a recent invention by the biologist R. J. Pumphrey. The Bell Telephone engineers, Pumphrey tells us, "found that all intelligence could get through a system called a Vocorder, which, instead of transmitting a continuous but limited spectrum, squeezed as it were all the sound energy of speech through ten narrow gates, thirty-two cycles wide . . . with the economic consequence that, with sufficient paraphernalia at the sending and receiving ends, ten intelligible messages can now be simultaneously transmitted over a channel where one would go before." Pumphrey continues, "The interesting feature for us is the effect of this process on the character of speech, for in discarding or blurring the detailed structure, it has effected a completely mechanical separation of the emotive and informative functions of speech. The output of this infernal machine is perfectly intelligible and perfectly impersonal. No trace of anger or love, pity or terror, irony or sincerity, can get through it. The age or sex of the speaker cannot be guessed. No dog would recognize his master's voice. In fact, it does not sound as if a human agent was responsible for the message. But the intelligence is unimpaired."

"The intelligence is unimpaired." That is only another way of saying, in fact, that this sort of intelligence is, in terms of life, innately defective, since it can never receive or respond to a sufficiently full and comprehensive report of the actual world as experienced by fully activated organisms and mindful human personalities. Ironically, it was originally pride in man's new mechanical inventions—a very human pride, exalted, with justification, by the telescope—that led the great thinkers of the seventeenth century not only to exile man from his own many-dimensioned world but to reduce his scientific voice, so to speak, to the equivalent of a Vocorder. The same reduction and isolation took place, indeed, with all his other organs. Today, even the erotic life, at the hands of all too eager geneticists and physiologists, has not proved immune from such violation. Witness the speciously objective reports of Masters and Johnson on human sexual acts. This progressive reduction of the dimensions of life involved far

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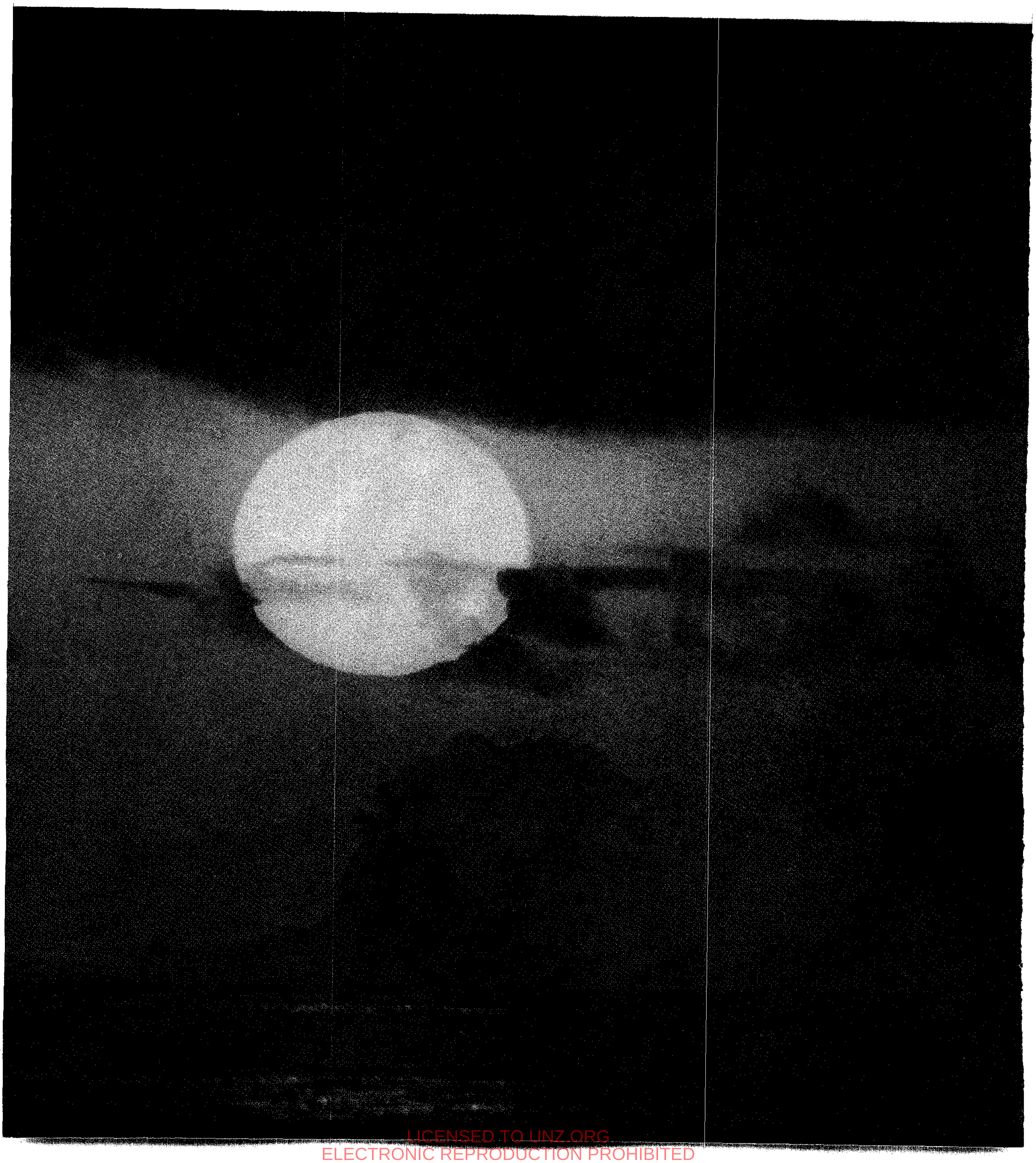

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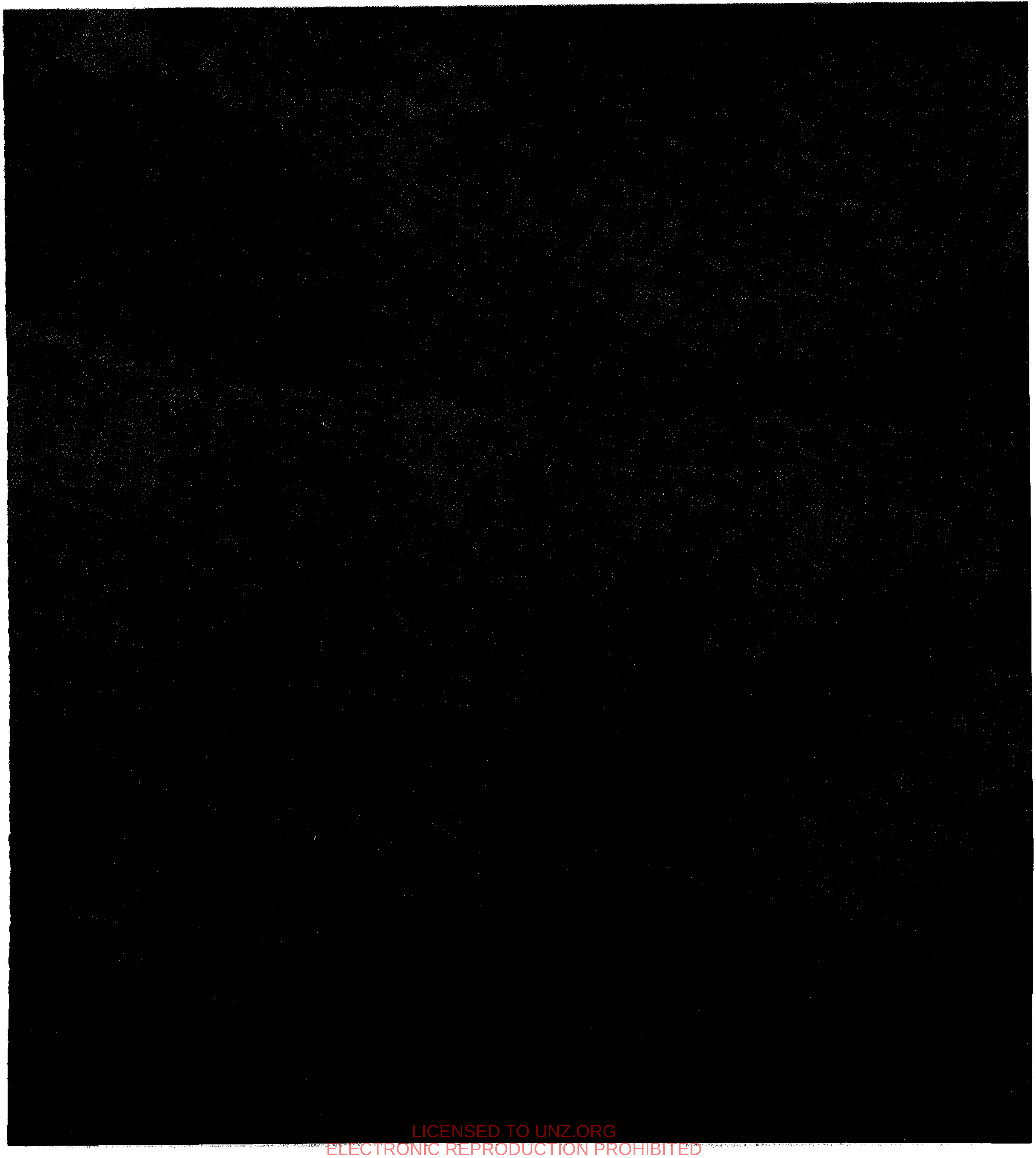

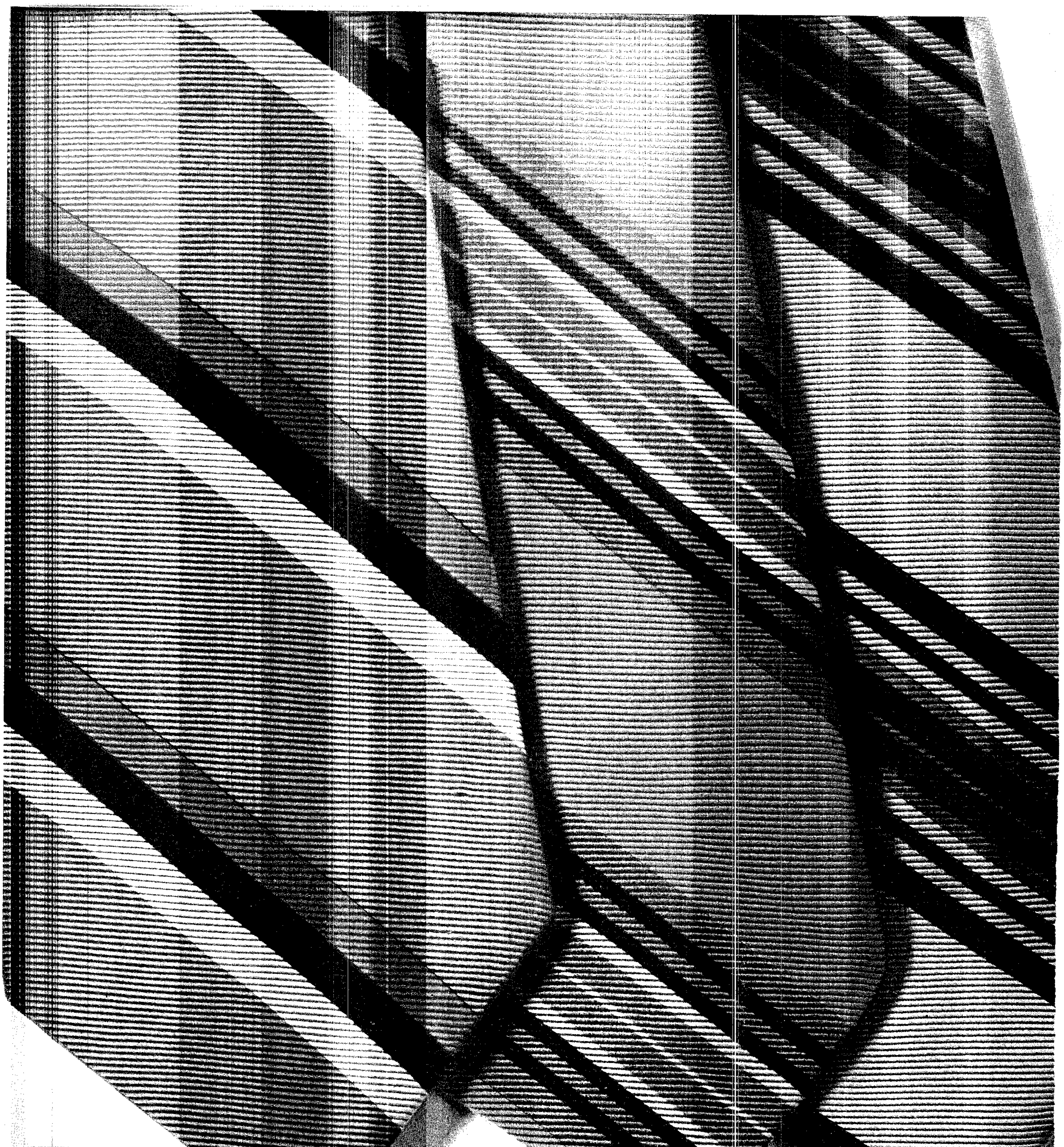

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more serious humiliations than the discovery that the earth was not the center of the universe. Christian humility supposedly brought the soul nearer to God, but scientific humility brought it closer to self-annihilation.

Now, compare this mechanical world view, with its unvarying emphasis on the quantitative, the measurable, the external, with that of one of the most primitive of known races and cultures, the Australian aborigines. According to a recent interpreter, Kaj Birket-Smith, "The fundamental idea in the Australian's concept of life is that there is no sharp division between man and nature, between the quick and the dead, nor even in a way between past, present, and future. Nature can as little exist without man as man without nature, and yesterday and tomorrow, in a manner inexplicable to us, merge into today." Whatever the deficiencies in the Australian aborigine's habits of observation or in his symbolic formulation of his experience, it will become plain, as my theme develops, that the Australian's "primitive" view is in fact far less primitive, biologically and culturally speaking, than that of the mechanical world picture, for it includes those many dimensions of life that Kepler, Galileo, and their successors intentionally excluded, on the ground that the accuracy of their observations and the elegance of their descriptions would be spoiled.

All through the nineteenth century, the major voices in science proclaimed, as confidently as Huygens and Newton had done, not simply that the laws of mechanics are among the laws that govern all phenomena but that these laws are the only laws needed for an adequate explanation even of life and mind, and that no non-mechanical behavior need be looked for. Even such an emancipated physicist as Clerk Maxwell could say, in 1875, that "when a physical phenomenon can be completely described as a change in the configuration and motion of a material system, the dynamical explanation of that phenomenon is said to be complete," while Helmholtz, a little earlier (1869), said confidently, "The object of the natural sciences is to find the motions upon which all other changes are based, and their corresponding motive forces—to resolve themselves, therefore, into mechanics." The notion of Boscovich and Faraday that non-mechanical behavior might exist, even at the level of the atom, then lay far outside the pale. This explains the contempt—indeed, the shudder of theological horror, as over a damnable heresy—that is still the reac-

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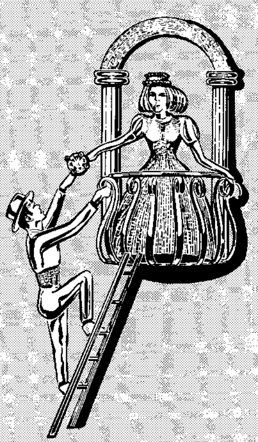

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tion of many biologists when they are asked to give rational consideration to "vital," "organismic," "teleological," or "parapsychological" phenomena. The ultimate result of this mechanistic doctrine was to raise the machine to a higher status than any organism, or, at best, to admit grudgingly that higher organisms were supermachines. Thus a set of metaphysical abstractions laid the groundwork for a technological civilization in which the machine in the latest of its many incarnations would in time become the Supreme Power, an object of religious adoration and worship.

During the last century (in particular during the last generation), the weaknesses in this formulation have been exposed, and in many instances corrected—most decisively, and not without irony, by the direct heirs of Galileo, the nuclear physicists, for their world of minute particles or charges cannot be described or handled on purely mechanical or geometrical terms, or made coherent and visible by being reassembled in some work-performing machine. In a recent book, a biologist of note has dismissed the existence of pain on the ground that it is an inner experience, privately reported and therefore, scientifically speaking, inaccessible and indescribable. In order to eliminate this factor, which by its very existence defies the method he reveres, he goes so far as to state that "we have been talking about pain as if it was some horrid little demon sitting inside you. Let us now talk about it by comparison with machines and other objects, in terms of nerves and their impulses, and above all in terms of brains and the way they react to it. Then at least we *may* be able to teach ourselves not to feel pain." What shall one say of the theoretic limitations of a scientist who goes on to say that "it is absurd to try to express the existence of something that cannot possibly be described"? Is it not far more absurd to deny that existence?

To dismiss as nonexistent what happens to be indescribable is to equate existence with information. Can a color be described solely in terms of its mathematically determinable wavelength? No matter how accurate this abstract description may be, it gives no indication of color as a subjective experience. So with pain. This attempt to make pain scientifically disreputable is in reality an attempt to keep organic reactions coupled to machinelike behavior, and since machines do not have any means of registering pain, an organism that does so becomes an anomaly, or, worse than that, a technological

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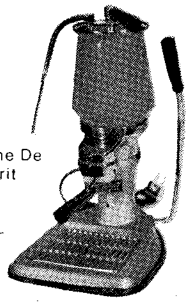

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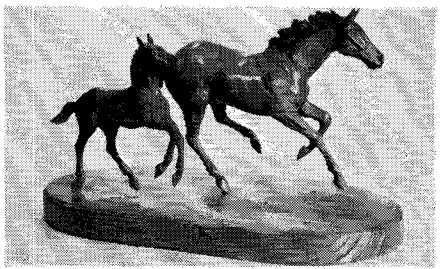

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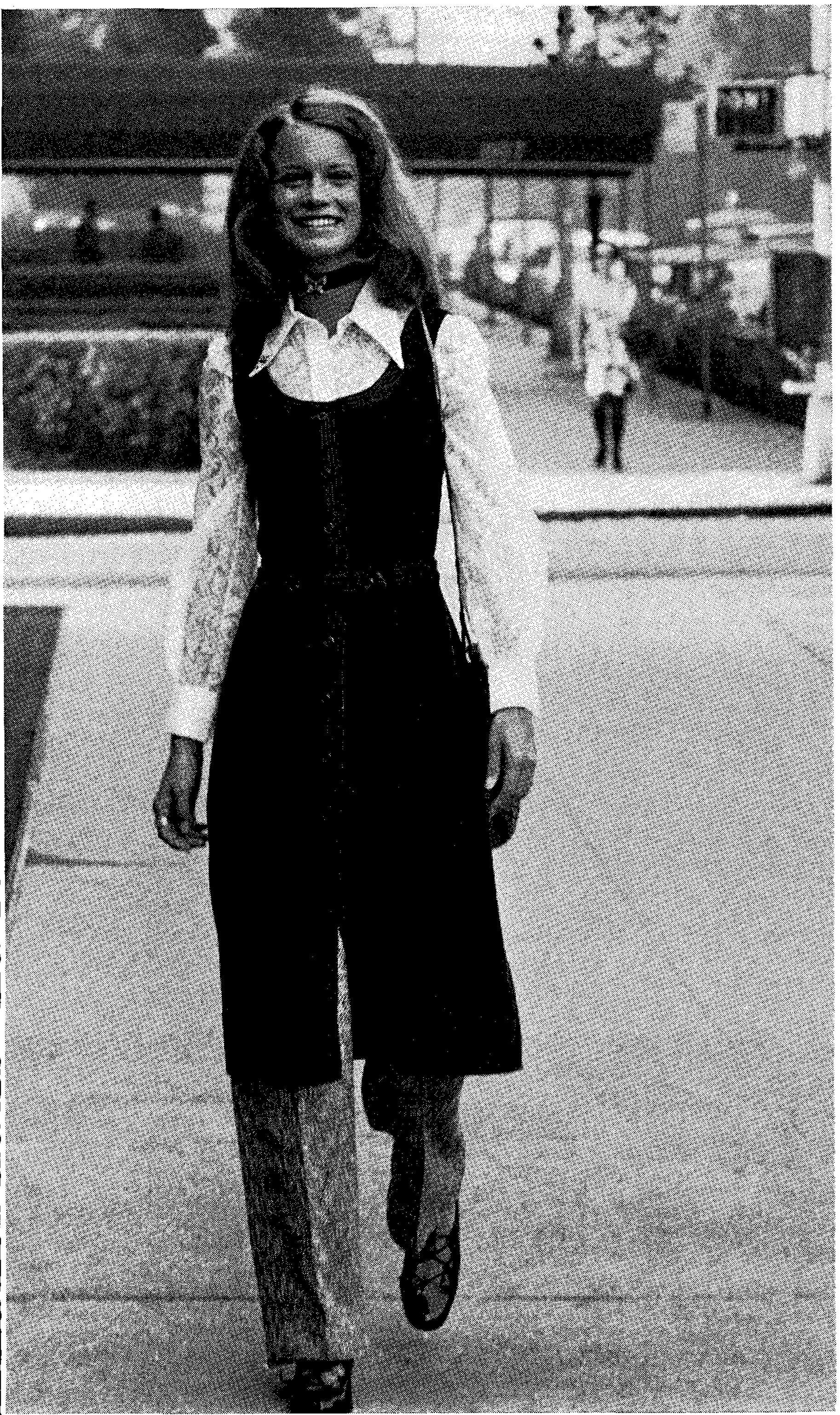
anachronism. What is perhaps even more exasperating to those who cling to this obsolete mechanical model is *that pain itself points to something* for which no biological answer is as yet available, although the fact itself has long been staring our evolutionary doctrines in the face. How is it that such a gross maladaptation as intense pain, which serves no purpose that lesser degrees of pain might not equally serve—indeed, often gets worse when the condition it calls attention to is entirely beyond remedy—has become an *inherited* trait? This would seem a heavy price to pay for the exquisite sensitivity and over-responsiveness of the nervous systems in higher organisms. What "selective pressure" produced and transmitted such a disserviceable reaction?

Today, this almost pathological fear of what cannot be directly examined and brought under control—external, and preferably mechanical, electronic, or chemical control—survives as a scientific equivalent of a much older atavism: fear of the dark. And if, at the end of four centuries devoted to filling in the outmoded mechanical world picture, we now overvalue the machine, is it not because the mechanistic doctrine that has made us competent to design machines and control them promises to give the scientist an equal hold over the living organisms he unfeelingly identifies with *machines? In a world of machines*, or of creatures that can be reduced to machines, technocrats would indeed be gods.

IN pointing out these insufficiencies in the mechanical world picture, I have no wish to disparage the many beneficent results, particularly in technics itself. Every fresh quantum of scientific truth, however dismembered or minute, was precious. In a period of bitter political and theological conflicts—when, in defense of dogmatic positions intense feelings were aroused, when conversation had become impossible between a Catholic and a Protestant, or, for that matter, between the adherents of two different Protestant sects—the new mechanical ideology performed a unique service: it provided a common language and it opened up a field of practical endeavor in which people with widely different inner worlds could nevertheless collaborate. This common world of intelligent intercourse and coöperation has, in the face of national egoisms and jealousies and self-isolating totalitarian ideologies, continued to widen. Scientists are more at home among their colleagues in every part of the globe than any other voca-



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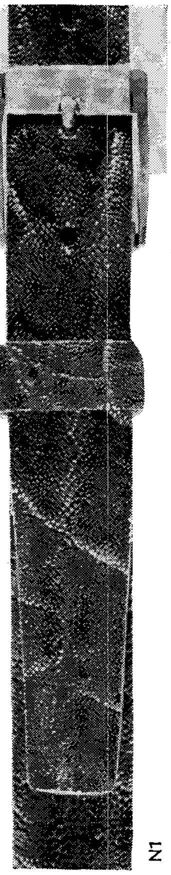

tional group, for they speak a common language and pursue a common aim. That unity, though it has been frequently interrupted, is too precious to be lost.

Let us now give the Sun God his due. The order that he established is indeed fundamental to all other manifestations of life, and in a culture open to disorganization and disintegration, then as now, his worshippers introduced a necessary respect for order itself. Let us then, in addition, give Galileo a graceful post-mortem absolution: he knew not what he did, and he could not possibly realize what would follow from the splitting apart of objective and subjective experience. He himself was not a concealed heretic but an open-minded naturalistic humanist, or humanistic naturalist, and it was impossible for him to guess that the abstract conceptual world he had helped to create would eventually displace all traditional values and reject all experience and knowledge that did not conform to the dominant mechanical pattern. Galileo must have taken it for granted that the culture which had formed his own life and mind would continue in existence more beautifully ordered, enriched—not devitalized, impoverished, and reduced—by his new way of looking at the world.

In denying the importance of subjective factors—that is, human propulsions, projections, and autonomous responses—the followers of Galileo unfortunately fended off any inquiry into their own subjectivity, and in rejecting values, purposes, fantasies, dreams as irrelevant to their positivist method they failed to recognize the part such subjectivity had played in creating their own system. What they had actually done was to eliminate every value and every purpose but one, the one they regarded as supreme: the pursuit of scientific truth. In this pursuit of truth, the scientist sanctified his own discipline and—what was more dangerous—placed it above any obligations of morality. The consequences of this dedication have begun to appear only in our own age. Scientific truth achieved the status of an absolute, and the incessant pursuit and expansion of knowledge became the one recognized categorical imperative.

Now, if the history of the human race teaches any plain lessons, this is one of them: Man cannot be trusted with absolutes. When the Romans said, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," they did not for a moment suspect that the heavens might fall, but the physicists who so steadfastly pursued the splitting of the atom were in fact

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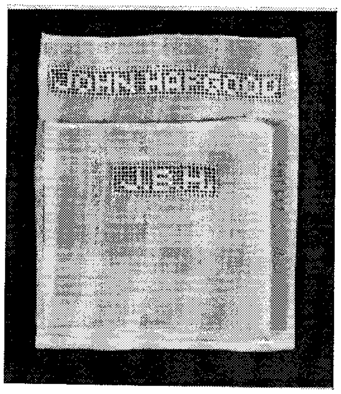

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endangering the human race. With the invention of nuclear bombs, they placed all life on earth in danger, for the heavens might now truly fall. In the old game of truth or consequences, the consequences turn out to be as important as the truth, and must be warily examined and reëxamined with every extension of truth into new areas. For lack of this wariness, today not only do millions of human beings live in the shadow of a total catastrophe but the air they breathe, the water they drink, and the food they eat are being poisoned by other compulsive misapplications of scientific knowledge.

If the new science had begun with the observer himself as an essential component in its own scheme, the insufficiency of his mechanical model and his denatured and dehumanized universe would have been apparent—indeed, inescapable. Without intuitions and memories, without ancient cultural landmarks, the intelligence is enfeebled, and the report it gives on its own say-so is so incomplete, so qualitatively inadequate, so structurally distorted that it becomes downright false. Percy Bridgman, in his introduction to Stallo's "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics," did well to point out that it was the scientist's active experimentation and selection that enabled him to overcome the basic theoretic weaknesses of his mechanistic formulations.

To dismiss the most central fact of man's being because it is inner and subjective is to make the hugest subjective falsification possible—one that leaves out the really critical half of man's nature. For without that underlying subjective flux, as experienced in floating imagery, dreams, bodily impulses, formative ideas, projections, and symbols, the world that is open to human experience can be neither described nor rationally understood. When our age learns that lesson, it will have made the first move toward redeeming for human use the mechanized and electrified wasteland that is now being bulldozed, at man's expense and to his permanent loss, for the benefit of the Megamachine.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

•

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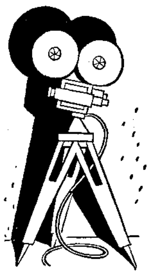
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mothers

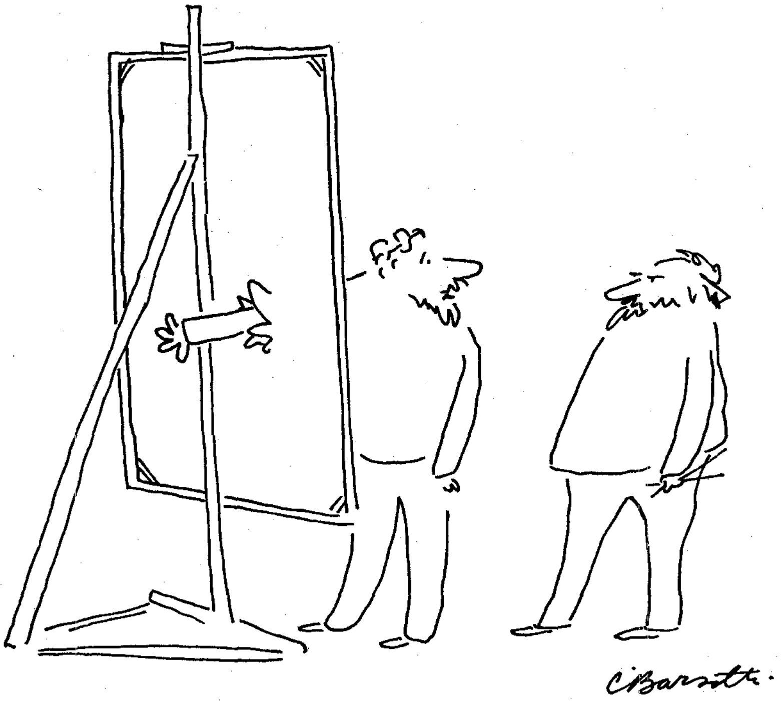


THE up-to-the-minute title “Trash” is perhaps the cleverest ploy of the movie season; it has the advantage of that self-deprecatory humor that makes criticism seem foolish. But (although “Trash” apparently claims nothing for itself) when people are trashing the cities there are sure to be those who will take the poor white trash of the movie as a metaphor for what the city has made of the people in it. The movie, like the Warhol films that preceded it, winks at the concepts of victimization and futility. “Trash,” an Andy Warhol production but written, photographed, and directed by Paul Morrissey, who was known as the factotum of the Warhol factory until his emergence as a separate figure last year, is now being given a major-art-house release. The assumption is that after the limited success of Warhol’s “Lonesome Cowboys” and Morrissey’s “Flesh” in the exploitation market the Warhol underground style will finally make contact with a large audience, and Don Rugoff, whose previous releases were “Z,” “Putney Swope,” “Elvira Madigan,” and “The Endless Summer,” is handling the picture.

The basic Warhol style was to let the camera run and neither to direct nor to edit what was recorded; since Warhol’s friends spent a lot of time loitering in front of the camera while trying to think of something to do and were, by and large, exhibitionists who sought to make themselves interesting by shocking the viewers, the results were acclaimed four years ago as “a searing vision of Hell, symptomatic of the corruption of the Great Society,” and all that. But, despite the media buildup and the celebrated review in *Newsweek* acclaiming “The Chelsea Girls” as “the Iliad of the underground,” few could sit through the passively recorded, lethargic pictures. A value was claimed for the boringness, but it was not a value audiences responded to. Warhol’s movies were not movies to go to; they were conversation pieces, and were soon worn out in talk.

Though “Trash” isn’t as torpid as “The Chelsea Girls,” and one can sit through it, Morrissey’s work raises some of the same issues as Warhol’s about why one should. The Warhol “superstars” generally did the sort of caricature imitations of Hollywood sex goddesses that female impersonators do in night clubs for homosexuals and slumming tourists, and added a backstage view of their own lives, so that one got not only grotesque comedy but the fullest sordidness they could dredge up. Though the media, in their constant appetite for the new, acclaimed it as satire, it really wasn’t focussed enough for that. The performers didn’t put the old movie myths down so much as they put themselves down, acting out a value system in which all that matters in life is to be a glamorous, sexy movie queen. They became what was worst in the old stars, but more so; they tried to become stars by exhibiting their narcissistic self-hatred and spitefulness. They were counterfeit stars willing to mock their failure to pass for genuine but nevertheless hoping that the travesty would make them a new kind of star. Actors in Hollywood needed the break of good roles and a good director, but Warhol was a director only in a nominal sense, and as he let the performers do whatever they wanted, the performers were limited only by their own resourcefulness. Their bitchiness was sometimes witty, their cruelty sometimes vivid, but it was not accidental that, though they became names in the media, they didn’t become stars. Stars give the public something that feels new, and they draw us toward them; the superstars were exhibitionists getting their gratification from being part of that Warhol world on the screen, and the audience, reduced to onlookers, judged them—rightly—as people, not as actors. And as people they were like the self-disgusted, gregarious, quarrelsome people in bars and street fights—people to be avoided. A popular hit like “Tobacco Road” might employ the humor of degradation, but it was understood that we were watching actors, and though the ostensible purpose was to call attention to the degradation, the real purpose was to present comedy. In Warhol’s bohemian Tobacco Road, the people flaunted their own dishevelment and their own nausea, and it was all so depressing that even when they did funny things, one didn’t feel much like laughing.

The aesthetic that some discerned in Warhol’s films—that he was purifying cinema by taking it back to simple, static recording—cannot be claimed for Morrissey. Though the visual interest in “Trash” is negligible and the sound is abysmal, the explanation is surely poverty and incompetence, because Morrissey, while he has kept the Warhol films’ ambience of exhibitionism and degradation, has joined this to the techniques of the Theatre of the Absurd and the Theatre of the Ridiculous in a relatively conventional narrative. “Trash,” which appears to be semi-improvised, is a classically structured porno comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) whose sort-of-wife (Holly Woodlawn) is trying to get them on welfare. She pretends to the welfare office that she is pregnant, and plans to take her pregnant sister’s unwanted child. Morrissey knows exploitation possibilities, and he has



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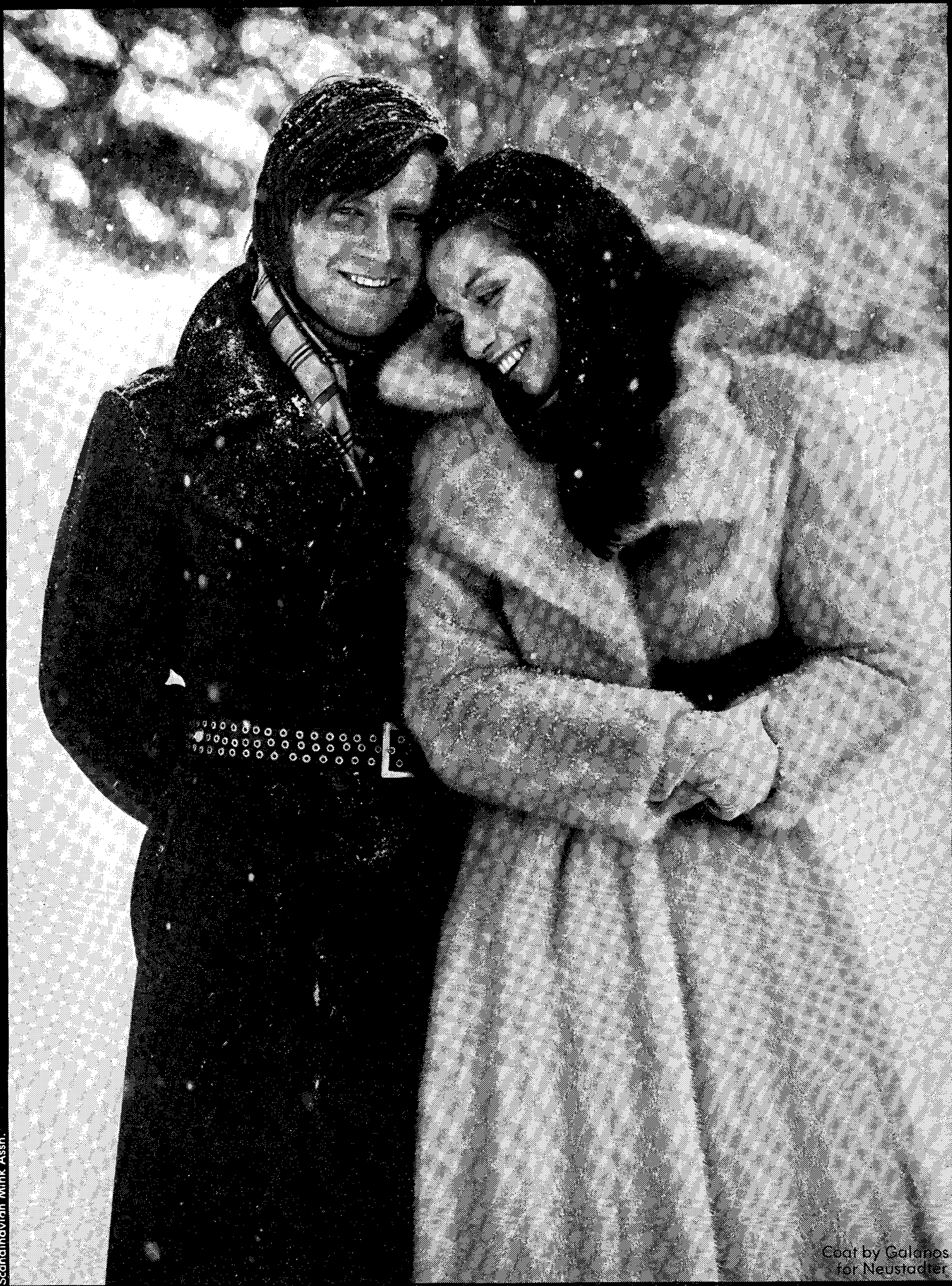

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a dramatic sense of shock; the movie opens on the hero's bare, blemished behind, and then the camera moves around to reveal that, despite the best efforts of a girl who is working on him, he is indeed, and graphically, impotent. The movie proceeds by a series of rather familiar absurdist revue-style sequences: other women try, unsuccessfully, to rouse the hero, and the wife's hopes of welfare fade (because the welfare investigator wants the fabulous-forties shoes that the wife found in a garbage can, and she refuses to give them up). As the wife's highest aspiration is to get on welfare, and as the wife isn't even a woman (Holly Woodlawn is a female impersonator), the element of the grotesque is certainly present. "Trash" is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, but of what isn't clear. Mostly, it seems to be the knocked-out couple doing a put-on of marriage; we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives, and to feel sorry for them. The tone is absurdist pathos about a make-believe lower depths that one assumes is meant to suggest a true lower depths of homosexuals and junkies; Morrissey lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair.

Unlike the Warhol superstars, with their suggestions of forties M-G-M personalities, "Trash" suggests the Depression films and the over-the-hills-to-the-poorhouse silents, with the limp penis substituted for the empty cupboard, and, like the plays of recent years set in basements and rooms full of debris, it wrings humor from the general dejection. When the action moves into a different atmosphere—when the hero is caught burglarizing a modern apartment and is persuaded to remain as a guest—the listlessness that could pass for appropriate in the dirty-kitchen-sink settings is revealed as directorial ineptness. The caught-burglar situation, so familiarly Shavian and once standard in polite comedies, is treated as a wild, far-out idea, in a long, self-contained skit, but there isn't enough dramatic energy to sustain it, and it dribbles along to its contrived climax. Badly timed improvisation on camera can result in the deadest kind of movie: every pause can seem endless, the excremental language is like baby talk, and the viewer falls into a stupor. The inertia of "Trash" is almost certain to evoke comparisons with Beckett, but the inertia is what's *bad* in "Trash" and it's what Morrissey tries to fight off. The *outré* face and voice of Jane Forth as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment are a throwback to Warhol's predilection for plastic ghouls. Morrissey is at his best with weirdly unlikely animal high spirits, like those of the warm, lively go-go dancer who tries to entice the hero in the first sequence. He attempts to keep "Trash" going on the humor of degradation and the comic shocks of breaking taboos: the hero is excited by his wife's nude seven-months-pregnant sister, Holly Woodlawn fakes masturbation with a Miller High Life bottle, and so on. Yet even what may not have been done before is of too low an order of invention to be original; the shocks are without resonance. The humor in the improbable tends to be a quick, forgettable jolt, and when improbabilities become predictable, they're just tedious. The movie is filmed Off Off Broadway theatre, and its style of freakishness was old upon arrival.

"Trash" depends on our finding Camp sordidness both true and funny, but, because of the sluggish rhythm of the picture, we are dependent, as in the Warhol films, on the vitality of the performers. Holly Woodlawn acts up a storm, and though he doesn't quite have the incredible strength of insolence with which Mick Jagger, his hair lewdly slicked down, spews out his big number in "Performance," Woodlawn does hold you—he belts out his goofy pathos like a snaggle-toothed witch you can't take your eyes off. Like Jagger (and, for that matter, like Marilyn Monroe), Woodlawn defies normal acting categories. Jagger is horrifying, repellent, yet a star presence, and I think we feel something new in him that draws us to him—he's surly and self-involved, and he doesn't clean up and try to ingratiate, and when that shocking power bursts forth, it seems to come out of his not being Mr. Nice Guy. The fascination of Woodlawn is that, in this quasi-Warhol ambience that is so depressing because the human spirit is diminished, his intensity is startlingly, crazily *incongruous*. But it's not much praise to say that the high points of the movie are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous; and that limp hero is at dead center. The attractiveness of utter cool passivity has been a factor in the success of some of the homosexual-exploitation films—the ads for "Flesh" featured Dallesandro with the words "Can a boy be too pretty?"—and I guess we're supposed to find his blotchy, beat-out quality, the big muscles and the lice in the hair, both attractive and funny, but his apathy enervates this movie. He isn't just impotent; he's barely

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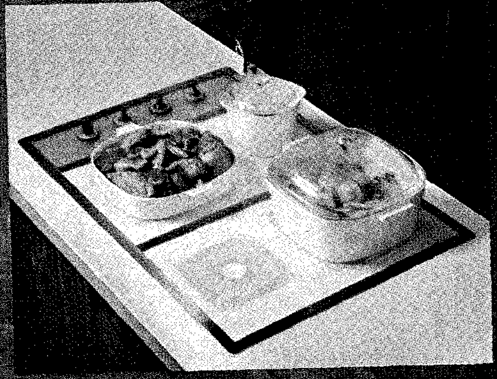

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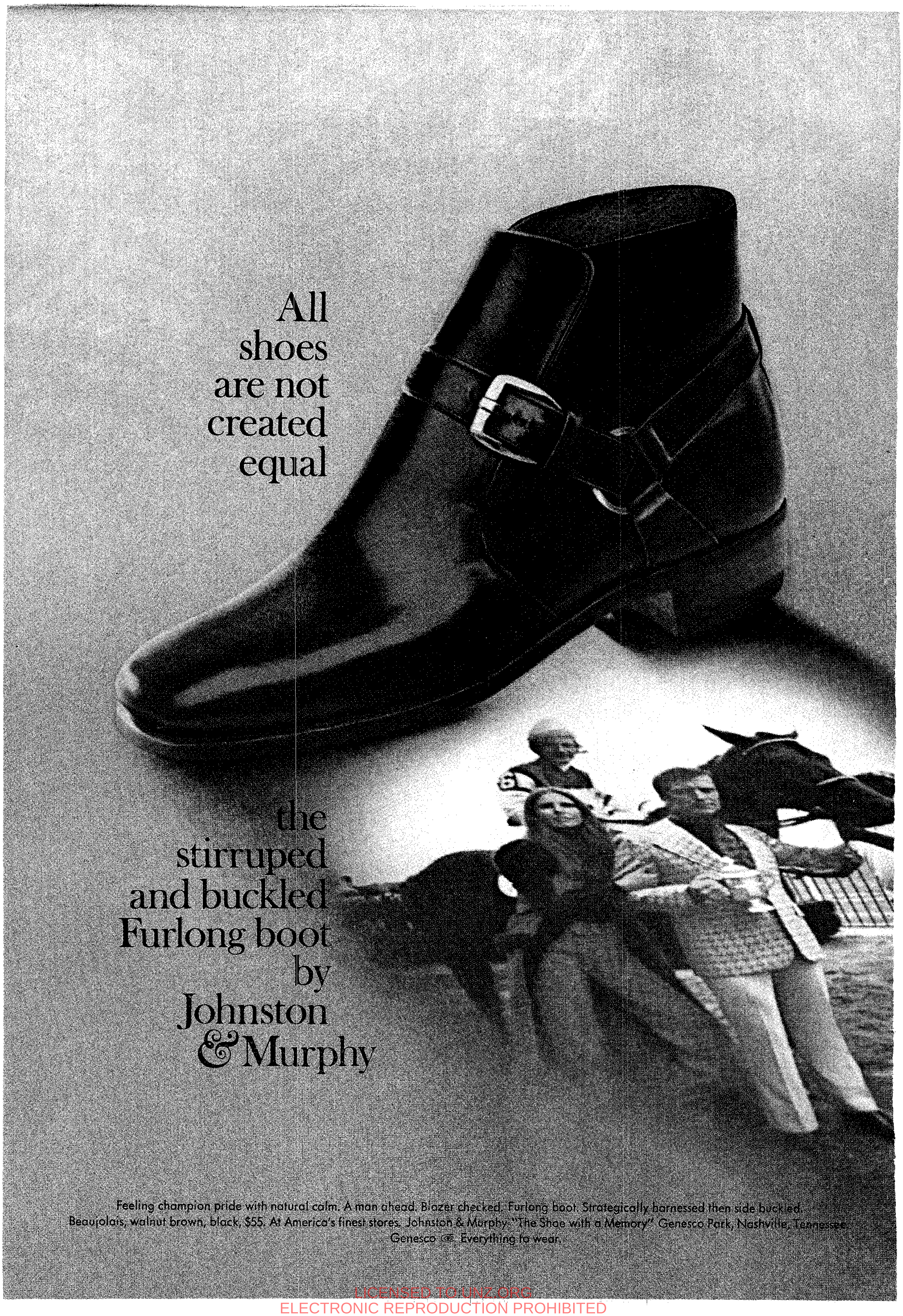
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alive. That's supposed to be the point, but it isn't enough point, and the joke of watching him drag himself around while advances are made to him runs down like a stale burlesque show. What is sometimes called decadence may be just lack of energy.

THE heroine is named Tish, and the men in her life are named Tad and Jay; that's one of the ways that James Bridges, who wrote and directed "The Baby Maker," keeps things moving in this perfectly slick, manufactured tearjerker. It's about a woman (Collin Wilcox-Horne) who loves her husband (Sam Groom) but can't have a baby; she wants to raise one that is, as the ads say, "at least half theirs," so she arranges for a young hippie girl (Barbara Hershey) to have a baby by the husband. Shades of Bette Davis and Anita Louise in "That Certain Woman," and Mary Astor and Bette Davis in "The Great Lie." Pale shades. This one is all decorative pseudo-seriousness about the development of the fetus, cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings, and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky idea. The heroine dehumanizes herself and makes herself the ultimate whore, selling herself unto the second generation, but the movie never takes notice of any of that. The running time is padded out with diversionary tactics and enough poignant touches and discreetly meaningful facial expressions to cover the director with medals for sincerity. Typical of the novelettish approach to issues: when someone asks how the hippie girl can turn her baby over to be raised by bourgeois squares, everyone is satisfied by the answer that a bourgeois-raised child might revolt and a hippie-raised child might grow up to be President. It's like having your head stuffed with feathers. Though we never believe the heroine's reasons for consenting, Barbara Hershey does well with some of her opportunities in the second half of the picture, and it's probably not Miss Wilcox-Horne's fault that she is required to be the most sickeningly banal understanding wife since Norma Shearer. "The Baby Maker" is the first picture James Bridges has directed, and it is customary to be kind on the occasion of a directorial début, but this débutant has, with his first step, entered the old Hollywood society of commerce. There is not a single one of the carefully planted "sensitive" nuances in the picture that I felt meant anything to James Bridges or told the truth about any emotion he has ever had.

—PAULINE KAEL

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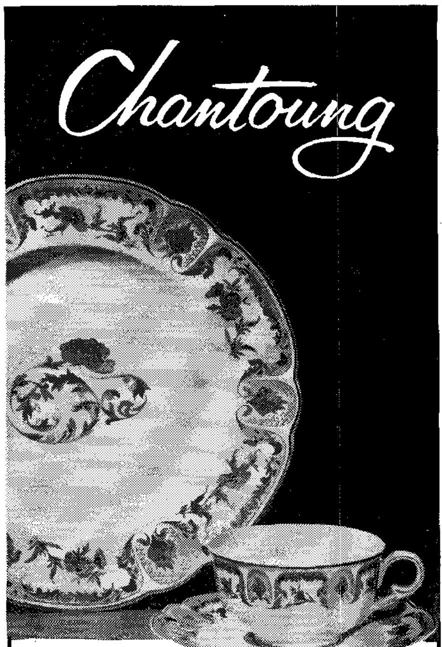

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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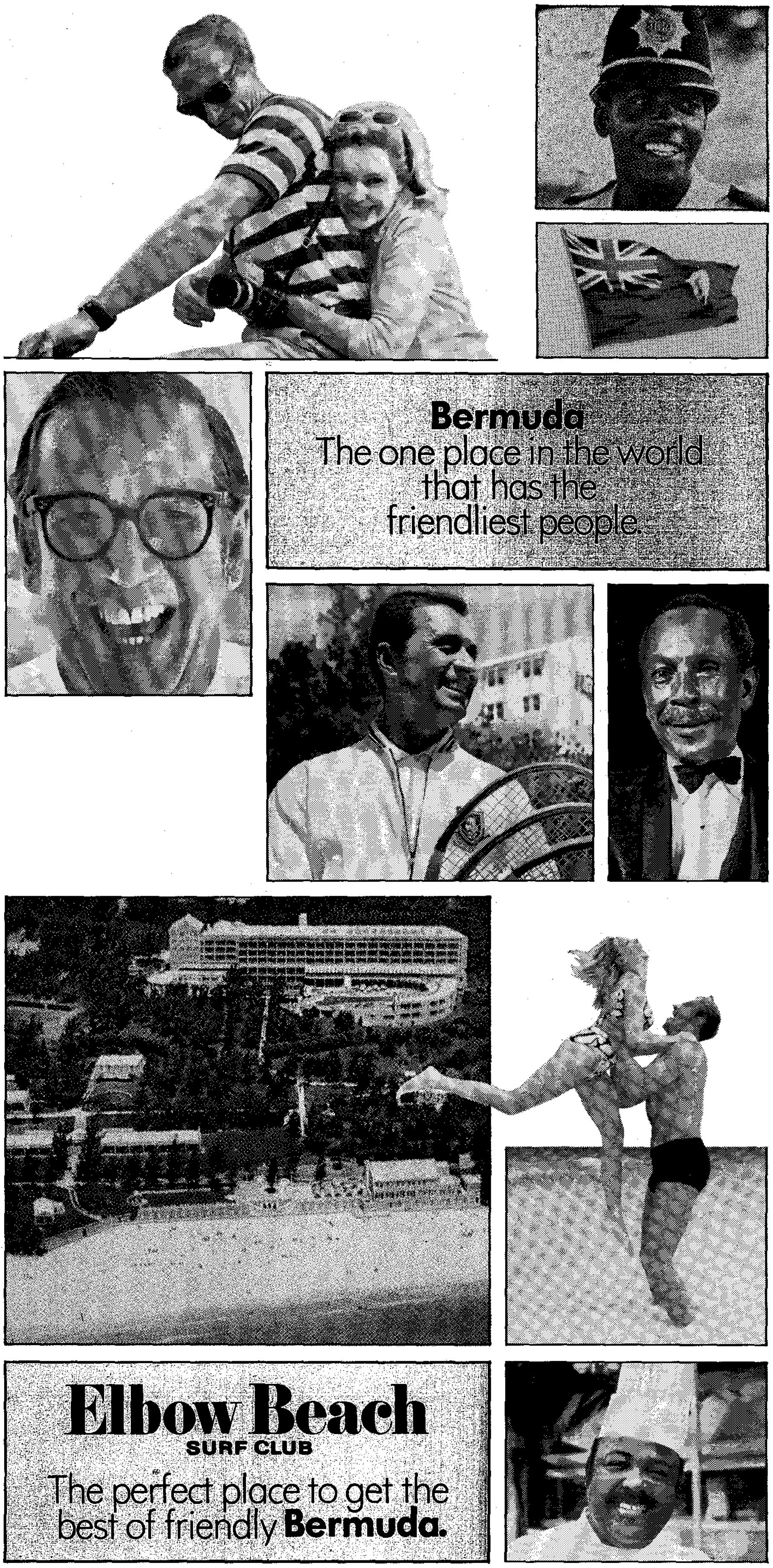
THE immortality of great music was brought into question some time ago by Oswald Spengler in "The Decline of the West." Music does not, like some other arts, consist of material that is practically indestructible, and it does not have the specific meanings that language does. Consequently, once its tradition ceases to be alive and audiences lose their references to its meaning (which, though not specific, is there, nevertheless), it dies. We haven't the slightest idea of the meaning of the few fragments of ancient Greek music that survive in the form of inscriptions. Even the Gregorian chant sounds remote to non-specialists, and we cannot be sure that the music of as recent a period as the seventeenth century has the same meaning for us as it did for those who first heard it. On the other hand, the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is still a living thing. We understand its language, and though there may be a small loss of meaning in some of the music of the early eighteenth century, there is still enough of it to attract the modern audience. The masterpieces of these centuries have remained "immortal" up to the present time. But we have during the twentieth century entered upon a period of diminishing "immortality." Composers like Stravinsky, Prokofieff, and Bartók will probably be intelligible for some time to come. But they lived, or had their first successes, early in the century. More recently, we have encountered a new phenomenon: the composition by a contemporary composer that is listened to for about ten years, if that, and then falls into oblivion. The late Vernon Duke some time ago called my attention to the fact that the music of middle-aged composers is generally neglected. There are exceptions, of course. Aaron Copland (who can no longer be described as middle-aged) seems to have held the attention of the public for a lifetime. Perhaps he belongs in the same class as Stravinsky. Gian Carlo Menotti, Samuel Barber, Douglas Moore (only in "The Ballad of Baby Doe"), Ned Rorem, and a few others continue to hold up. But Moore is dead, and the others range from middle age to real age. Since their generation, interest in composers has become a bit like interest in women's fashions—a vogue rather than a continuing thing. And the vogue has become shorter and shorter. Today, a composer is lucky if his music is performed for more than five years.

These thoughts occurred to me as I listened to Krzysztov Penderecki's "Utrenja," a sort of dramatic oratorio about the entombment of Christ, which was introduced to New York by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra last Tuesday night in Philharmonic Hall. Penderecki is the In composer with the slightly-left-of-Establishment public today. The avant-garde has long since consigned him to old fashion. But people like those who attend the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra think of him as a bold revolutionary. To be fair to Mr. Penderecki, he is one of the few contemporary composers with an individual style, and he usually manages to infuse a certain amount of drama into his music by using sacred texts or extremely theatrical ones, which make his audience think that they are hearing some of what they read in the program notes. The style is easily recognizable. Penderecki is fond of using a single note, prolonged for a considerable time, and changing its orchestration during this time so that the note seems to slide iridescently in and out of various colorings. He is also fond of close harmony—so close that one voice is only a half tone from another and the total mass of sound is practically undifferentiated. There are undoubtedly other Penderecki mannerisms, but these two are the most prominent, and they seem to be the earmarks of the contemporary Polish idiom, of which his colleague Witold Lutoslawski is also an exponent, though Lutoslawski is not quite as clever about attaching his music to texts of unimpeachable nobility. Or, at least, so one concludes after hearing the works of both composers that have been performed here.

"Utrenja" contains some other elements besides those described. Parts of it are aleatoric (which means that the players or singers play or sing more or less what they please), there are two short passages of quite conventional four-part choral writing, there is an enormous amount of banging and clattering by the percussion instruments, there is an extra chorus declaiming from the balcony, and, as always happens when atonal music is sung, the impression is that of speech rather than song. The chorus frequently sounds like an angry mob in the middle of a riot, the solo singers frequently shout instead of singing, and they are frequently required to sing at, or beyond, the normal ranges of their voices. The general effect is of turbulence and hysteria. Perhaps the words Penderecki has used (taken from Isaiah, one of the Psalms, and parts of the Eastern Orthodox service) can logically be given this sort of treatment. Anyhow, a lot of excitement is built up. But one is never quite sure what is going on because the language used is Old Slavonic, a parent of the Slavic languages, which is still used in the Eastern Orthodox Church, much as Latin has been in the Western Catholic Church. I understood exactly three words. They were "Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia," sung by a very fine German bass, Peter Lagger. There was another excellent bass, a Pole named Bernard Ladysz, there was the outstanding American tenor Seth McCoy, and there were a Polish soprano named Stefania Woytowicz and the familiar Swedish mezzo-soprano Kerstin Meyer. Altogether, this was a superb group of singers, a couple of them making New York débuts, but one could tell little about their abilities, since they were generally required to shout, grumble, or sing in falsetto. Mr. Ormandy had plainly taken great pains with the score, and Mr. Penderecki had been there to assist him in rehearsals and was present to take some bows when the performance was over. A great deal of applause by a minority of the audience greeted these bows, and Mr. Penderecki, a dark, stocky, bearded, partly bald man, was obviously pleased with the reception. My own prophecy is that "Utrenja's" "immortality" will last for about five years, and that Mr. Penderecki will become merely another name in the musical dictionaries in about ten. But he is not alone. That is what happens to most contemporary composers. The work was preceded by Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony, a still "immortal" and familiar enough work, which I thought Mr. Ormandy did in a rather uninspired manner.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to the City Center, where the Joffrey Ballet is putting on a season, mainly to see a revival of a ballet by Todd Bolender called "The Still Point." (The title derives from T. S. Eliot.) The program started with "Petrouchka," a lavishly costumed affair, with Luis



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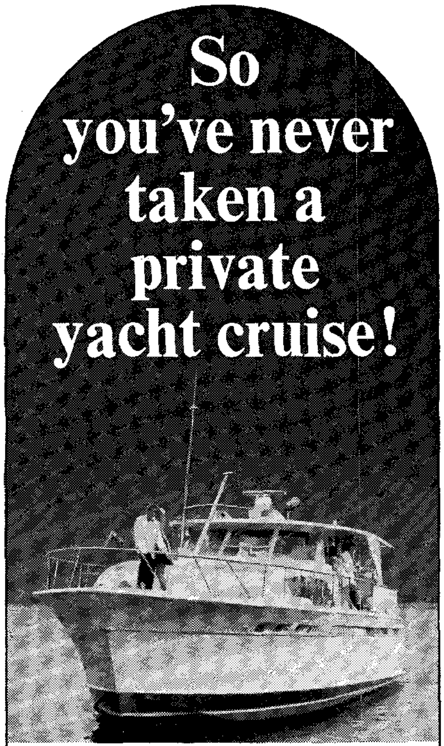

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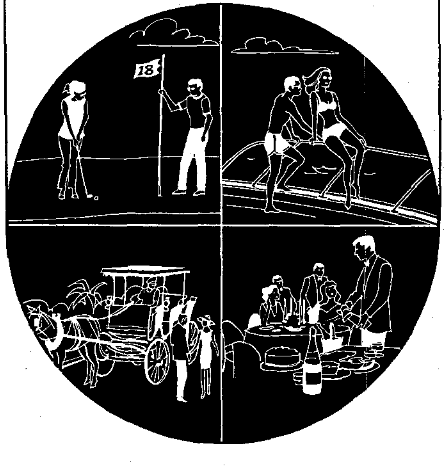

Fuente in the title role, Charthel Arthur as the Ballerina, and Christian Holder as the Blackamoor. I am afraid that "Petrouchka" is simply not my kind of ballet. Like many of the works of the Diaghilev Parisian period, it is a matter of pantomime and costume, with very little dancing on the part of anybody. For all the obvious energy, expense, and care that were put into its production, it seemed to me hopelessly dated and just a bit boring.

Mr. Bolender's new ballet, on the other hand, was pleasing, though not particularly original. It is performed before a blank backdrop, with lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, that is quite deft. Its choreography at times reminded me of Jerome Robbins' tremendous masterpiece "Dances at a Gathering." These times were the few in which Mr. Bolender dared to depart from the conventional symmetrical style of stage picture. Its plot reminded me of Antony Tudor's "Pillar of Fire." Here again was the misunderstood, outcast girl, longing for love, being ravished by a couple of fellows who didn't really care about her, and finally meeting her dream boy, who did. The music, taken from Debussy's String Quartet, is romantic and expressive. The principal role offers nice opportunities for drama, and they were beautifully seized by Pamela Johnson. The dream boy was well danced by Dennis Wayne. The other dancers were Donna Silva and Alaine Haubert, who served as joyful foils for the longing and misery of Miss Johnson's role, and their partners, Frank Bays and Robert Talmage. I enjoyed "The Still Point." It is a tender, occasionally moving ballet, and if it has predecessors in the same vein, that does not detract from its effectiveness. After all, plots are plots, and there aren't so very many of them. The outcast girl who eventually finds love is a vivid contemporary figure, and is worth more than one embodiment. This is not to say that "The Still Point" has anything like the power of "Pillar of Fire." It is, nevertheless, worth seeing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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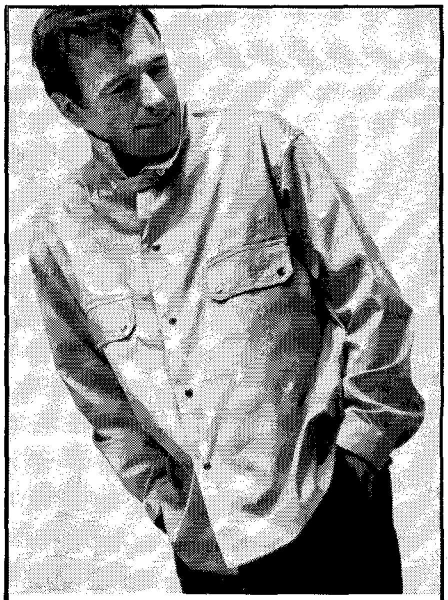

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In most families, a generation or two is time enough to erase even a major infamy, but centuries upon centuries have not in this respect been kind to the Macbeths, as anyone knows who knows one. I've known several Macbeths, and I particularly remember the moments in which I met them, because in most instances a faint shadow seemed to cross their faces when their surname was exposed to yet another stranger. The latest of these is R. G. Macbeth, of Scarsdale. We were introduced—as travellers, as strangers, in a small town in New England—by a motelkeeper who was serving our breakfast, and who in her friendly way seemed to think that we would have much to say to each other simply because our names were derivationally Scottish. This Macbeth was a big, broad-shouldered man with bright eyes and an engagingly unprepossessing manner. As it happened, he did have a lot to say. He had scarcely sat down before he was well into a mild harangue about the injuries that had been done to his family through poetic license and dramatic journalism—manipulations of the pen. He said that his collateral ancestor Macbeth, King of Scotland, was a good king and is buried with other Scottish kings on the island Iona in a sanctuary where only authentic and duly entitled kings are at rest; that no one who had poached the throne of Scotland would ever have been buried, or at least would have long remained buried, on Iona; that Macbeth, in 1040, killed King Duncan not in bed but in battle; that Macbeth's claim to rule the Scots was as legitimate as Duncan's, each, through his mother, being a great-grandson of King Kenneth I; and that Macbeth settled the claim, as was the custom in his time, with his sword in fair and open fight. His reign lasted seventeen years. I could be well assured that something quite different from tyranny or depravity was the atmosphere that generally emanated from his fortress on the summit of Dunsinane Hill.

I said to Mr. Macbeth, "I'm sorry you have this cross to bear."

HELLO!
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FRED DOLE
OF THIS
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Macbeth lifted his coffee cup, indicating that he would drink to that. He drank. Then he said, "I've never been to Scotland. In a year or two, though, I'm going to go."

I said, "Let me give you a name and address. Donald Sinclair, Balbeggie, Perthshire. I'll write it down. He's a farmer. He's the cousin of a friend of mine. I don't know Sinclair very well, but I don't think he would mind if you were to seek him out, which is what I did once. I was in Scotland with my family, and one day—just for the experience—we went by the most direct way we could find from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. It's a ten-mile trip. Sinclair calls himself a tenant farmer. Technically, that's what he is, but his father-in-law happens to be his landlord, and the family owns a very handsome piece of Perthshire—five thousand acres. Their estate is called Dunsinnan, and more or less in the middle of it is Dunsinane Hill."

Macbeth slowly set down his plastic coffee cup on the Formica surface of the table. I told him the details of the pilgrimage as I had made it.

Birnam Wood, on the edge of the Craigvinean Forest, stands across the River Tay from a medieval town, Dunkeld, and has been replaced to some extent by Birnam, a village that developed in the late nineteenth century. Birnam Wood now is deep and thick, dark green, with an understory of gorse and bracken, and white slashes of birch angling upward among larches and pines. In all likelihood, the boughs of such trees could not have been the boughs that went to Dunsinane. Apparently the forest was once predominantly oak. The present Birnam Wood, cut who knows how many times, seems to be merely a collateral descendant of the forest that once was there, for the presence of a number of slim oaks among the pines suggests what must have been, in the virgin stand, the climax tree. The army assembled by Siward, Malcolm, and Macduff would have marched under oak leaves. By the river is one immensely impressive piece of evidence suggesting that this was so. One tree, an oak, remains from—according to local testimony—the time of Macbeth. It stands in a riparian grove of grasses, weeds, and rusting junk. Nothing much is made of it. I used up half a morning finding it. A postman on the principal street of Birnam had told me about it. "The old trees are away now, unfortunately. But there is still one left. It is propped up." We picked our way downhill—my four small daughters, my wife, and I—along dirt pathways strewn with discarded plastic bottles and fragments of broken glass. The groundscape was somewhat cleaner and more inviting closer to the river, where another path ran along parallel to the current and passed under the high canopies of trees at least a century old. These were whips, seedlings, saplings by comparison with the tree we finally found. There it was, standing without fence or fanfare, its trunk outmassing the Heidelberg tun, its roemerian canopy all but stopping the sunlight: the last tree of Birnam Wood, a living monument to the value of staying put.

My wife and children and I joined hands, and we wrapped ourselves to the tree with arms extended. The six of us reached less than halfway around. The big oak was so gnarled that it appeared to be covered with highly magnified warts. Each of ten principal

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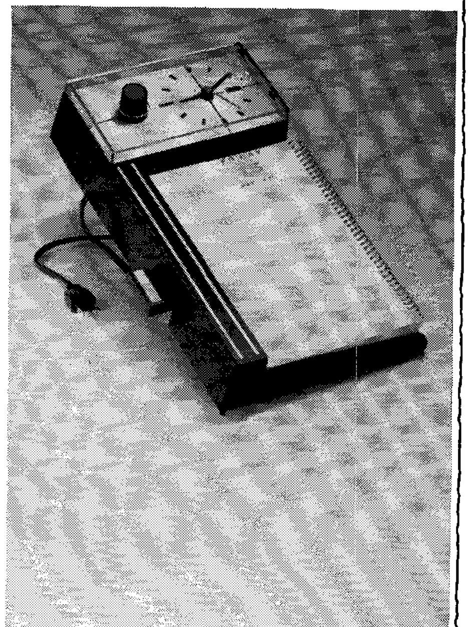

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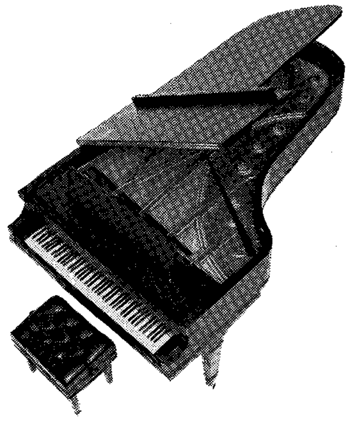
limbs had the diameter of a major oak in itself, and the lower ones, jutting out almost horizontally, were supported in six places by columns set in the ground. One great limb was dead. In the base of the trunk were cavelike holes. Lichen grew on the bark as if the tree were already down and moldering. But despite all that, the tree was green throughout its canopy—leafy and alive. This big oak alone could have camouflaged an army.

We sat down on the riverbank and had lunch. The Tay was fast, clear, and shallow, and about two hundred yards downstream was a small rip, a touch of white water. The flow was southerly, in the general direction of Dunsinane, so the army would have moved for some distance along the river on its way to the hill. We ate cold roast beef, white chocolate, and Islay Mini-Dunlop cheese. I reached up and took a leaf from the great oak, and we began the journey.

First, we stopped in at the Esso Autodiesel & Petrol Agency in Birnam and had the tank of our car filled, for five shillings sixpence halfpenny the gallon. The attendant gave the children Esso tiger tails. Below Birnam the riverine countryside was lush with wheat fields, haycocks, oats, barley. Multicolored lupines and wild foxgloves grew in meadows where herds of Aberdeen Angus were sleeping, all draped together with their necks across the necks of the cows beside them. It was a clear day, warm but not hot. A tractor plowing a field was followed by flights of seagulls. This was inland Scotland, but nothing in Scotland is far from the sea. The gulls were eating the worms that the tractor turned up. We moved through a grove of seventy-foot cedars, copper beeches, and hemlocks on a dark lane running among standing stones, through weirdly overgrown formal gardens, and past an Italianate castle no more than a century old, now boarded shut and falling to ruin. We later found in a book on Dunkeld and Birnam that this (Murthly Castle) had been the home of an exotic peer who had once ornamented the grounds with herds of buffalo from Wyoming. In his milieu, he may not have been eccentric. Even today, we know someone in the same part of Perthshire who keeps a considerable herd of pet red deer, and when he goes off in summer to the far north—to Caithness—he takes his red deer with him in chartered freight cars.

Murthly Hospital, for mental patients, came soon after Murthly Castle and was about a third of the way from



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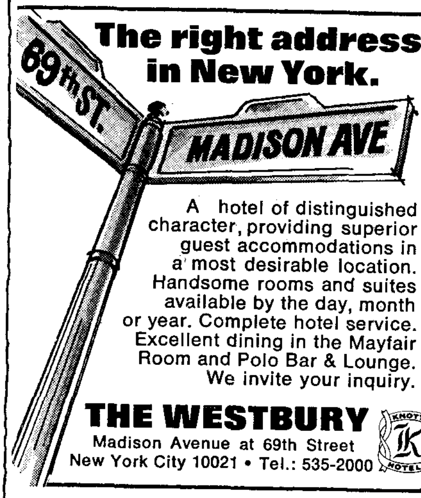

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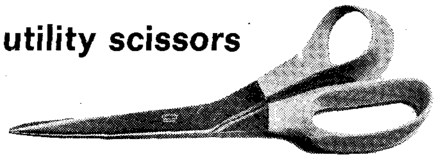

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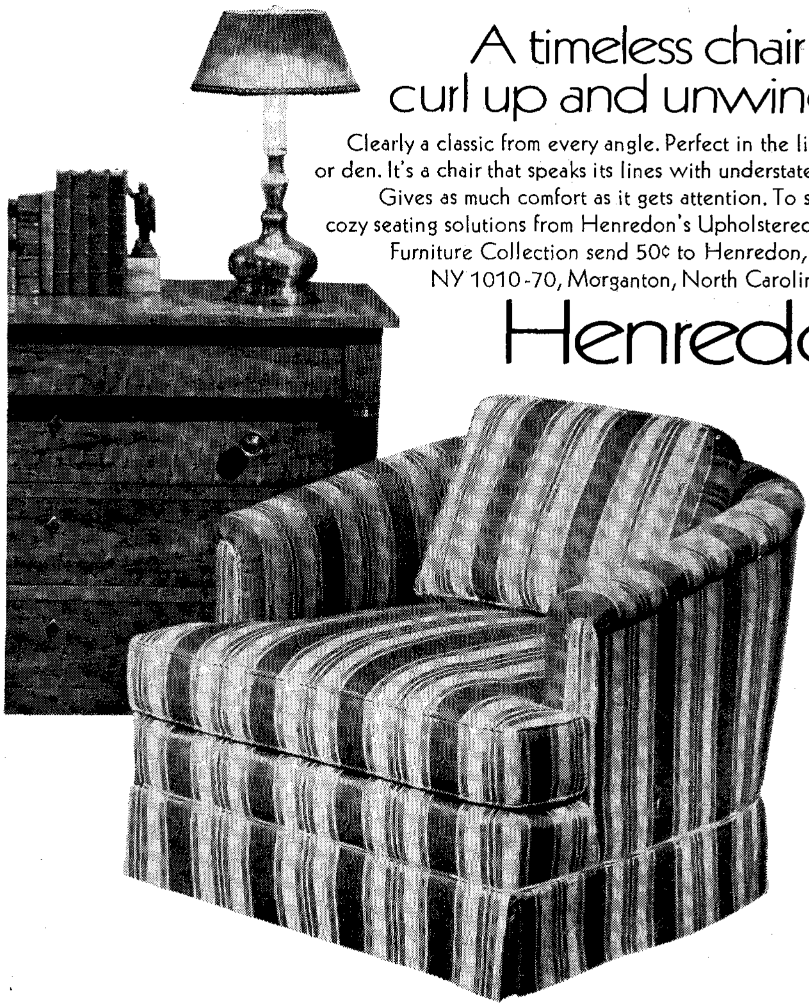
Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. Like the decaying structure upriver, the main buildings of the hospital, amorphous and ugly, must have been about a century old, and in their setting among woods and fields by the Tay they did not seem as forbidding in the sunlight as they must in the gloom of rain. The place belied itself, if it ever could, this day. Women sat on benches in brightly colored straw hats. Men in coveralls bowled on a lawn. Others gardened. Distress was invisible, but nonetheless my children were unnaturally quiet. Doctors crossed the grounds in white jackets. A big nurse, whose size was a kind of manifesto of control, carried a fragile and extremely old woman in her arms. Rows of stone cottages had names over their doors like Tuke, Robertson, Bruce. Among them, a giant and rusting television aerial was planted in the earth like a tree. One of the men on the bowling court left the game and ran toward us, smiling and waving his arms. I did not for a moment know what I wanted to do. He was running hard. Was I going to avoid him and renew, in one more way, his hurt; or was I going to become enskeined in a dialogue that could, in the end, be even less successful in the breaking? I left him behind, standing by the road, without expression, watching us go.

The country opened out again beyond the hospital, and the river made an erratic series of turns to the north, the east, the southeast, and, finally, the southwest, forming an irregular loop about two miles broad. Anybody moving overland from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane would cross this loop, and so did we, first going through the Haugh of Kercock, a low-lying meadow by the river. In a fank in the meadow, men were shearing sheep. Lambs were bleating wildly. Shorn ewes stood around looking silly and naked. One man had the head of a ewe in his arms, and was wrestling with her desperately, rolling on the ground. Moving on, we skirted a marshland called the Bloody Inches. Beautiful farm country followed toward Kinclaven, a village by the Tay, on the far side of the loop. In the fields, huge strawstacks had been constructed like houses—rectangular, with vertical walls, and tops sloping up to ridgelines. Moving along an unpaved lane, we came to a church that was black with age, and among the tombstones beside it a man was digging a grave. We stopped to ask him the way to Dunsinane. He said he had been digging graves there forty-four years and had been born and raised in Kinclaven but



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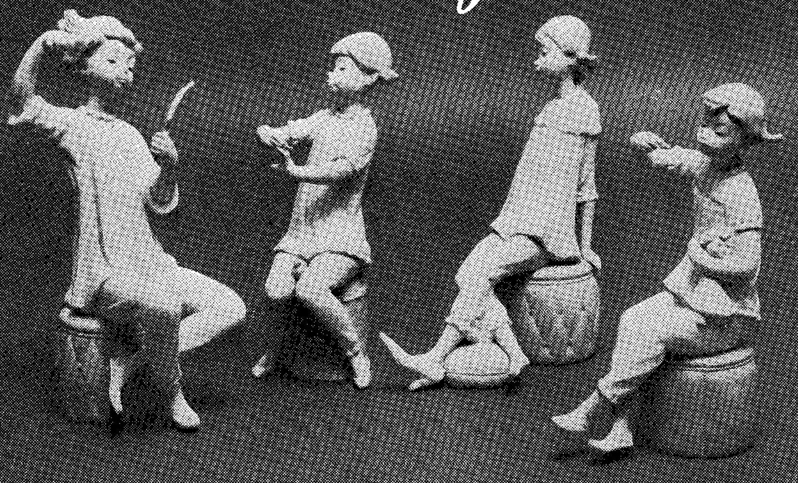

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had no idea how to get to Dunsinane. He said, "It's not far. It's a small place, I can tell you that." His shovel struck something in the ground. He explained that when he digs graves he often encounters the foundations of churches that, one after another, had been on the site before this one. A church must have been there when Macbeth's castle stood on Dunsinane Hill. According to the Scottish historian R. L. Mackie, Macbeth was so religious that he once made a pilgrimage to Rome. All the way to the Vatican and back, he flung money at the poor. Since he lived less than five miles away from Kinclaven, he and Lady Macbeth must have gone to church here from time to time.

We crossed the river, made a right, went through a railway embankment, made a left at Cargill Smithy, and began a long upgrade toward Gallowhill, Wolfhill, and Dunsinnan, through villages of strawstacks, and more wheat, oats, and barley in dark-red earth. We found Donald Sinclair among his steadings, some two miles from Dunsinane Hill.

Sinclair seemed amused that we wanted to climb his hill, and not at all put out. I had thought that people must come in battalions to Dunsinane, and that Sinclair probably spent a lot of his time protecting his land. He said that was not the case. A busload of Boy Scouts from Perth might turn up once in a rare while, but that was about all. Few people seem to realize that there really is a Dunsinane Hill. Shakespeare, he said, took an "n" out of Dunsinnan and added an "e," but did not create the hill. "The name in Gaelic means 'hill of the ants.' Streams of little men went up and down the hill when the castle was being built. Shall we go?"

We drove with him through fields and in woodland, made a few turns, and all at once saw a high green hill fringed with rowan trees and mountain ash in blossom. Dunsinane is at the southwestern end of the serrated line of the Sidlaw Hills. The other Sidlaws, reaching away to the northeast, were all mauve-brown with heather, and Dunsinane stood out among them because it was bright green. Heather apparently will not grow where man has ever performed his constructions. Even from the foot of Dunsinane, we could see that its summit was flat—absolutely truncated, as if it had been sliced level with a knife. We started up its grassy, southern slope. Sinclair's Herefords were grazing there. "I raise beef cattle," he said. "They summer on the hill. When a busload of Boy Scouts comes, it is

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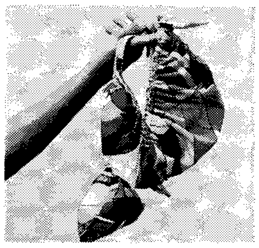
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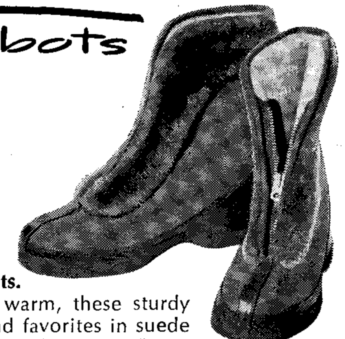
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much to my horror, because I've got a bull amongst the cows here." Sinclair was wearing wide-wale corduroy trousers, a threadbare baggy sweater, a shirt, a wool tie. Still in his forties, a tall man, he looked weathered, as if he had always been there. He seemed to be at one with his land and his hill, and nothing about his loose-postured walk suggested that he was a graduate of Sandhurst, which he was—a career military man, born on a wheat farm in Manitoba, raised in England, an Army officer from the Second World War until the early nineteen-sixties, when he became the tenant farmer of Dunsinane Hill. We went around a shoulder of the terrain. "There he is," Sinclair said. We passed close by a congenial-looking Hereford bull. He was rust-red, almost top-heavy, the kind of animal that appears to consist of about nine tons of solid steak, and, with his white-rug face, to be as fierce as Ferdinand. "We call him Old Joe."

The slopes of the hill rose and converged with an almost volcanic symmetry, so the climb became quite steep. We passed a spring. "This is where Macbeth got his water," Sinclair said. "The sort of outer fortifications must have reached this far." We kept moving up, breathing hard and not talking for a while, until Sinclair paused for a moment, tilted his head back, looked up at the summit, and said, "It's pretty impregnable, I should think. I shouldn't like to climb up here and have people pouring boiling oil on me."

The summit was flat and oval, and Macbeth's floor plan was evident there, for the foundation protruded in lumpy ridges under the turf. The castle was no cramped little broch. It was a hundred and twenty feet wide and two hundred and twenty-five feet long—just slightly larger than the Parthenon. Hill of the ants, indeed: Macbeth apparently did not do things by halves. The view from the summit over the patchwork Scottish countryside was extraordinary. It is a virtual certainty that Shakespeare never set eyes on Dunsinane. If he had, he would have described it. In fact, his entire description of Dunsinane Hill comes in two words, "high" and "great."

> Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
> Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
> Shall come against him.
>
> Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
> Some say he's mad.

Curlews and oyster catchers cried overhead. This was June, and we could

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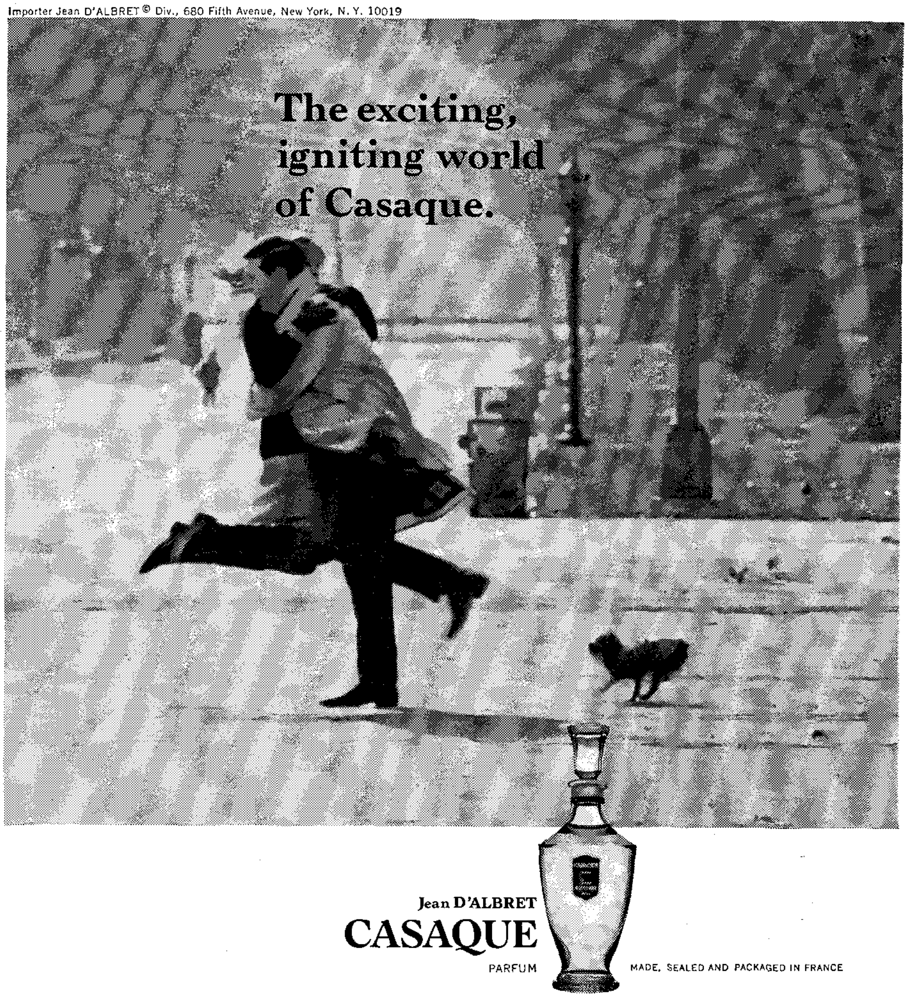

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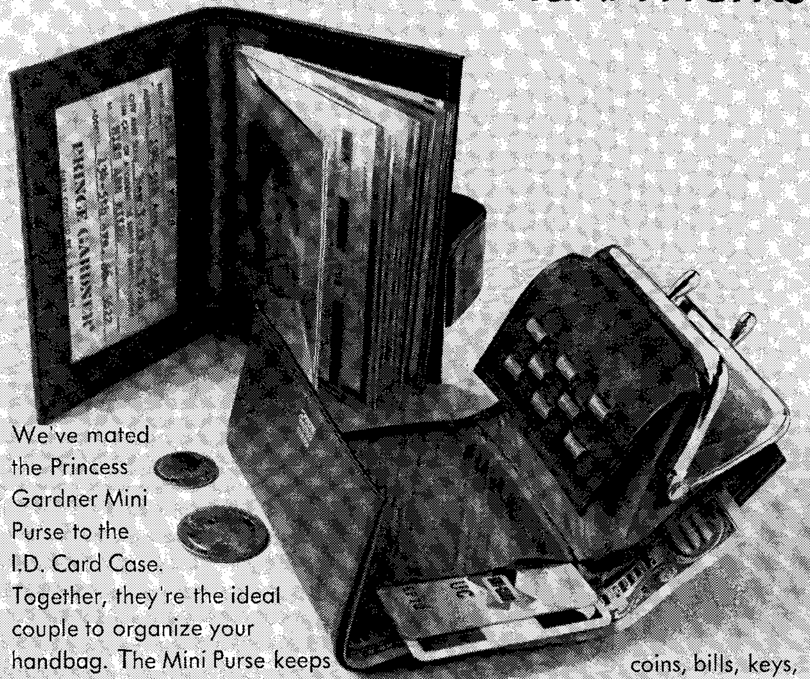

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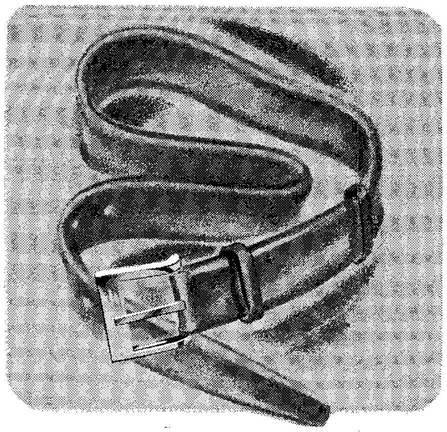

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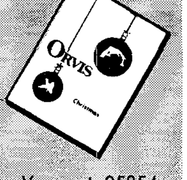

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see the Grampians, far in the distance, with snow still on them. We could see, three hundred and sixty degrees around us, a fifth of Scotland—to Fife, to Dundee—and out over the North Sea. It would be hard to imagine a more apt or beautiful setting for a fortress home. Sinclair said that the Picts had chosen the spot centuries before Macbeth, and that Dunsinane had been only one of a whole line of Pictish forts in the Sidlaws—"a sort of defense effort against the Vikings."

We sat down on the base of a rampart. A cool, erratic wind was blowing. Sinclair told us, offhandedly, that the supposed Stone of Scone now in Westminster Abbey is actually a worthless rock from Dunsinane Hill. He said that the real Stone of Scone had been buried in Dunsinane Hill long ago, when the substitute was chosen, and that the real one had been dug up in the nineteenth century only to be reburied after a short time, and that despite all the more recent flurries about the (fake) Stone of Scone in Westminster Abbey, the real one was still there in the hill. Sinclair pointed out Scone, over toward Perth, and added that that was the dullest direction to look in, for, with the dubious exceptions of Scone and Perth, "you can't see anything madly exciting." Closer in and on a more northerly line, he called attention to a small stone house trimmed in red, and he said, "That is where Macbeth settled his three wise women." Moving his hand, pointing, he said, "That farm down there is called Balmalcolm. The next one is Fairy Green, where they found a Pictish stone called the Spunky Dell. The trees down here on the north slope were planted by my father-in-law. He's reforesting. They are five-year-old Scotch pines and some larch."

Macbeth did not die at Dunsinane. Birnam Wood moved, and so forth, according to Holinshed's questionable "Chronicles," but Macbeth was ignominiously driven away, a fugitive king humbled before his people, and he lived three more years before he was killed, by Malcolm Canmore (Big-Headed Malcolm), on some undramatic moor in Aberdeen. I had been reading W. C. Mackenzie's history of the Highlands only a few days before this, and there on the summit of Dunsinane I found that I could almost remember verbatim Mackenzie's summary line: "By the irony of circumstances, Macbeth, branded as long as literature lasts with the stain of blood, was the friend of the poor, the protector of the monks, and the first Scottish king whose name appears in ecclesiastical records as the

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benefactor of the Church." It simply was not in him to shout at an enemy here on these ramparts in the hour of his death:

> I will not yield,
> To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
> And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
> Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
> And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
> Yet I will try the last. Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
> And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

The race being what it is, we prefer him the second way, and Shakespeare knew what we wanted. I had been twirling by its stem the leaf from the Birnam oak, and I dropped it on the top of the hill. We went down to Sinclair's farmhouse for tea, and tea included, among other things, banana sandwiches and Nesquik chocolate milk shakes.

MR. MACBETH, after a struggle over the check, paid for my breakfast. As we parted, he told me that he had once been a salesman of advertising space for a magazine, and that he had spent half his days in reception foyers waiting to get in to see various kinds of executives. On arrival, he would give his name routinely to the receptionist, then sit down, pick up a magazine, and wait. During this interval, slow, obscure, primordial stirrings would apparently go on in the receptionist's mind, for time and again—and never, he thought, with conscious intent—the girl would eventually say to him, "You may go in now, Mr. Macduff."

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

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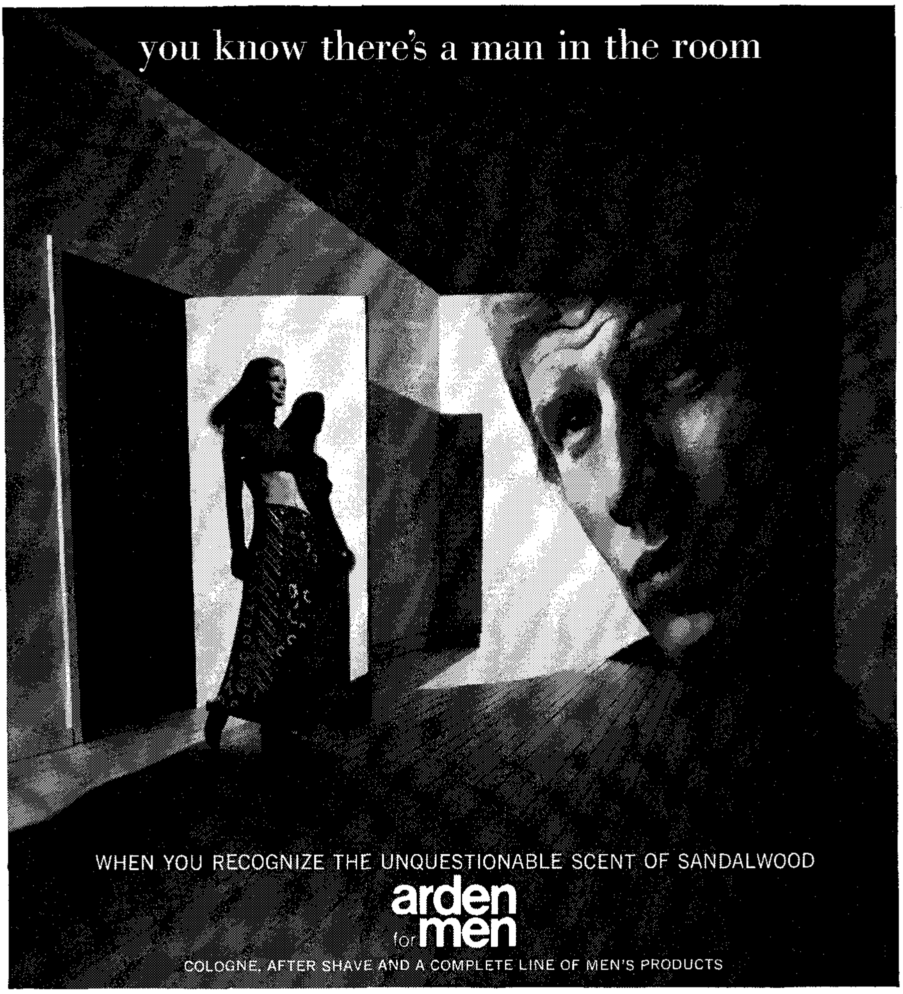
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THE ART WORLD

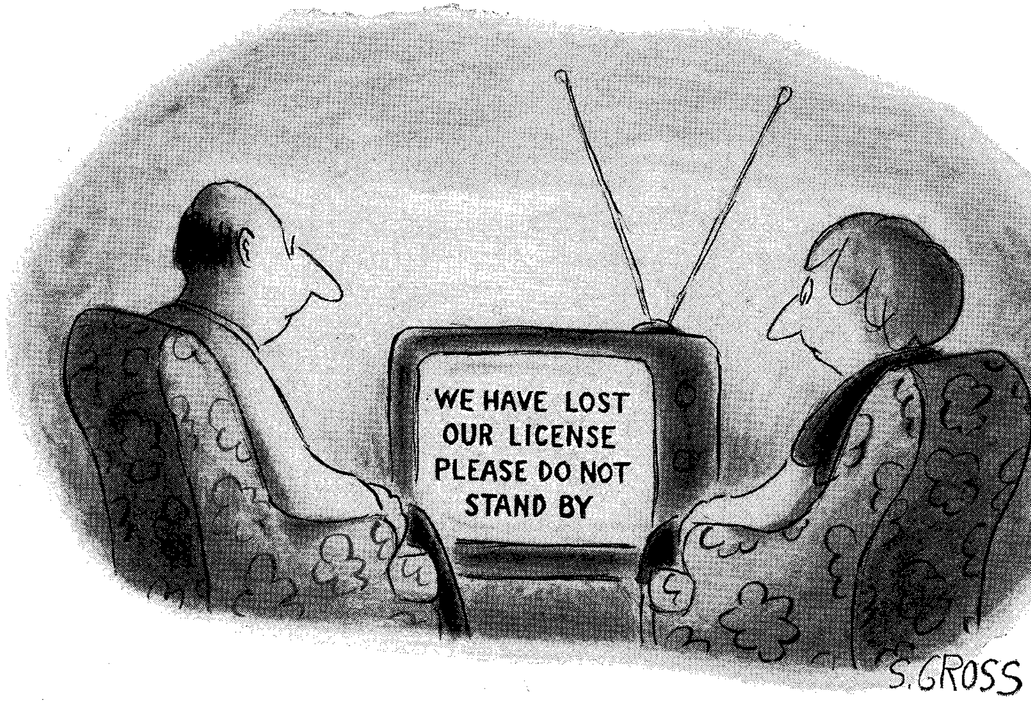
Dilemmas of a New Season

A MUSEUM under pressure to take a stand on Vietnam, women, or blacks finds it expedient to distinguish between history and art history. History includes repression and war; art history is concerned with these only insofar as they are reflected in works of art. Exhibiting "Guernica" does not imply that the Museum of Modern Art has taken a position against Franco, any more than exhibiting Ingres's "Odalisque with Slave" implies an attitude toward Women's Liberation or equal rights for blackamoor harem personnel. Theoretically, art belongs to a realm removed from temporal events; in it, a different measure of seriousness prevails. Even Trotsky, who judged human undertakings by their usefulness to the Revolution, conceded—in opposition to Lenin's dictum that "art belongs to the people"—that painting, or any other art, has interests that belong exclusively to itself. As the physical embodiment of the separateness of the arts, a museum is privileged to claim immunity from the issues of the moment. It represents the eternal in human performances, or at least the longer-lasting. In Malraux's view, the museum stands above the torments and defeat that the iron determinism of history inflicts on the man of action. Its sacred obligation is to compile and keep intact the record of human freedom and creativeness, and this demands that it resist adulteration by matters not yet resolved into the enduring forms of art.

In actuality, however, modern art has destroyed the barrier between art and events. Its history includes the history of non-art and anti-art; that is to say, of art amalgamated with cultural artifacts (flags, Coca-Cola bottles) and of works directed against aesthetic transcendence (Duchamp's "Mona Lisa" with mustache, Picabia's stuffed-monkey "portrait" of Cézanne, Renoir, and Rembrandt). Modern art has exalted creations that proclaim their own transience (disintegrating collages, Tinguely's self-destroying "Homage to New York"). Modernism identifies art that is lifted above nature and events with the Academy, and the continuity of avant-gardism lies in its attacks on the Academy's official delusion of permanence. Very early in our century, Futurism declared open war against monuments surviving from the past by raising the battle cry of Marinetti: "Burn the museums!" From readymades to earthworks, the aspiration of modernist painting and sculpture has been to mingle its products with the facts of life.

Thus two contrasting tempos have prevailed in the art of the past hundred years: the slowed pace of the academic "realm of art" and the event-stimulated dynamics of the vanguard. The interlocking of art and history, of the lasting and the ephemeral, has been a basic philosophical problem of the modern epoch—a problem oversimplified by both the academic detachment from current developments and the avant-garde immersion in them. Most of the outstanding thinkers and artists of the modern period either have established a position between these extremes or have contradicted themselves by asserting both. Marx, despite his general conception that the "cultural superstructure," to which art belongs, develops in conformity with the evolution of the means of production, held that Greek art jutted out of its time as "in certain respects . . . the standard and model beyond attainment." Baudelaire, father of modernist consciousness and impresario of "the hero of modern life," reviled the philistine belief in automatic progress through science and technology. Masters of modern art from Cézanne to Picasso and de Kooning have found in the art and attitudes of the past points of resistance to the drift of avant-gardist art movements in the wake of new inventions, theories, and social changes. In the prevailing era of "the revolutionary simpleton" (to recall the epithet of Wyndham Lewis), it has become clear that art is in constant danger of being liquidated into a defoliated presentness, as represented by the data of the mass media and by technological innovation.

Since the war, art museums in America have become increasingly avant-garde; in many respects, they have outstripped art itself in pursuit of the new. The plunge into the stream of change has radically altered the museum's earlier relation both to the past and to art. Aware of itself as a medium of mass education in novelty, it presents works of all times and places as *news*, laying stress on their "relevance" to the contemporary. The museum is of now and of time to come to a greater extent than it is of the past. Principal arbiter of what shall be considered art, it has recognized that the historian's tracing of stylistic relations between creations of the past and the present (including works lacking in style) confers upon him the power to magnify the effect of these works upon the future—or to nullify it. Like the political historian, the art historian has been recast into a conscious maker of history, not merely the orderly recorder of accom-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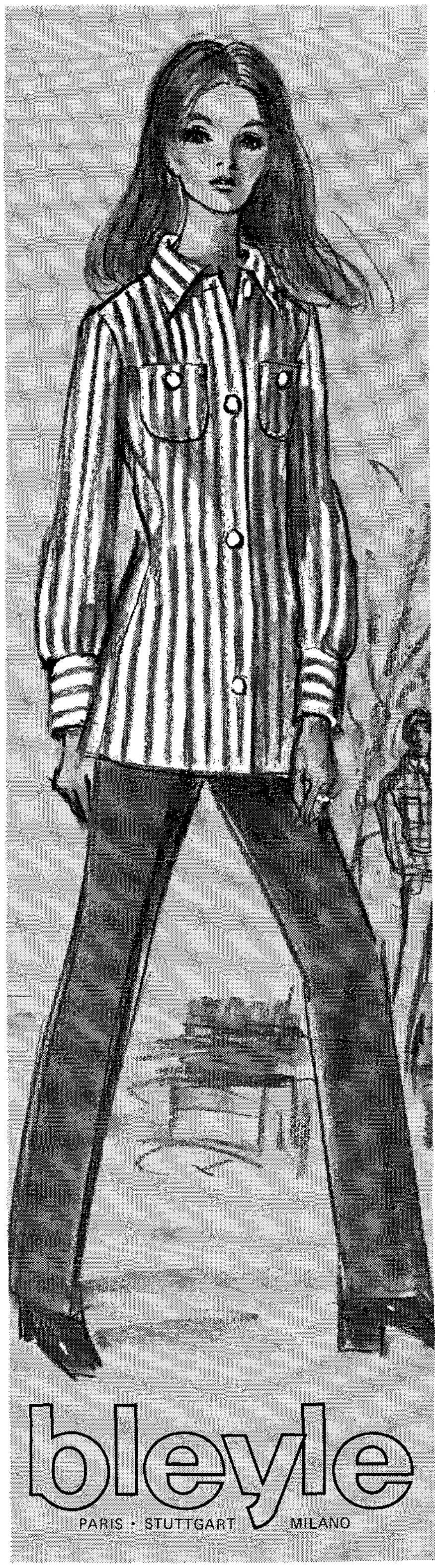

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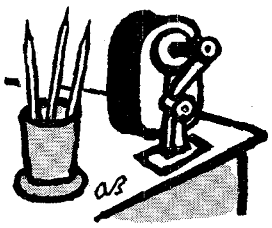
plishments of other times. In his freedom to participate in determining the direction of art, he has become an agitator. Since art in our time arises to a greater extent out of ideas about art than out of admired art objects (Cubism out of Cézanne's methods, rather than out of imitation of his landscapes and still-lifes), the evaluation of works cannot avoid being interpretive in a partisan way. Every major period-survey exhibition presented in the past two decades—"The 1930's" at the Whitney Museum, "The 1960's" at the Museum of Modern Art, the "New York School" at the Los Angeles County Museum, the "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" at the Metropolitan Museum, to name but a handful—has been a more or less aggressive use of aesthetics *cum* art history in an effort to direct the creation of art in the United States. In that its contemporary subject matter lacks definition and is contingent on the outcome of ideological conflicts, the museum is obliged to justify its choices of exhibitions by its strategic maneuvering of art in a state of development.

Since the museum, instead of being the embodiment of art history, has become an institutional power engaged in creating art history, its awareness of its aims has grown increasingly incoherent. To compensate for its cloudy relation to the art of the past, it endeavors to synthesize an aesthetic essence out of constantly changing ingredients. In the face of rising attacks on its social role, it is prepared to go as far as necessary toward self-transformation, stopping just short of not existing. Since the museum has voluntarily abandoned the closed garden of art in favor of playing a part in current history, its reason for excluding politics is no longer metaphysical but practical—more exactly, it is bureaucratic: "The museum is not an agency set up for political purposes." Yet in all except politics it collaborates with social change. Its stress is on informality and popular demand, and it is incessantly on guard against enveloping its exhibits in an aura of high culture or setting art apart from anything. Sharing the sentiment that in a democracy nothing ought to exist—at least in public—that is not for everyone, it firmly repudiates "élitism," though this has not prevented it from continuing to sanctify an assortment of heroes. Adjusted to the cultural egalitarianism of the museum, art appears to be a kind of protean, catch-all mass medium, into which are filtered minor currents of invention excluded by the more firmly channelled media—such as broadcasting, films, circuses, and parlor games.

An interview conducted on television in July by Aline Saarinen with Mr. John Hightower, director of the Museum of Modern Art and negotiator with artists' protest groups, summed up attitudes underlying the activities of museums, from their overall programs and interests to their "community-service" orientation (e.g., the "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition at the Metropolitan) and their hospitality to new industrial substances and processes (e.g., "The Machine" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art and the show presented by Experiments in Art and Technology, or E.A.T., at the Brooklyn Museum). What emerged was a popularist outlook (Hightower called it "human") and the determination to dissolve painting and sculpture into broader aesthetic streams. (I have heard suggestions in other quarters that the word "artist," limited by its association with the studio, be dropped in favor of "art man"—a creator in any genre, from furniture to leather sandals.)

In reply to a question about what "people should experience in museums," the spokesman for the Museum of Modern Art declared that "first of all it ought to be fun," and said that he hoped this fun might be "connected with some sort of visual experience which they [the spectators] may not get anywhere else" (presumably an undersea expedition would qualify). Having thus characterized the museum as an agency of mass entertainment and education, Hightower proposed an unlimited expansion of its critical-aesthetic function: the museum, he speculated, might operate as "a kind of editor to pick on elements that affect all the things that go on in contemporary society." Nothing, apparently, would escape its attention and the benefit of its expertness. It would, Hightower went on, "recognize [he did not explain how] what is, essentially, a very valid artistic expression, whether it's gardening or pulling the magnificent bird out of the oven on Christmas Day." In effect, the museum would amount to a species of aesthetic commissariat passing on "the look and character of everything." Yet it would, according to Hightower, re-



main resolutely non-political, since to take a stand on matters that agitate artists and the public, such as the war in Vietnam, would weaken its authority "as a kind of detached, unsullied, unbought, and unbuyable critic."

Leaving aside the self-declared moral and intellectual immaculateness of the museum (Hightower later readily admitted that his museum was a "club" of a small group of trustees, dealers, and artists), its present nature, according to Hightower, is such that it can take in anything as "very valid artistic expression" but, like the museum of the past, will take in politics only in the form of the aesthetic. The "Information" exhibition that occupied the Museum of Modern Art throughout the summer displayed a glass mechanism for polling visitors on a statement by Governor Rockefeller about Vietnam; this animated ballot box remained on the acceptable side by being a visually stimulating artifact. But a Black Panther distributing literature—also an information-disseminating mechanism—would be ruled out on the ground that he is beyond the frontier of the aesthetic. Perhaps if the Panther were set in a frame or enclosed in a plastic case . . . Obviously, the rule of "artistic expression" is inadequate to exclude politics as strictly as the earlier rule of art could, and if pressure mounts, the museum's ban will have to be enforced on completely arbitrary grounds. This is another way of saying that in regard to social issues the museum today is intellectually demoralized.

In Hightower's perspective, which evidence indicates is typical of museum avant-gardism, art institutions are on their way to becoming totally integrated into social activity, except for its political aspects. The museum wishes to "serve the community;" in this it is already political. But its service must be confined to the aesthetic or to the aesthetic side of things—for example, paintings on the exposed walls of slum buildings. Having helped to dissolve art into life, the museum wishes to segregate life as art. But when painting and sculpture are made equal to other forms of "visual experience," including Christmas turkeys, what grounds remain for denying the demands of militants that excellence in art be subordinated to the notions of "relevance" put forward by women, blacks, peace fighters, "younger artists"? When everything has found its way into the museum, the place of art will have to be outside it.

Listening to Hightower, his television interviewer appeared to gain the

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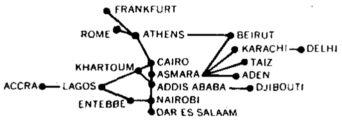
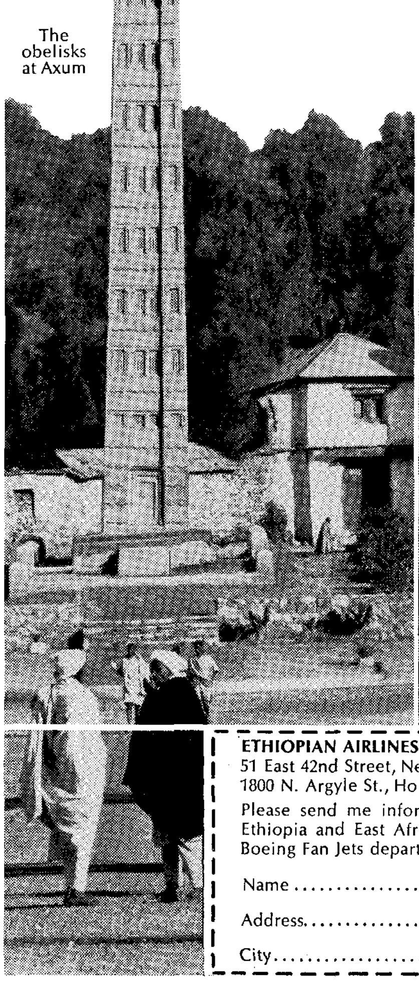
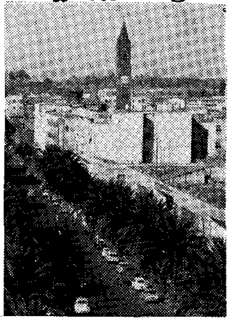



The obelisks at Axum



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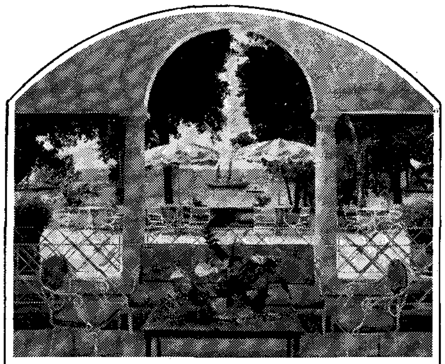

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impression that paintings and sculptures had become superfluous at the Museum of Modern Art. "If you had your way," she asked, "would you move up to the older museums in the country what are now the Old Masters of modern art?" The director thought this "a really ticklish question" but decided that for practical reasons it was not expedient for the Museum to get rid of its art collection at this time.

Like the director of the Museum, its "Information" exhibition took the offensive against painting, and in the name of the aesthetic. It invoked political crisis to discredit putting paint on canvas, but the exhibition itself had no political point. Consisting of varieties of electronic communication devices and their screens and punch cards, huge blowups of magazine art reviews, recorded poems by Bobby Seale, spectator-questioning booths, slogans, photographs, number games, "Information" was an aesthetic cuddling with politics as a substitute for thinking about it. In a book issued by the Museum in conjunction with the exhibition, Mr. Kynaston McShine, who directed the show, called attention to "the general social, political, and economic crises that are almost universal phenomena of nineteen-seventy," and he indicated that, in the light of torture in Brazil, imprisonment in the Argentine, and shootings in the United States, "it may seem too inappropriate, if not absurd, to get up in the morning, walk into a room, and apply dabs of paint from a little tube to a square of canvas." Recognition of the existence of historical crisis by artists and critics is a welcome change from the sealed-off formalism of the nineteen-sixties; there are indications that the latest fashion of the art world, even for the most stubborn hierarchs of pure abstraction and "quality," is to be "politically concerned" (but not political). Still, McShine's description of painting, down to his reference to the shape of his imaginary canvas, echoed the impoverished formalist conception and repudiated not a particularly empty kind of painting but painting itself.

At the same time, "Information" was in no sense a call to join up and go fight against tyranny and war, as left-wing works in the thirties urged people to do. The exhibition used a political argument to reinforce an aesthetic that, like Hightower's diffused "artistic expression," could provide a negation of art. Such exhibits as rows of computer digits, a telephone with which one could dial a poem or Walter de Maria's wall-sized self-advertise-

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ment in a clipping from *Time*, could hardly be more effective against police brutality in Rio de Janeiro or Los Angeles than a painting, no matter how non-political, or de Maria's sculpture of a bed of spikes (not in the "Information" show). What was at work in "Information" was the eagerness of the Museum to welcome a kind of up-to-dateness in which the role of painting and sculpture would be reduced. That this was a paramount motive of the exhibition is indicated by McShine's portentous yet not unfamiliar observation that "the whole nature of collecting is perhaps becoming obsolete. And what is the traditional museum going to do about work at the bottom of the Sargasso Sea [Mr. Hightower's "visual experience that the spectator may not get anywhere else"], or in the Kalahari desert, or in the Antarctic, or at the bottom of a volcano [this should be one place the museum might want to stay out of]? How is the museum going to deal with the introduction of the new technology as an everyday part of its curatorial concerns?"

With its presumption of an aesthetic competence capable of reaching into "all the things that go on in contemporary society," the museum of today is sensitive to the poverty of painting compared to the infinite forms of nature and the man-made. The "Software" show current at the Jewish Museum ("software" is the input and the output of information-processing systems; e.g., a telegram, ticker tape) quotes the challenge of its director, Professor Jack Burnham, author of "Beyond Modern Sculpture," to the effect that his display "makes none of the usual qualitative distinctions between art and technology. Rather, it defines technology as a pervasive environment altering our consciousness vastly more than art." (In the Arctic, the same could be said of snow, so it seems rather parochial not to exhibit an igloo.) "At a time when," Burnham continues, "aesthetic insight must become a part of technological decision-making, such art/technology divisions seem nonsensical." Here again the aesthetic has taken precedence over art, and in opposition to it. The museum has come to share the values of the design department of an electronics company or of American Motors, sponsor of "Software." The attitude toward painting is not merely indifference but a hostile wish to extinguish it as obsolete. History, in the form of technology, has condemned painting and those to whom it still has meaning; a publicized item of "Software" consists of the ashes of the "en-

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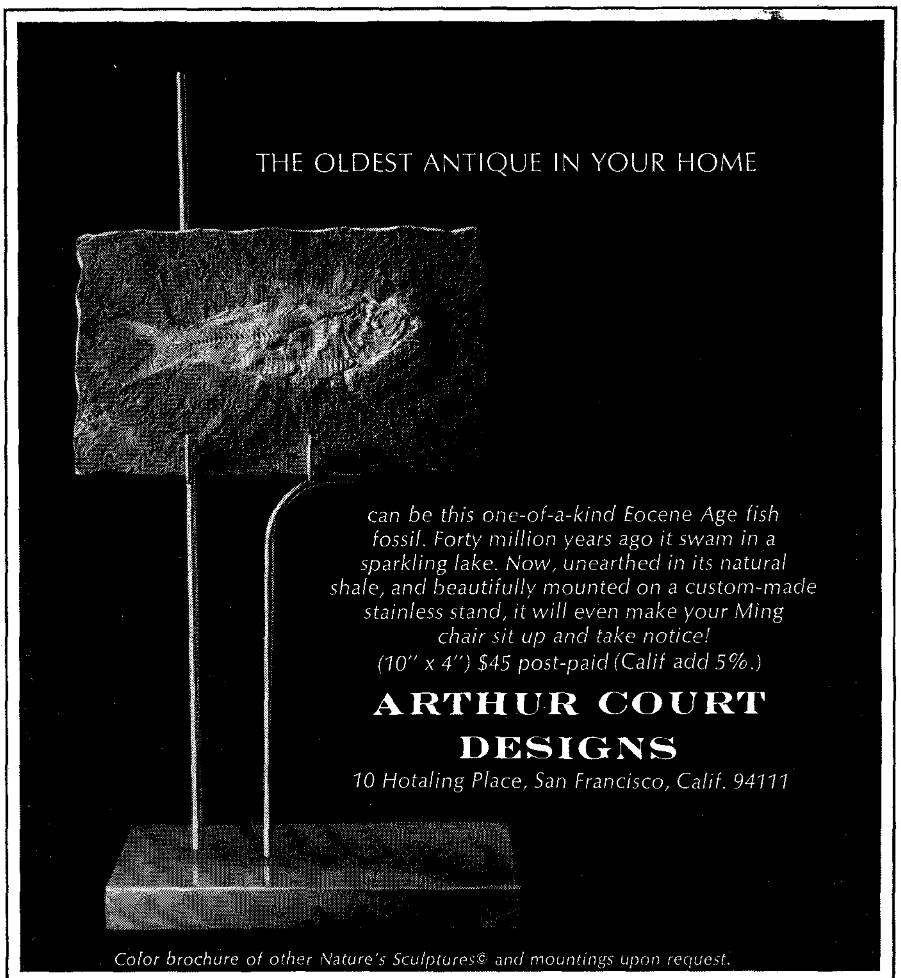

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tire lifetime of artworks" by a former painter and sculptor who saw the light last summer and took his creations to the crematory. This destiny for things ideologically declared to be historically outlived ought to have given the Jewish Museum a shudder.

Professor Burnham quotes McLuhan in support of his time putsch: "The artist senses at once the creative possibilities in new media, even when they are alien to his own medium, whereas the bureaucrat of art and letters moans and bristles whenever his museum of exhibits is threatened by invasion or desertion." Significantly, in view of the activist and "creative" role assumed by organizers of museum exhibitions, Burnham has apparently forgotten that he is a professor and has identified himself as an artist, while deriding painters as "bureaucrats." (Incidentally, shortly after the opening of "Software," a fracas developed between exhibitors and the Museum concerning the incorporation of quotations from Eldridge Cleaver and Mao Tse-tung.)

The dilemma of the museum is that it takes its aesthetic stand on the basis of art history, which it is helping to liquidate. The blending of painting and sculpture into the decorative media, the adulteration of styles, the mixing of genres in order to create an "environment" for the spectator have completed the erosion of values derived exclusively from the art of the past which was begun by the avant-garde art movements. What is needed to replace those values is a critical outlook toward history and the part of creation in contemporary culture, politics, and technology. Aesthetics does not exist in a vacuum. The museum seems unaware how precarious it is to go as far out from art as it has on no other foundation than its simple-minded avant-gardism. In the direction it has taken, nothing awaits it but transformation into a low-rating mass medium.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

NEW YORK (UPI)—Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, the New York Stock Exchange's firm, has reported a sharp drop in net income for the first half of 1970.

First half profits dropped to $605,000 from $1,930,000 in the comparable 1969 period. Commissions, fees and other income dropped to $10,824,000 from $16,062,000.

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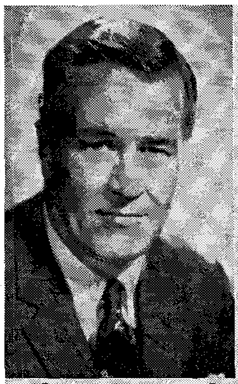

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BEING A LILY

WHEN Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," he was making an economic statement. Solomon's outgoings must have been appalling: wives, concubines, children, priests, eunuchs, functionaries, visitors, ceremonials, pensioners, the stables, the upkeep of his botanical and zoological gardens, the obligation to tip everybody in sight—it is not surprising that he wrote those wistful passages about contentment and the simple life. Subsequent Solomons have invented their evasions. They live very quietly and don't entertain, they buy works of art which will go to the nation in lieu of death duties, they can't afford a family. But they can't escape responsibilities. The state becomes dependent on them; they are taxed for its support; the richer they are the more they are taxed, and if they become less rich it is no real pleasure to them because they dread poverty. Either way, ruin stares them in the face. The lily lives within its means. It knows no obligations, it has no little lilies dependent on it. As it cannot toil or spin, it has no ambition to better its lot by doing so. It doesn't even do the best it can. It just does.

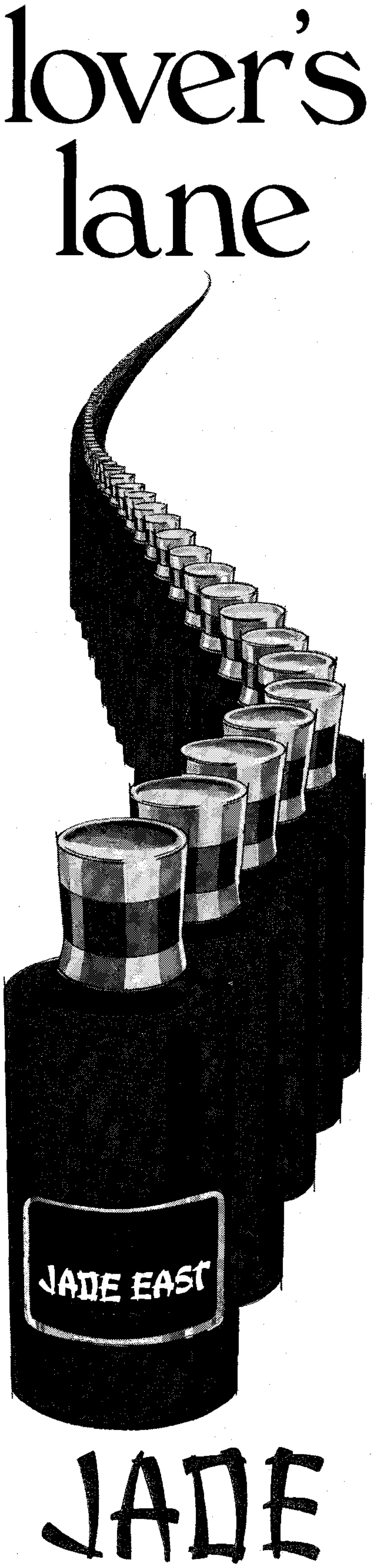
For a few years of my life I approximated to the lily state. I had a salary of £150 a year, which I drew from the bosom of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, much as the lilies drew their stipend of chemicals from the soil of Palestine. I had a yearly allowance of £100 from my family, tantamount to a Palestinian rainfall. My flat in Bayswater, London, was rented at £90. I lived with economic trimness on £160 a year. I had no dependents, no claims on that £160 except when my friends needed to borrow from me. From time to time I felt hungry, and in winter I often felt cold. But I never felt poor.

I was fortunate in having few preconceived ideas. Preconceived ideas embody the wisdom of the ages; they are bound to be at least ten years out of date; and as I began my life as a lily in the autumn of 1917 the ideas of 1907 would not have very precisely applied. But a few had adhered to me. One of these was that good managers always keep accounts, superlatively good managers by double entry. After ten days or so of carefree shopping around, discovering a fishmonger who sold winkles, the hit-or-miss rewardingness of broken biscuits, the convenience of ready-made Beef Olives (small wads of hard-pressed mince flavored by machinery and cased in sanguine glaze, and one soon grew tired of them), I called myself to heel and bought an account book, and coming home with my purchases I sat down to enter them; but on the one page only, as I did not think I would bother about double entry just then:

Winkles	4d
2 bread rolls	2d
¼ lb butter	2s
Watercress	2d
Violets	3d
Carrots	5d
Account Book	9d

I added it up. It came to four shillings and a penny. This was more than I reckoned for. I was alarmed. Yet I did not seem to have been extravagant. The violets were licensed: some eminent person—Goethe, perhaps, or Ruskin or Seneca—had said that to spend nothing on the Beautiful was an ill-balanced economy; and I had spent almost twice as much on the carrots. The truth blazed out on the page. *Account Book 9d.* To spend all that good money on an account book was waste and ostentation. I couldn't call the money back, but at least I would not squander any more time on keeping accounts.

The discrepancy between the bread rolls and the butter did not alarm me. Butter was then eight shillings a pound. As I could do nothing about this, I accepted it, reclining on Pragmatism. Eggs were a shilling each; and as one of the few things I knew how to cook was an omelette it was quite a tussle to recline. But when I came home one wet December morning and cracked the egg I had carried so carefully and so hopefully and found it was a bad one, I determined on action and put the egg in a teacup. Holding the teacup in one hand, supporting an umbrella with the other, I walked up Queen's Way, Bayswater, to confront the grocer. Placing the teacup before him, I said with dignity that I was



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not prepared to pay a shilling for a bad egg, and that he must replace it with a good one. He made some general remarks on the sad lot of those dealing in eggs and passed to the larger theme of the hardships of war. I repeated my demand for a replacement. Scrambling unwillingly out of the trenches, the grocer said it hardly seemed fair. There were other customers in the shop, and I felt they were inclined to side with the grocer, self-interest overriding abstract notions of justice. Then a burly voice with an Irish accent remarked, "The lady's right. It's the Law of the Land." No Lord Chief Justice in his ermine could have looked more monumentally irreproachable, though in point of fact he ran errands for the betting shop round the corner. We unanimously accepted his word for it. The grocer gave me another egg. It was a good one.

I feel no remorse about that egg, and I don't think the grocer held it against me—much. Good manners obliged me to go on patronizing him, and, though we never achieved cordiality, we were able to converse with decency about the non-animate, such as biscuits. What my conscience still brings to mind when I have exhausted all other subjects for repentance is the Hoover salesman. Yet it wasn't altogether my fault. Twice he had knocked at my door and assured me that ladies who bought vacuum cleaners led changed lives and never regretted it, and that a demonstration would involve me in nothing; all he asked was that I should see for myself. And twice over I had told him in all seriousness that I could not afford to buy a Hoover, that I couldn't undertake to pay by installments, that he must go away and forget me. Apparently, something about me was unforgettable—some housewifely smut on my nose, perhaps, or perhaps the vista of grime and neglect he glimpsed through the doorway. For he came again; and this time my mind must have been elsewhere, for before I could stop him he had come into my sitting room and writhed a great serpent after him. "It's no use," I said. "I can't afford it. I don't want it." But he replied that if he could have the loan of a stepladder he would begin with the curtains.

I fetched the stepladder. He and the serpent ascended it. I think that briefly I had in my heart a mute desperate prayer that he might fall off and end it that way. But the prayer was brief. Why should I wish him to end untimely something which he had set his heart

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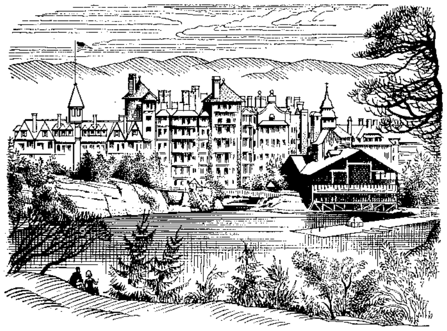

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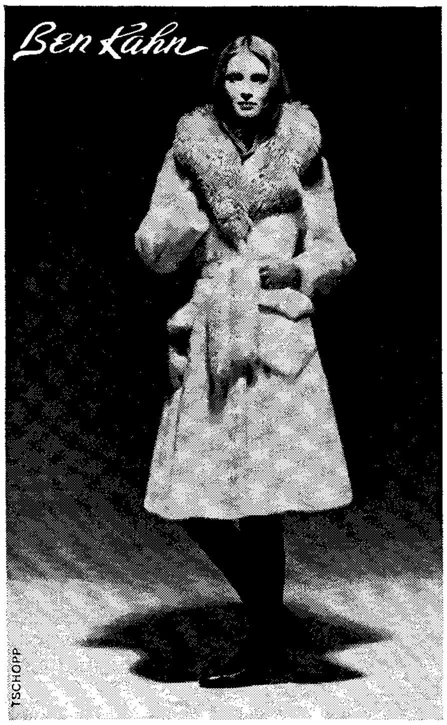

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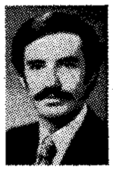
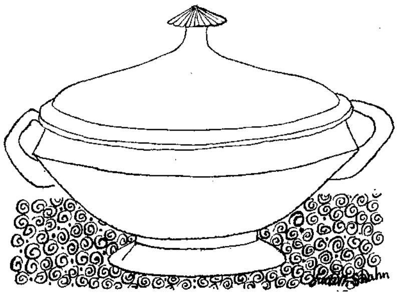
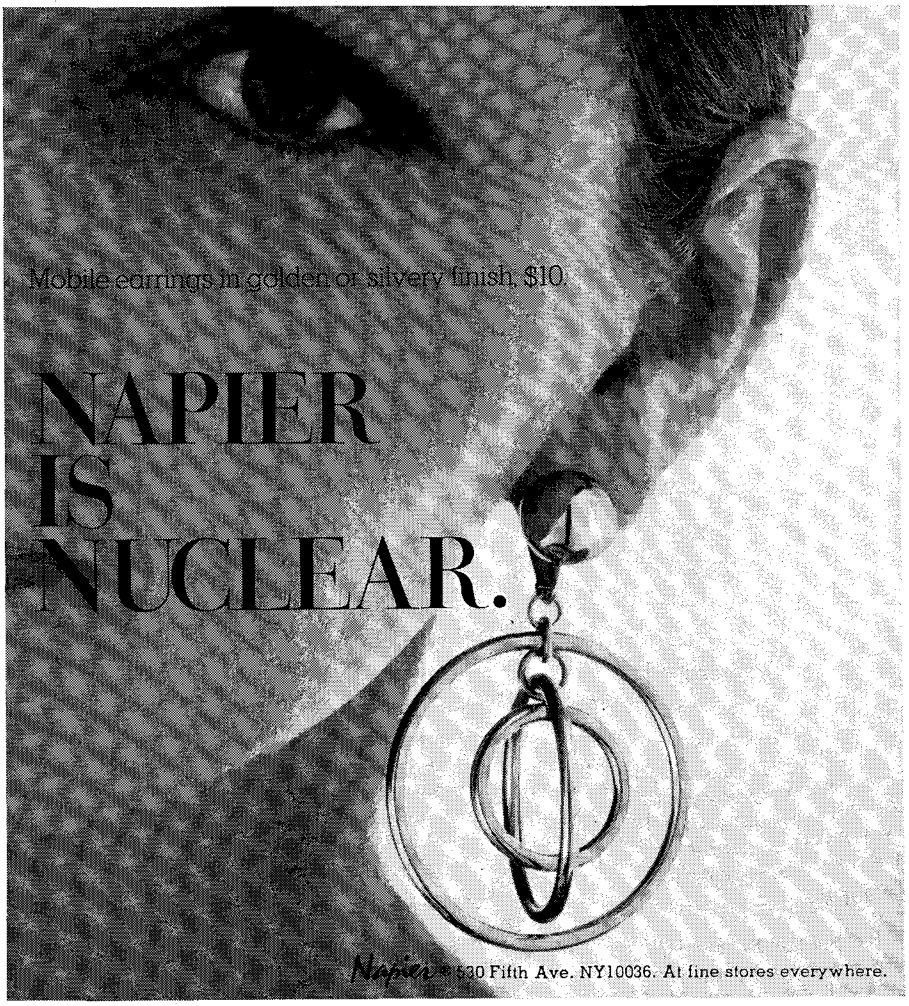


on? Such a fine opportunity, too, to show what his Hoover could do if really put to it. When he had done with the curtains, I would unflinchingly send the poor man away. But by the time he was down the ladder and working on the rugs I was furtively strewing cigarette butts in the serpent's way for the satisfaction of watching them swallowed up and machinery triumphing over matter. I must say, the result of all this was marvellous. I would not have known my sitting room for my own, and I was able to say with real feeling in my voice how sorry I was I could not afford a Hoover when I gave him five shillings I could not afford either. But it was a shabby proceeding, and if there were a Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Hoover Salesmen (S.P.K.H.S.) I would subscribe conscience money to it.

IN other respects, my virtues walked their narrow round, and I don't think I did anything reprehensible unless it were putting on my hat whenever my doorbell rang so that in case of bores I could mendaciously exclaim, "Oh, how unfortunate! I am just going out," and walk as far as the Underground with them—a mere hundred yards and well worth it.

There was no incentive to do anything reprehensible. I was happy and contented as I was. If I wanted diversion, I had London to divert myself in. If I wanted a breath of the Orient, I could snuff it in Penny Fields or watch a local Archimandrite buying cod fillet (Bayswater abounded in Archimandrites) and wonder why the religious life leads inevitably to cod. If I wished to feel ennobled, I had the Wren Orangery at hand. If I needed amusement, London is rich in public statuary, and if the weather wasn't suitable for that, I could sit indoors reading "Tom Jones." And any impulses toward lawbreaking were looked after by thrift. For though thrift in moderation cannot be called anti-social, I don't know anything to equal it for giving one a sense of roguery and cardsharping. Every little advantage I filched from circumstances, every penny I

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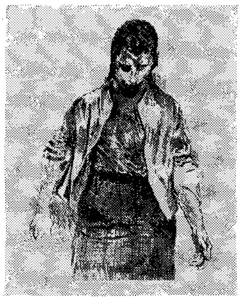
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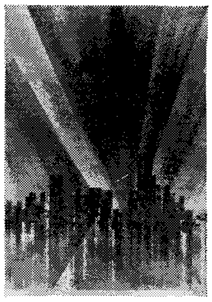
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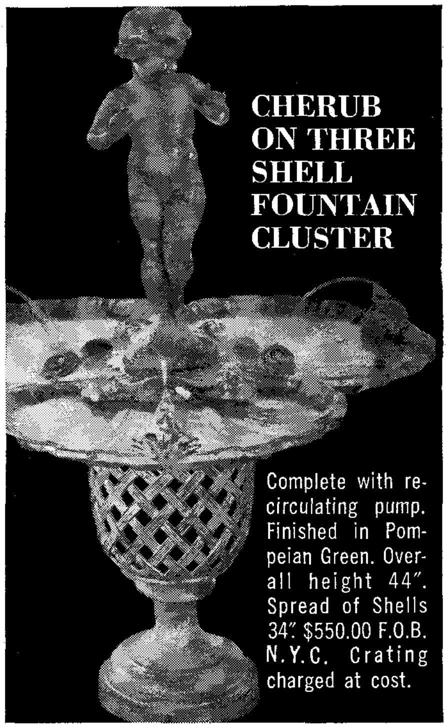

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stretched into three halfpence, every profitable abstention, every exercise of forethought, every stratagem and purloined opportunity made me feel as gay as Macheath. I used to walk into the British Museum, expand in that warmth, smell that ambrosial floor polish, and settle down to my Carnegie United Kingdom Trust affair in the Manuscript Room, smirking at the thought that for hours and hours I would be kept warm by public expenditure, and more than half believing that this was due to my own unaided cleverness and good management. But it must be thrift in moderation. I was careful to eschew carnal mortifications; I never debased myself by giving up smoking.

On fuller consideration of the lilies, however, I suspected I wasn't being all I should be: I was deficient in the article of being arrayed. I don't mean my outward raiment. Like the ladies of Boston, I had my hat. But I lacked, so to speak, sheen, moral splendor, the gloriousness and baroque of extravagance. I was happy and contented and doing, I considered, nicely; but doing nicely was not enough. I should occasionally blaze, and blaze on my own initiative, not always leave it to Sir Christopher Wren.

One cannot blaze to order. I remember standing outside a shopwindow which displayed a great number of objects, some shiny, some furry, all in their various ways coquettish, or rendered so, if inherently sober like alarm clocks, by bows. A placard in the center of the window read "ACCEPTABLE GIFTS," and I thought morosely that if taken in the leanest sense of the words this was an adequate statement. I felt very differently going out of my way to linger outside the window of a gallery where the sole object was a little Courbet of two dark-green pears. I blazed, all right. But the little Courbet was beyond the bounds of any extravagance I could reach to. A few weeks later, it was gone. So were the Acceptable Gifts, and replaced by bed linen, for it was the season of White Sales. I had noticed this and walked on when I realized that something was about to take place in me; not, as I first surmised, a sneeze: an extravagance. I was going to buy that pair of sheets. Apprehending without conscious vision, I had seen that depth of white, that smooth swan web of fine linen—which is as tough, too, as the noble swan. I knew I would have them. I knew I would have to fight for them. For Prudence was yelling in my ears about the electric-

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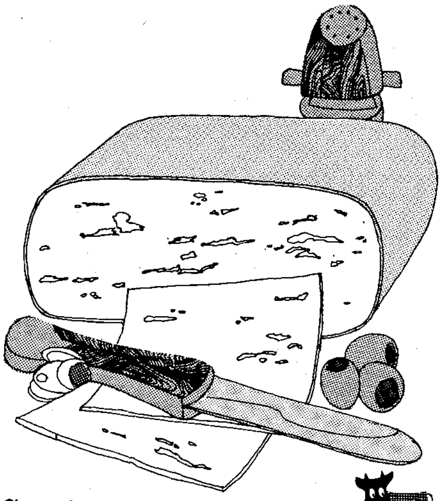

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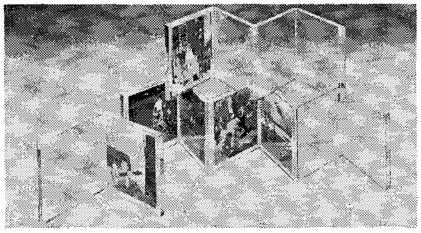

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ity bill, and half of my mind was ranged on her side, reminding me that thrift was not only for fun—that freedom depended on it, since if I couldn't live within my £160 I should have to leave my stately solitude and doss down in some dreary receptacle for working girls. I turned round and walked back to the shop, and Prudence followed me, now yammering about justification. And on the threshold of the shop the answer glided into my mind, smooth as linen. The sheets would do to shroud me in. So I went in and bought them.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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2. When making your call, the Commanding Officer desires that you arrive at the exact time scheduled—not before and not later. Since promptness is essential and since there might be difficulty locating the Commander's home, it would be advisable to make a "dry run" sometime before the call.

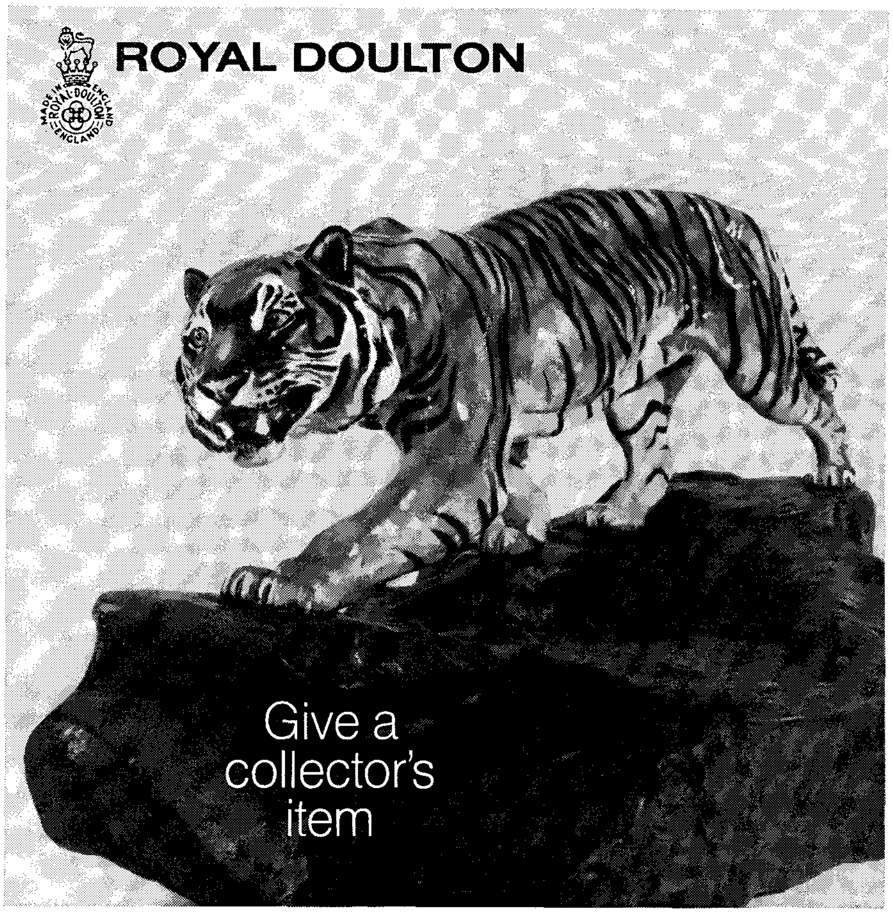
3. The Commander desires that the call last 20 minutes. Enjoy your visit, and if refreshments are offered you may accept as you desire. When it is time to leave make your excuses politely and depart. One might say, "Thank you Col. and Mrs. . . . . . for your hospitality, we have enjoyed the visit and we must be leaving." You may be asked by the Commanding Officer not to hurry off, but to stay. Your reply at this time is "Thank you, but we must be going." Then go without lingering.

4. When calling on the Commander, good etiquette requires that you and your wife leave calling cards. Make sure that you do and that you leave the proper number. For the call on the Commander, the officer will leave two cards and his wife will leave one card. The cards will be left in the silver tray in the hallway. Look for it upon entering. It should be obviously apparent.

5. The correct dress for the officer is a conservative dark business suit, and for his wife, a suit appropriate for the season, to include purse and gloves.

6. If you have any questions prior to making the call, consult the S-1 Officer. Remember, the call is official in nature, it is a mandatory requirement, and it should be done in the prescribed manner.

ANDREW L. LENTILE
LTC, MI
S-1



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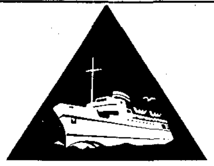

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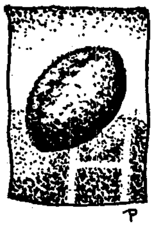
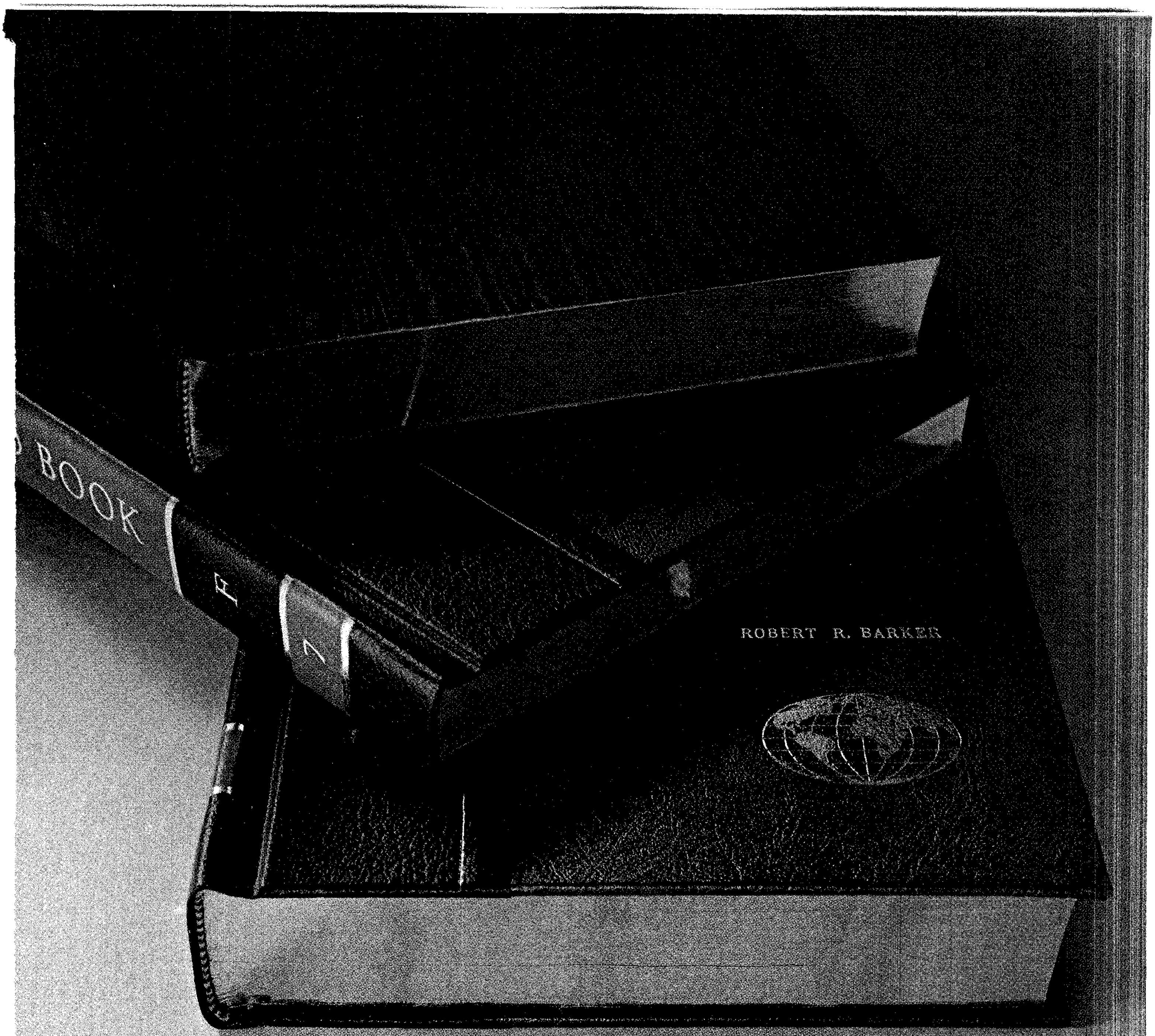


COLUMBIA is not yet the gem of the ocean, but it is on its way. Though at times it appears to be made up entirely of its brisk new quarterback, Jackson, the real meat of the matter is the four or five members of the palace guard, all two hundred pounds and better, who flank him until he has time to decide where he is going to throw, and unless someone devises a solvent for all this weight, the combination of Jackson-to-Parks (a collaboration worth three touchdowns against Princeton last Saturday) will be steadily troublesome. (Princeton's heavyweight defense was certainly *not* the solvent.) Columbia could have beaten Princeton, upending a tradition of twenty-five years' standing, except for a coach's careful attention to detail. Noticing that Antal, a reformed soccer player, whose sole function is Princeton's place-kicking, pulls the ball wide to the left, he told his problem child to aim for a piece of blue sky five yards to the right of the goalposts. On Saturday, Antal, following through, kicked the points after his team's three touchdowns, plus a fourth-quarter field goal, and Princeton beat Columbia, 24–22, instead of losing, 22–21. Well, specialists of this sort are the coming thing, but I prefer someone like Bjorklund, big, beefy, fast, who can run the ball for Princeton up the middle or around the ends, or throw it accurately down the alley, or punt it out of bounds inside the enemy's five-yard line. Let it be said, in conclusion, that the defensive measures taken by the corner backs against Jackson's catchers and Bjorklund's running prove that amateurism in the Ivy League is still ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure. . . . And I like Massey, who runs Yale football and Yale baseball. After a pitched ball broke his arm this spring, there was reason to believe that Yale, which likewise has plenty of beef on hand, would need a new quarterback this fall, but Massey is in there again—pitching, scrambling, running head down and full tilt into the opposition when he is hemmed in, and throwing touchdown passes—three against Colgate on Saturday (Yale 39, Colgate 7). Colgate, like Columbia, seems at times to be made up entirely of its quarterback. He is Goepel, and he must do all the offensive work this season, inasmuch as Fischer, Colgate's best runner, had a falling-out with his coach. Speaking of Bruce Weinstein, as this department was doing a week ago, up from the Yale freshman squad has come Hammerberg, a likely replica—age nineteen, height six five, weight two twenty-five, and a slithery, sure-handed catcher of passes. Up from that squad, too, has come Jauron, a hard, rapid runner both on offense and at safety on defense. Up, as well, have come Perschel, a linebacker who hits ballcarriers solidly enough to make them fumble, and Michel, a defensive end who cannot be ridden out of a play and who will spill many a quarterback before the season ends. . . . An Army buff who went to Tennessee last weekend reports that in the first half Army had the ball for forty-nine plays and scored three points, that Tennessee had it for thirty-six plays and scored twenty-eight points. The buff will stay in his storm cellar, without even television, while Army goes on to the likes of Notre Dame. . . . Good for old Dartmouth—Dartmouth 50, Holy Cross 14—and good for Dartmouth that Chasey is on field again as quarterback. Good for Harvard, beating Rutgers, 39–9, while still trying to decide who will quarterback the hard-running backs and the hard-catching end Varney. Good for Brown, which, though it lost, 17–9, to Pennsylvania, kept the result in a fog until the very last minute. Can it be that at long last there are no soft touches in the Ivy League? Good for Cornell and its mighty Marinaro, who ran two hundred and sixty yards against an overwhelmed Lehigh last weekend. Good for Snell, I was about to say, now that the management of the Jets has remembered that he can run with the ball, but then the Buffalo Bills put him out of action for the season last Sunday. Maybe not so good for Fordham, which, having made a success of what is called club football, is now thinking about the sport on a more Big Time level. But with whom? The Ivy Leaguers are not going to drop their outside favorites—Rutgers and Colgate and Lehigh and the rest—and everyone else is heavily committed, too. Army's talent agency, for one, has booked Army into the nineteen-eighties. Even Sammy Davis, Jr., is not that well off.

—J. W. L.



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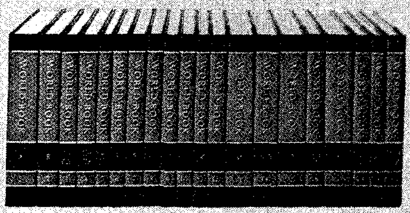

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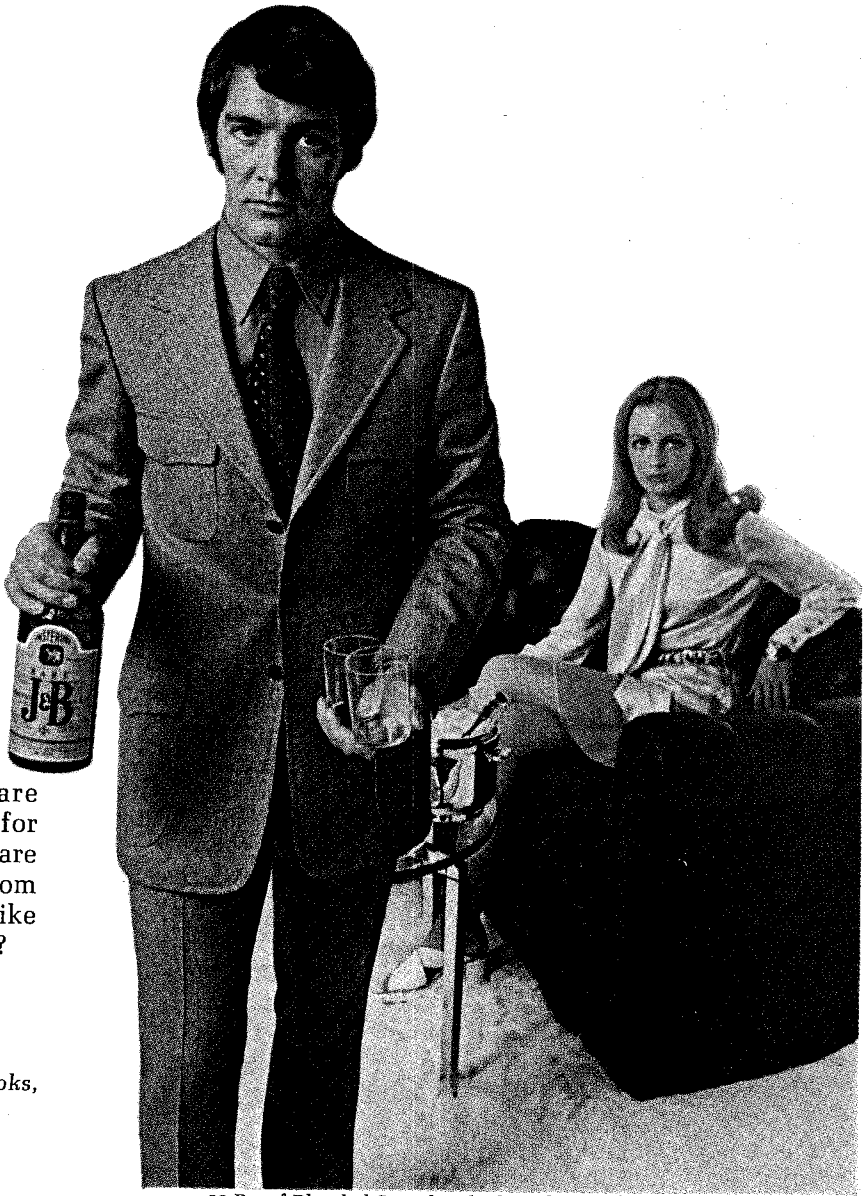

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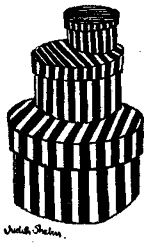
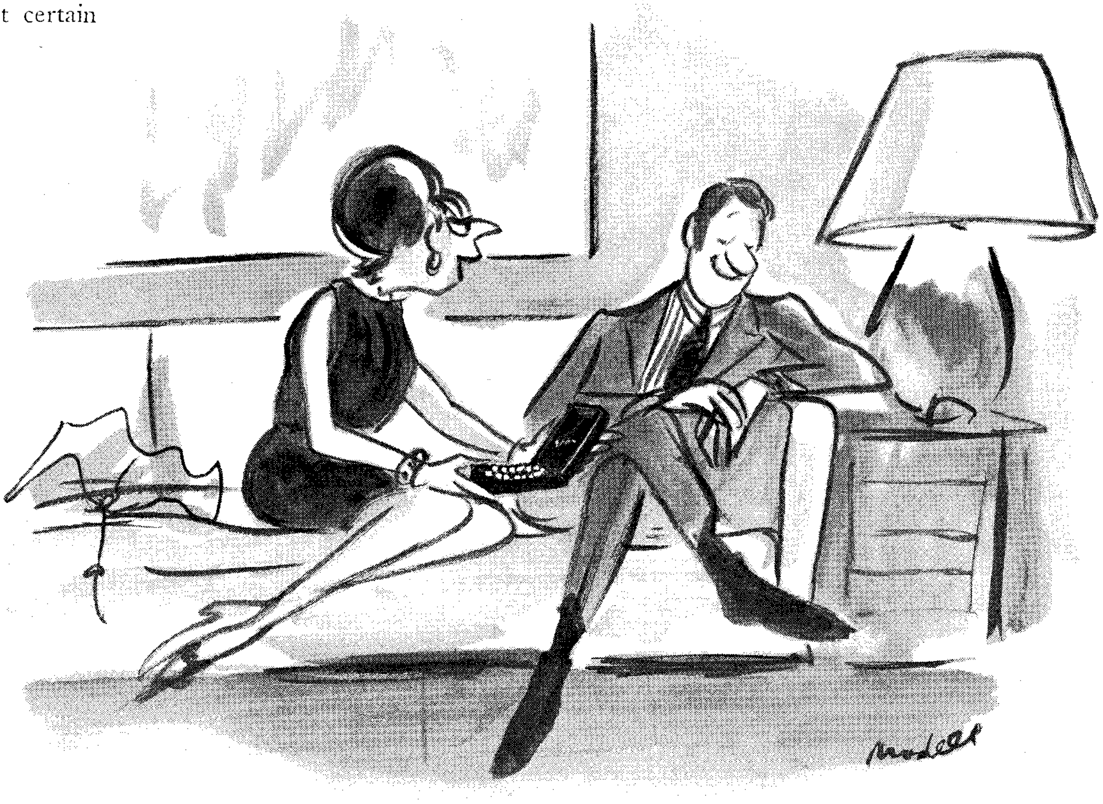
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

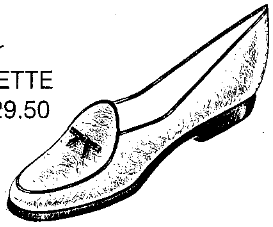


AMONG the hawkers and the preachers in the marketplace of longer lengths, fashion's roundabout goes spinning on. A boutique called Stephen Burrows' World has opened at Henri Bendel. Stephen Burrows is a young designer and his world a very fashionable place. The essence of fashion is still in the hands of the young, the thin, and the fickle. For them, dress is not an issue but a way of life. They watch each other with a stony eye and call today's innovator by his Christian name while looking over his shoulder for tomorrow's man. They are frantically enthusiastic or blissfully forgetful, but they never complain. The group knows no more dynamic moment than the launching of a young designer in a new boutique. At last he has the money to give substance to his visions, and he is not yet bogged down in the problems of filling orders and backing winners. The fashion of boutiques and young designers is desperately ephemeral. Too much success with original ideas can be as harmful as oblivion; those in pursuit of fashion will cast off anything that begins to seem widely popular. Where constant novelty is absent, they get the scent of failure, then make it certain by moving on. The clothes in a boutique should look fresh from the sketch block and the workroom. A favored shop gets heavy wear and tear, which causes suspect shabbiness; its appearance must change with its stock. The boutique presents a reasonable choice, laced with the authority of consistency. When timing and management are right, it should not be hard to convince the shopper that she has stumbled on her El Dorado of tasteful, flattering fad. Often she is encouraged to gratify her individuality as well. Several of the most typical of Burrows' designs—such as a black leather gaucho suit with nailhead trim—are made to order in Bendel's eighth-floor studio. And no two of his multicolored sweater-shirts, which fit as neatly as a coat of paint, will be exactly alike. Yet the real aim of fashionable purchase is not uniqueness but the appearance of belonging to a company of leaders. If you buy a Burrows outfit, you should look as though your rightful place were Burrows' world, and Bendel's.

Bendel's people are probably Burrows' people, too. Henri Bendel is really a department store for women, but its principles are those of the successful boutique and its concerns the exclusive, the transitory, and the young designer in his prime. Like the boutique, it stands midway in the fashion process between the artistic and the personal, and manufacture, promotion, and profit. Bendel was among the first stores to fill up with little shops, and they appear like mushrooms and vanish while you blink. New things are entirely absorbing. If you return and search plaintively for something that was once in a prominent place, you cannot claim to be a Bendel's person. Within the last few months, the Bendel boutique devoted to the young Parisian designer Sonia Rykiel has seemed less exciting, and anyway a second New York store now also sells her clothes. (To be fair, many of Bendel's clothes are imported, and sometimes apparent dullness ends with the arrival of a new shipment.) But the cache of Thea Porter's costumes from a lordly ragbag has been replaced on the second floor by a new John Kloss boutique, and Savvy—an array of shoes under thirty-five dollars, clothes under a hundred—has taken up the fourth. It appears that when things cease to make the shopping heart beat faster they will not be treated sentimentally. Fashion's vigor is assured by constant pruning. Bendel's people—customers, salesgirls, and the men around both—resemble one another closely and can be quite intimidating. They are young, handsome, and travelled. Their allegiance to the present is awe-inspiring. Only a fool or an eccentric would visit the store if she is fat, dowdily dressed, or accompanied by someone who will not pass for the right accessory, so it is not easy to start becoming a Bendel's person. A suspicious mind will wonder whether initiates always look so fashionable or whether they keep aside a special outfit for Bendel's expeditions. Their perfection can send you empty-handed onto Fifty-seventh Street, feeling dazed and overweight. (Skeletal salesgirls may be seen chatting with ethereal customers: "Of course you could wear a size 4. I do, and you can't weigh more than ninety pounds.") Every visitor does not live up to the ideal. There is a kind of



"You know what you have? You have awfully good taste, Marvin. I really mean it!"



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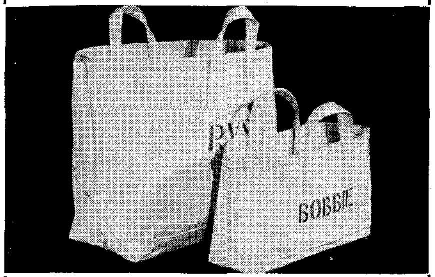

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Bendel's customer who is not a Bendel's person. She has small bones carefully peeled by diet but seems to think of herself as being "petite." She often has thick blond hair puffed back from her forehead and falling to her shoulders. She has a stiff little walk, Deneuve's expression of brainless and dependent vulnerability, and an air of wealth. (Bendel's way can cost you dear.) Real Bendel's people are tall enough to be models, and tend to lope. They step proudly in a glow of unconventionality and well-paid imagination. Neither their intellect nor their state of mind can be assessed, since their thought is completely fused in their zealously adorned and disciplined bodies. Clothes alone will never make you fashionable. Friends, thoughts, face, and life must match. Burrows' clothes are made for the fashionable lives and bodies of Bendel's people. He has his own system of sizing: 1 (normally 3 and 5), 2 (6 and 8), and 3 and 4, for the unmentionables above that. He uses leatherwork, patchwork, appliqué, and nailheads, to show alignment with youth and trend, but beyond this you must rely on faith in Bendel's instincts. While the official taste of the season is for the exotic (Indian fabrics, embroidered and printed panne velvets, Tartar and peasant costumes, Persian-carpet prints, snakeskin, butterflies, and snakeskin butterflies) or the ladylike (muted colors and more formal lengths), he offers sportive simplicity and brilliant colors. His favorite skirt length is mid-knee. The collection consists mainly of separates: skirts, sweaters, trousers, gauchos, and vests.

Stephen Burrows' world met recently on the third floor of Bendel's to watch and wear his rainbow clothes and launch the new boutique. A catwalk ran through the black, nail-studded shop, rushed through the home of Cachet coats, and turned its back at the gateway of Sonia Rykiel. The fashion press, in summer frocks and bras, and with an alien emanation of long hours and deadlines in an office full of women, watched the crowd assemble and began to feel that it had blundered on a very private party. People looking for the safety of a seat fell over the parallel rows of dressing-room lights laid down to mark a runway, so it came to look like faulty teeth. Smarter friends of Burrows and Bendel's milled about, graceful in the cramped conditions and fashionable—in spite of the heat of the day—in boots and jersey gauchos. Their glittering eyes and vagabond absorption in the moments they were living might baffle anyone

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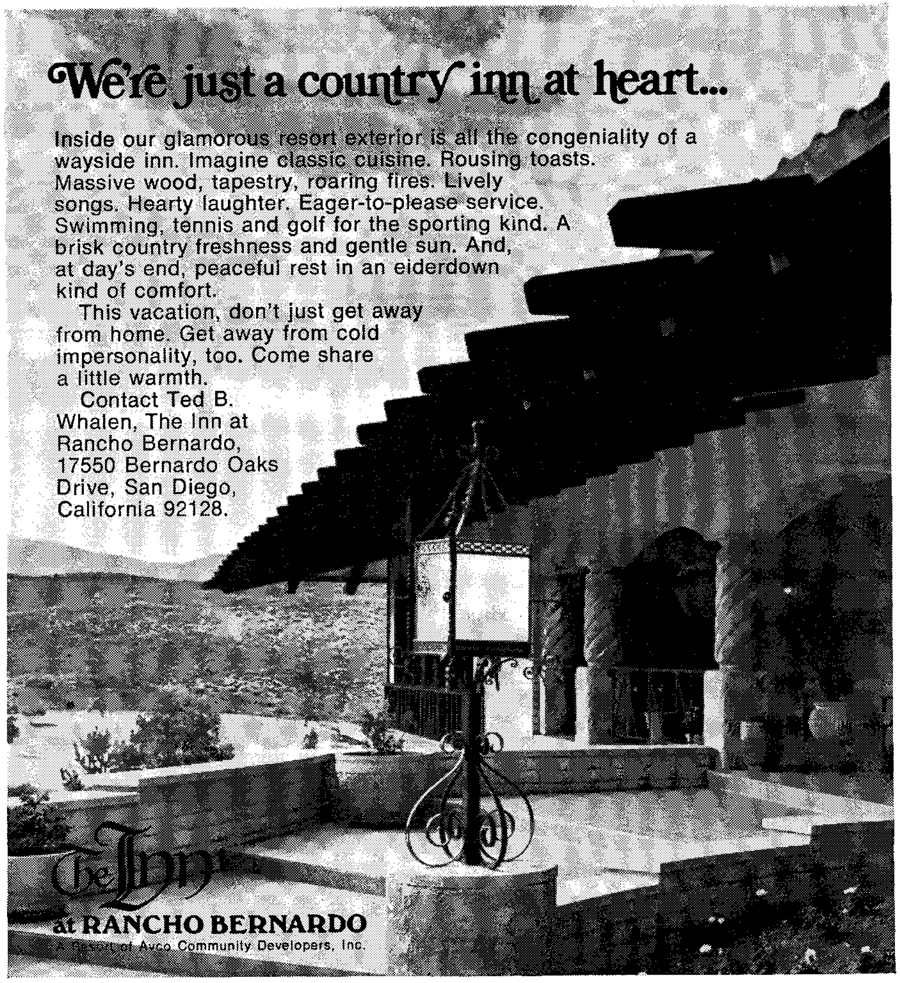
trying to live by prediction and plans. Virtual strangers busied themselves with the noisy exchange of kisses for the benefit of total strangers looking on. A photographer hopped among them, adding to the bulging dossier of *Women's Wear Daily* evidence of the arrival of its "longuette." The Burrows intimates were dressed impeccably in Burrows clothes. (Others present had studied all this season's fashion words and photographs but fell short of the celestial. They looked smug about their hats and hem lengths but less than sure of the superiority of their lives. For all the fretful thought he may have given them, one young man's digger's hat, hip-length lemon T-shirt, worked-leather belt, and workmen's crushed-patent boots could not conceal his loose-limbed mind. His trousers were positively baggy. Perhaps, ill-fated lad, he bulged.) The new haircuts—short on top, and chewed and straggled to the shoulders—made several male and female heads look slim. A youth in black wore his hair close-cropped except for a finger-thick lock at the back, tied up with Indian beads. Many of the most impressive bodies sported trousers, and particularly the patchwork leather ones that Burrows used to make. It is always good, as you join in the feverish joy of his public success, to show that you have known all about the man for ages. A wide-eyed sylph shook the prancing fringes of her patchwork leather trousers at the gathering. Her chiffon blouse was brown and feather-printed. The brim of her Christopher Robin sunhat turned back to show her painted face and drooped to shield her nape from anything unpleasant. A wispy harlequin in thonged and particolored trousers trimmed with nailheads and a T-shirt splashed with circles of appliqué bowed and bobbed his wren's head in greeting. (Some time ago, Stephen Burrows shaved his head. It has now grown out a bit, and laggardly friends have trimmed theirs back to meet it. They wear neat mustaches, to distinguish them from skinheads.) At last, the strollers and their outfits were cleared from the runway by Geraldine Stutz, the brain behind Bendel's, who introduced the official fashion show with the uneasy poise of a permissive mother at a birthday party when the jellies start to fly. She wore one of the simplest dresses of the collection: knee-length black jersey with canary collar, hem, and dickey. When she stepped down, frivolity was king. A black model tripped by in the first outfit and a burst of rock. The clothes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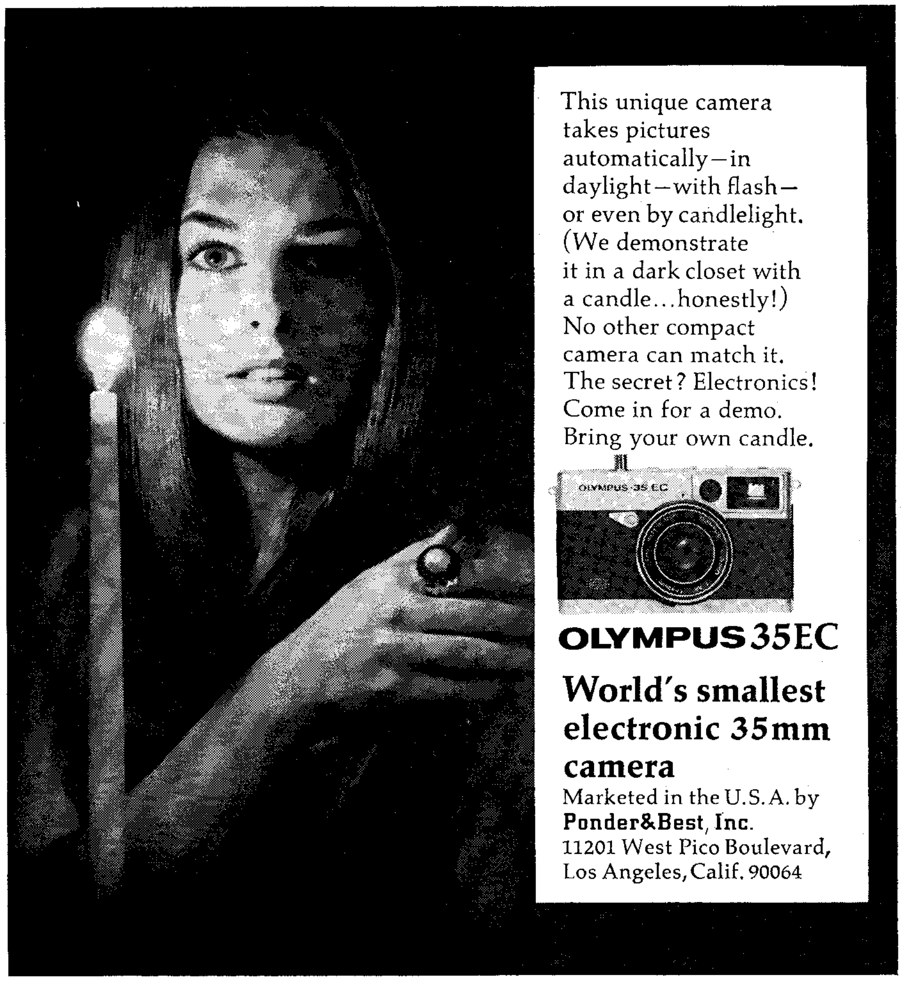
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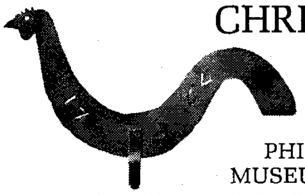

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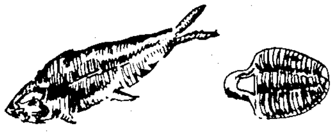

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alone would have sustained the mood of delirious excitement: Astaire trousers, pleated at the waist, with a matching tunic in heavy jersey printed round with mauve and scarlet lightning. A mid-knee cardigan with patches of white knit at the waist; raglan shoulders of black jersey; orange and artificial grass-green in body and skirt; one yellow pocket, one scarlet; and, at the hem, a band of yellow jersey topped with rusty suède. A jersey jigsaw-puzzle dress, with yoke and sections curving into improbably gaudy neighbors. A footballer's dress, with upper arms, cuffs, and body in black; one cerise sleeve, one yellow; a six-inch band at the hem, lit with tennis-ball circles of suède; and a turtle's hood of scarlet edged with black. Over this, a harness of black cabretta leather, decorated with red and yellow, to circle the waist and shoulders and fasten in front with silver snaps and buckle. A black dress with leather eyes staring wildly from the bust. Knee-high purple soccer socks, leather chokers and tam-o'-shanters. Huge shoulder bags made from two skins of suède, their wobbly edges still uncut.

No costume closer in time than that of the court jester seems to inspire Burrows, but the element of parody lacking in his clothes was supplied for the show by his models. Since the joyous display of Burrows' world had been in progress before they appeared, it seemed only fair that the models should put aside their wooden smiles and entertain their friends in the audience. (Facial expressions, rather than walk or bearing, usually differentiate the showroom model on the runway from a human being. Because a smile has sentimental associations for most of us, its use as a rapid piece of business is especially chilling. While flowing on toward the turn, the model seems to catch the eye of someone in the fourth row. She lingers with her mask of warmth turned sidewise long enough to give a new line to her body and her outfit. Before it has time to look contented, and after it has ceased to look spontaneous, she gets bored with her smile, rearranges the muscles of her mouth, and hurries on.) Burrows' models really grinned, and their play-acting was honest. Some of the white models wore their hair frizzed out to collar height. The style looked like a flattened Afro or a badly mixed home perm. When the hair was not fluffing out from the Burrows hat, it was parted in the middle and gripped on both sides by bobby pins. One of the black models had a shaved head; another

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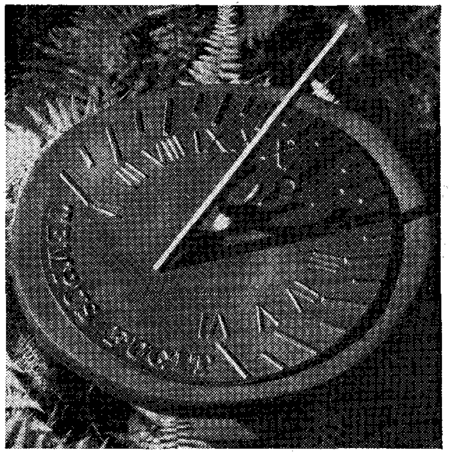

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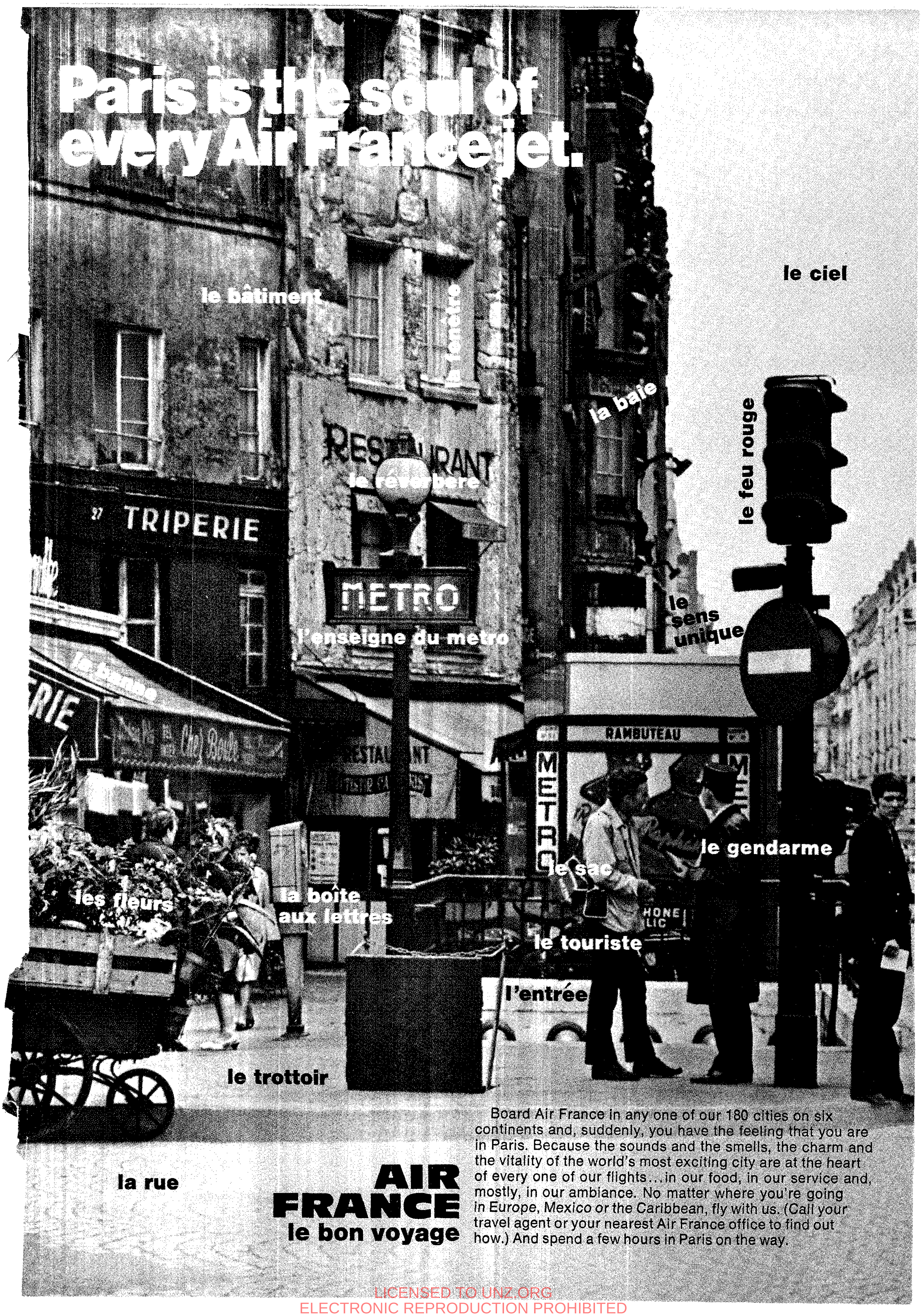
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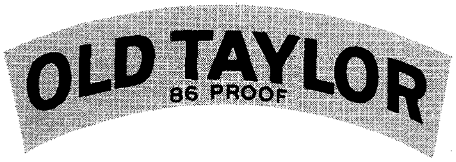
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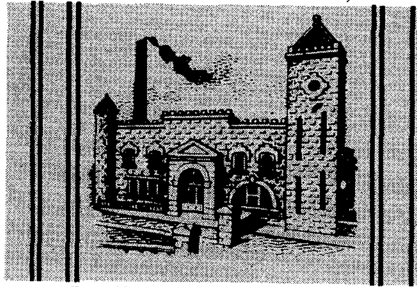

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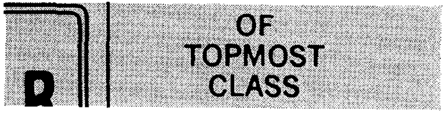
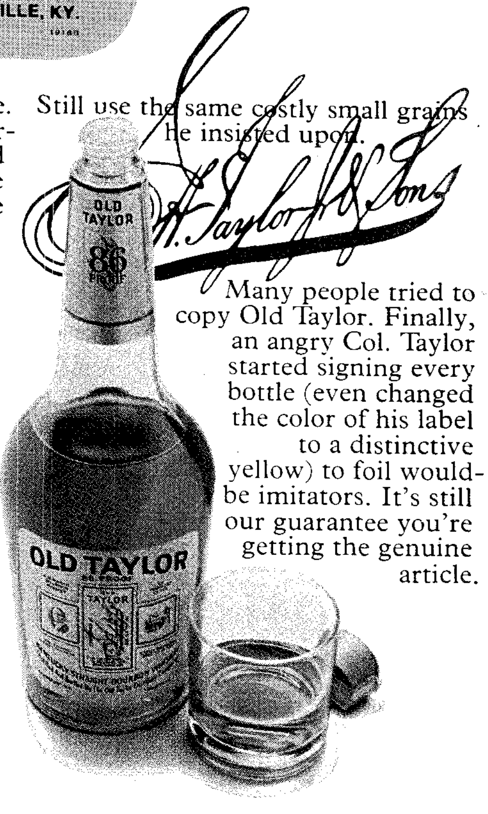

OF TOPMOST CLASS

Still use the same costly small grains he insisted upon.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OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF
OLD TAYLOR

Many people tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, an angry Col. Taylor started signing every bottle (even changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow) to foil would-be imitators. It's still our guarantee you're getting the genuine article.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

wore her hair slicked back to a bun. They all wore glossy mulberry lips and nails. The spectators stamped their feet and stretched out their hands to the clothes and the girls, whose performance reduced Saint Laurent's current games with Carmen Miranda outfits to a modest giggle suppressed behind a lady's clean white glove. Uproarious fans revelled as the girls impersonated women, mocking and exaggerating every female pose: a maiden from the silent screen placed the back of her hand to her forehead and scanned a terrifying horizon; starlets from the fifties, a hand behind their neck, thrust out their bosoms and wiggled their bottoms, and added to the joke by showing that they hadn't much of either. They spread a blood-tipped hand across a hipbone and gazed longingly over a curled shoulder. Once, the music failed the rippling, posturing parade. A girl with a small, anxious face found herself padding sadly through a shocked and silent audience. After the machine was repaired, the cheers began again. They became a bloodcurdling roar as Burrows himself strode by, in nail-studded black leather and with a matching girl. Another firework hour was ended. The funny world of fashionable youth—where men carry handbags and women have no bosoms, where noon is night, white are black, and people are their clothes—exists because its populace is always passing through. Even Burrows' birds of paradise are not eternally immune to age, bulge, and boredom. —KENNEDY FRASER

•

YELLOW

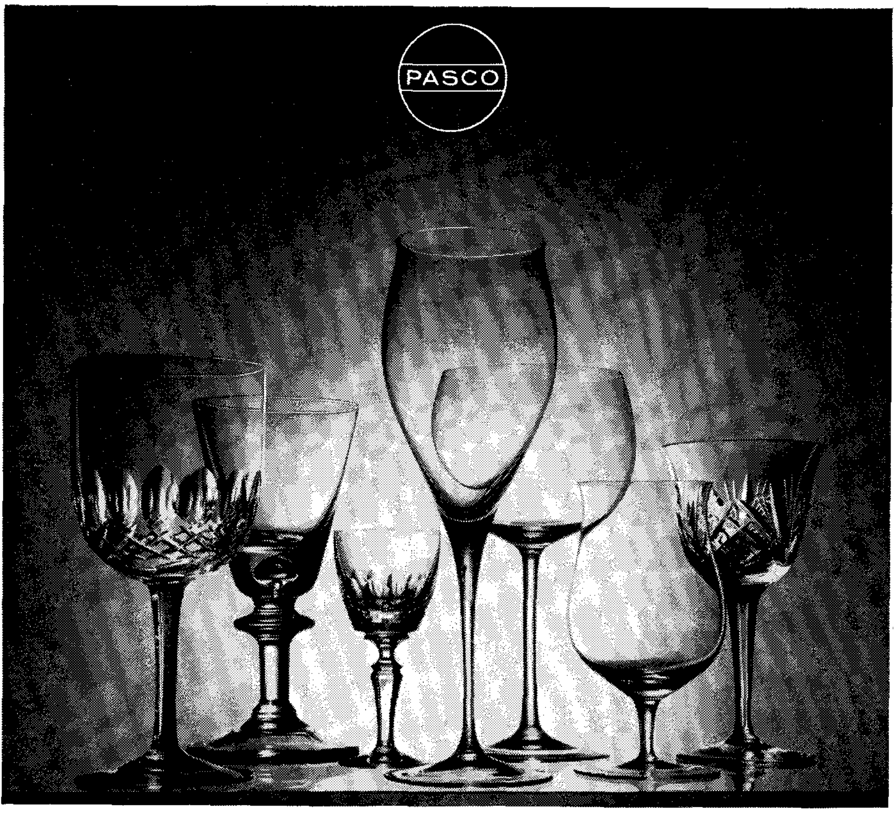
It is of daffodils
and dandelions
bananas and the dust
screening the sun
where it gathers the earth
Yellow has been a long time
It would be
a world without salt
without it
It is your hair
and the way I feel these mornings
It is autumn
and that dress
worn for the first time

—DAN GERBER

•

A few minutes later, Representative Andrew Jacobs, Democrat of Indiana, stepped to the lectern. "I've heard a lot of insensitive debate in the House," he said, "but that rises to a new low."—*The Times.*

And sinks to the zenith.



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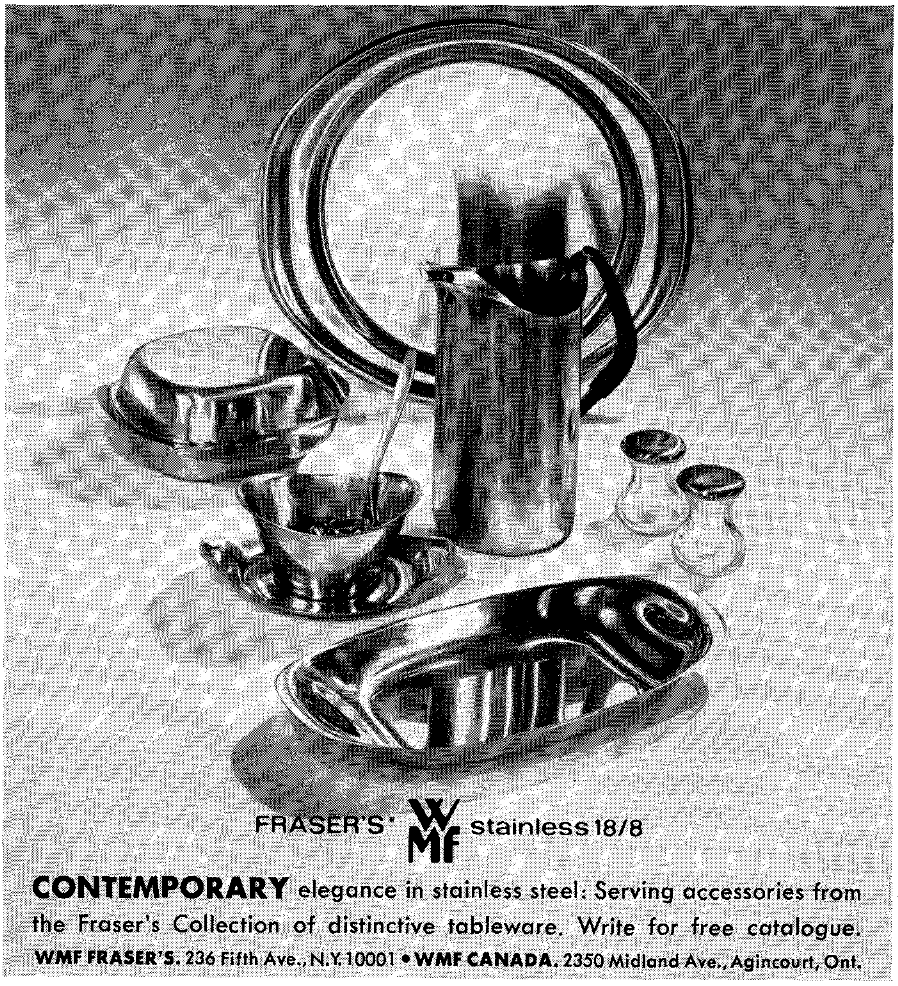
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THE SPORTING SCENE

MRS. COURT AND MR. ROSEWALL

THERE were several occasions this past year when I would not have been at all surprised if I had opened a reference book and stumbled across the following entry:

> CARROLL, LEWIS. 1832-98. Pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, lecturer in mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford. Author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (1865) and "Through the Looking-Glass" (1872). Invented lawn tennis (1873).

In so many words, the world of tennis, instead of settling down and making sense, as we all thought it would after "shamateurism" was routed and open tennis arrived, in 1968, has become curiouser and curiouser, and today it is such a plexus of contradictions that, as often as not, up is down, forehand is backhand, and to be is not to be. Here are a few examples of the way things have been going:

1. The largest chunk of prize money in the history of tennis—$35,000—was won by Rod Laver when he defeated Ken Rosewall *indoors* (at Madison Square Garden) on July 16th. They were playing the final of the Champions' Classic, a strung-out tournament that had started in January.

2. In late August, the United States team retained the Davis Cup, which is emblematic of supremacy among the tennis-playing nations, by turning back West Germany in the Challenge Round every bit as impressively as it had turned back Rumania in 1969. Australia, our old Davis Cup nemesis, was eliminated fairly early this year, losing to India in the final round of the Eastern Zone. The top five seeded players in the recently concluded United States Open at Forest Hills—Laver, Rosewall, John Newcombe, Tony Roche, and Roy Emerson—were all Australians, but since they were "contract pros," they were ineligible for Davis Cup competition. In today's jargon, a contract pro is a player who is under contract to a "pro promoter," a commercial outfit that sets up its own tournaments for its stable of players and charges a healthy management fee for their appearance in other people's tournaments. (Until this summer, there were two main pro promoters—the National Tennis League and World Championship Tennis—but in July the former was absorbed by the latter, which is owned and operated by Lamar Hunt, a Dallas millionaire whose aboveground assets include the Kansas City Chiefs football team.) Mind you, the players on our successful Davis Cup team were professionals, too, but the distinction is that they were "independent pros"—meaning that their business affairs were handled by individuals or groups who, unlike the pro promoters, respected the suzerainty of the various national lawn-tennis associations and were happy to work with them. (As a matter of fact, the captain of our Davis Cup team for 1968 and 1969 was Donald Dell, the same fellow who for the past few years has acted as business agent for four members of that team—Arthur Ashe, Stan Smith, Bob Lutz, and Charles Pasarell.) Some people have charged that the United States, in effect, bought the Davis Cup, the implication being that the United States Lawn Tennis Association made it worthwhile for Ashe, Smith, Lutz, Pasarell, and Cliff Richey, the fifth member of the team, not to become contract pros, but, of course, in an edgy, vindictive microcosm like the world of tennis you have to expect that kind of talk. Anyhow, that's ancient history now: the week after Forest Hills, Ashe, Lutz, and Pasarell signed with World Championship Tennis.

3. Harry Hopman, the great Australian coach who for so many years was the scourge of our Davis Cup ambitions, spent a delightful summer at a tennis camp in Amherst instructing young American players.

4. In 1969, you will remember, Laver scored a grand slam of the four major championships—the Australian, French, Wimbledon, and United States Opens, to list them in the order in which they are played. This year, Laver didn't even get a chance to defend the first two of these titles. The pro promoter he was affiliated with couldn't come to terms with the Australian L.T.A. and, accordingly, would not allow its players to participate in the Australian Open. As for the French Open, there wasn't a contract pro in the field, for the French L.T.A. held firm and refused to pay a management fee to either of the two big pro promoters.

By and large, this is the way it went all year—a paucity of news

about the actual game of tennis, a plethora of news about the business of tennis. What has happened, I gather, is that open tennis has brought a sizable amount of new money into the sport, plus the prospect of a real Golconda, and, as a result, in this present period of flux everyone is chasing the buck, the quid, the gaj, and the girsh as hard as he can, and when he is not doing that he is jockeying to be in the right place when and if the huge financial breakthrough does occur. There is no sense in going further into the situation, for it is endlessly ramified, but, essentially, what is now taking place is a struggle for control between Hunt's W.C.T. and the I.L.T.F.—the International Lawn Tennis Federation, which is the world body of the national associations. During 1971, each organization will conduct its own Grand Prix circuit of tournaments, with the W.C.T. offering a million dollars in prize money and the I.L.T.F. a million and a half. Both are probably sound enough to make a go of things, but there is no doubt that the W.C.T. strengthened its position enormously when it brought Ashe into the fold.

TO fire the enthusiasm of its followers, a sport—and particularly a worldwide sport, like tennis—must have a sense of continuity about it. This past year, with men's tennis in such arrant disorder, the big story was Margaret Smith Court's attempt to duplicate the grand slam of the four major championships achieved by the late Maureen Connolly in 1953. No woman had won a grand slam before—the thought of invading Australia in the winter months never occurred to Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody, or Alice Marble—and no woman had done it since. Miss Connolly, far and away the finest exponent of the baseline game since Mrs. Moody, was in jeopardy only twice en route to her slam. The Australian Championship had been no bother at all: only one of her opponents won as many as three games in a set, and that was Julie Sampson, a touring Californian, whom Miss Connolly defeated in the final, 6–3, 6–2. In the French, though, she had a slight scare in an early round: Susan Chatrier took the first set from her, 6–3, before Miss Connolly got down to work and sped through the next two sets, 6–2, 6–2. In the final, she defeated Doris Hart, 6–2, 6–4. At Wimbledon, in excellent form, Miss Connolly only once yielded as many as three games in a set until the final, but there, up against Miss Hart again, she had to

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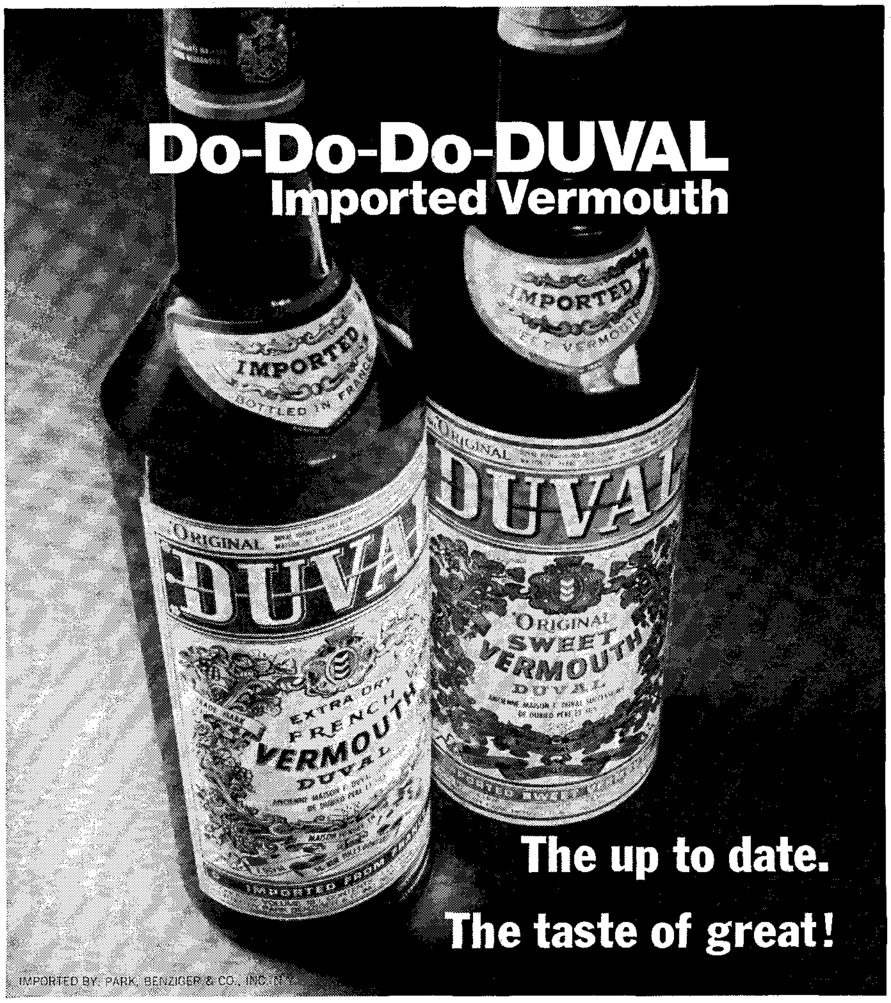

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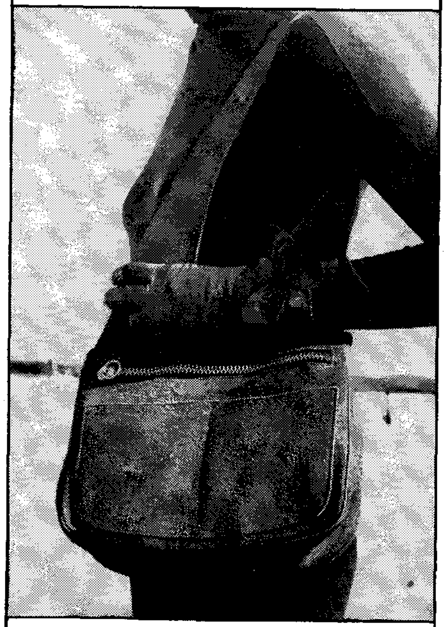

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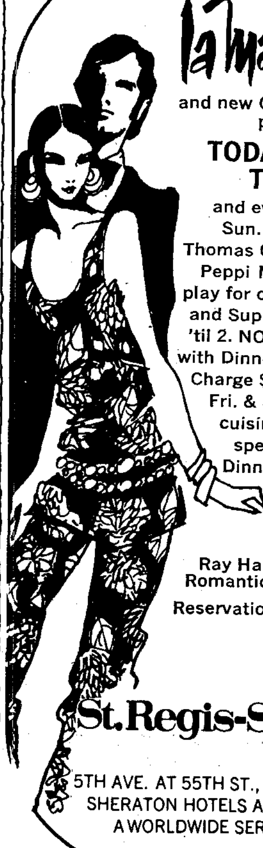
summon every last ounce of ability to pull out a tremendous battle, 8–6, 7–5. Forest Hills was relatively easy: after marching through her earlier matches she confronted the unfortunate Miss Hart once more in the final, and this time she was well in command all the way—winning 6–2, 6–4. The astounding thing about Miss Connolly's slam was that she was only nineteen when she brought it off. There is no telling what kind of record she might have left behind if she had not been forced to retire from tournament tennis the following year, when, two weeks after she captured her third Wimbledon Championship, her leg was broken in a freak riding accident. She never competed again.

Where grand slams are concerned, Margaret Court starts with one advantage: she is usually in Australia when the Australian Championships are held. She was born and grew up in Albury, New South Wales, a town on the main Sydney-Melbourne railroad line, where her father worked as a foreman in a dairy-products plant. In 1960, when she was seventeen, she won her first Australian Championship, two days after she had been beaten in the final of the Girls' Junior Championship. When she began her campaign this past winter, she had won the Australian title eight times, the French three times, Wimbledon twice, and the United States three times, not to mention countless other national singles titles and just about all the doubles and mixed-doubles titles you could name. Despite this awesome record, many tennis authorities have been a little leery about placing her on a level with Lenglen, Moody, Marble, and Connolly, and have been reluctant to describe her, without qualification, as a "great player." The most likely explanation is that the people in and around the game have always expected even more of Margaret Court than she has produced, because probably no woman has ever been so well equipped physically to play tennis. A big-boned, smoothly coördinated, attractive girl who stands five feet nine and weighs around a hundred and fifty pounds, she could pass for a sister of either Frank Sedgman or John Newcombe, those ruggedly handsome specimens of Australian manhood. She has a lot going for her. Her serve, though not in the same class as Marble's, comes in hard and fast. Her ground strokes are sound—the forehand biffed with exceptional power, the backhand executed with a touch of elegance. She has a fine instinct for volleying, and, what with her long arms, is very difficult



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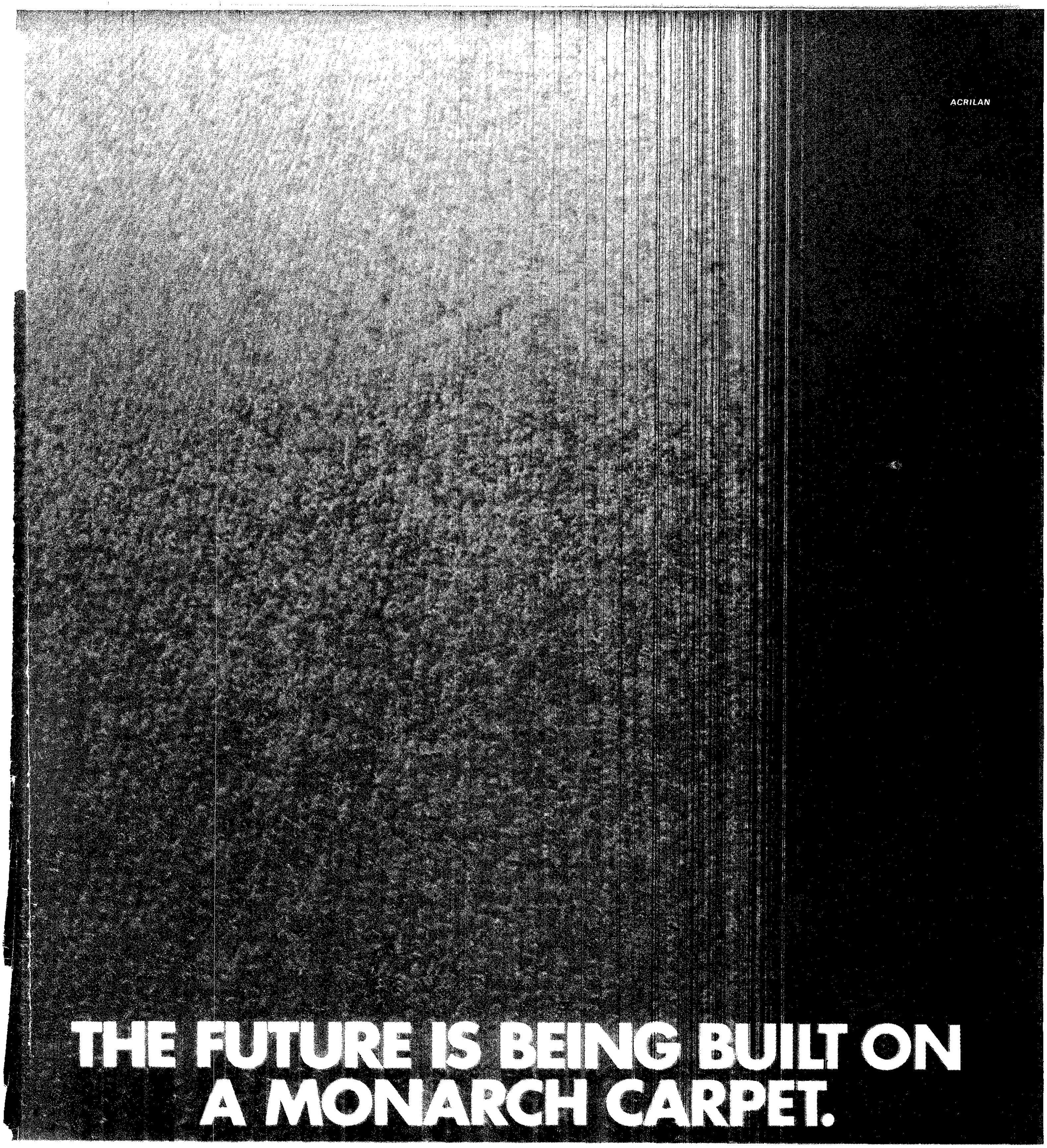

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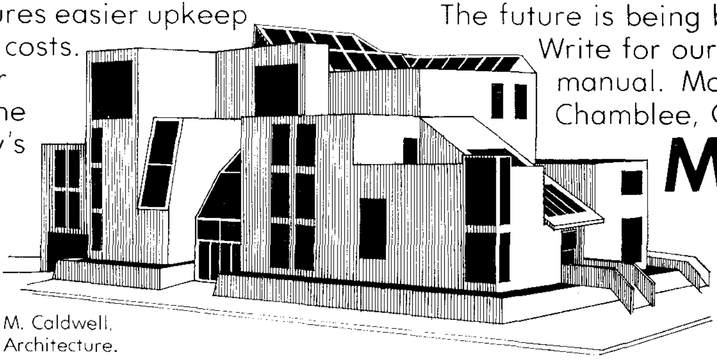

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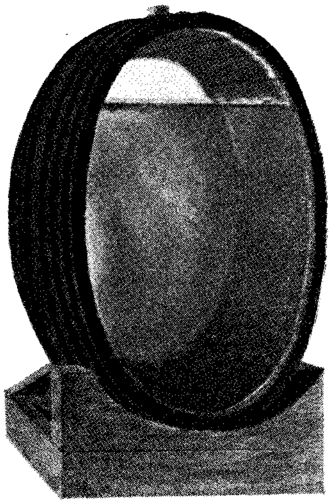

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The Sherry grape

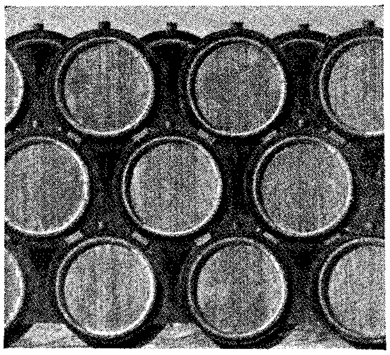
The golden Palomino grape–the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system–that process used originally in Spain–was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera.*

The Solera System –2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels–some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier–and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*–as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*–not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*–for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

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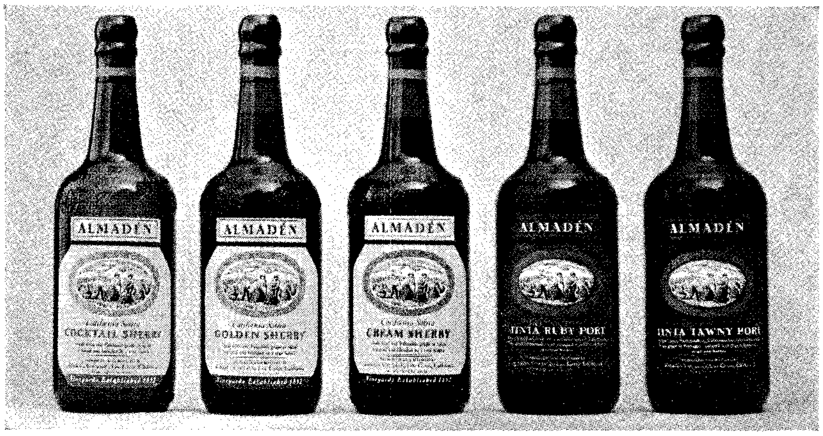

**Origin California*

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California to pass when she comes to net. She covers the court swiftly and can run all day; when she was starting out she came under the influence of Sedgman, who is a fanatic on physical fitness, and she has since made it a point to do some roadwork and weight lifting every day. However, the experts have always had a tendency to write her off as just a marvellously effective player, and to note, in passing, that both her court manner and her strokes lack the style, the fluency, the panache, and the excitement that distinguish the top champions. Curiously, the Court match that Americans seem to remember most vividly is her defeat in the 1963 Forest Hills final by Maria Bueno. (After winning the first set, 7–5, Miss Bueno was trailing, 1–4, in the second when, suddenly, she began to race around the court like Lenglen, getting to the ball in a flash and dispatching it in a flash, and she swept the next five games with the loss of only six of the last twenty-seven points.) Though it was not true on that particular occasion, Mrs. Court has lost a number of matches (some of them to rather ordinary players) by suffering—for no apparent reason, since she is a player of courage—strange attacks of nervousness, during which she would hit forehand after forehand yards out of court and serve streams of double faults. Sometimes she was able to regain control of herself and sometimes not. "The underlying fact about Margaret is that she didn't have true confidence in herself," an Australian tennis writer told me recently. "She is basically an extremely shy girl. People meeting her for the first time are always surprised by the way she speaks. They expect the assertiveness of a celebrity, and out comes this small little London voice."

At the close of the 1966 season, Margaret Court—she was still Margaret Smith at the time—decided to quit tennis. She had ceased to enjoy it. From this point on, her story reads like one of those Hollywood films of the nineteen-thirties in which "nice people solve nice problems." In an effort to get away from it all, she became a partner in a boutique in Perth, the beautiful and burgeoning city on the Indian Ocean, twenty-five hundred miles west of Sydney. There she met Barry Court, a wool broker and the son of a politician who currently holds two portfolios in the West Australia government—Minister for Industrial Development and Minister for the Northwest. The young Court was a sailor, not a tennis player. He had twice won the Skate Class (fourteen-footers) in

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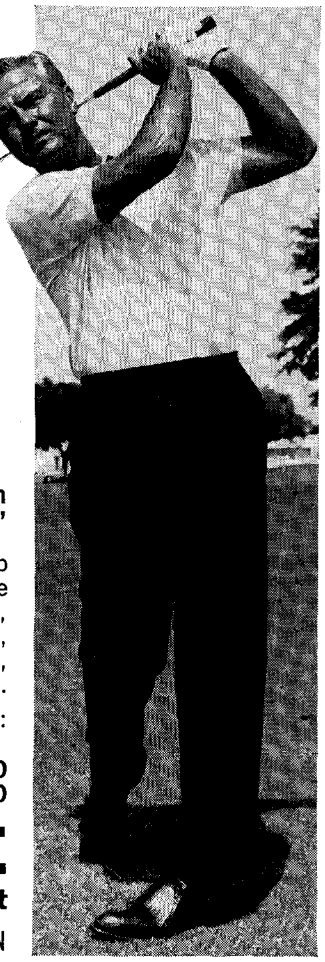

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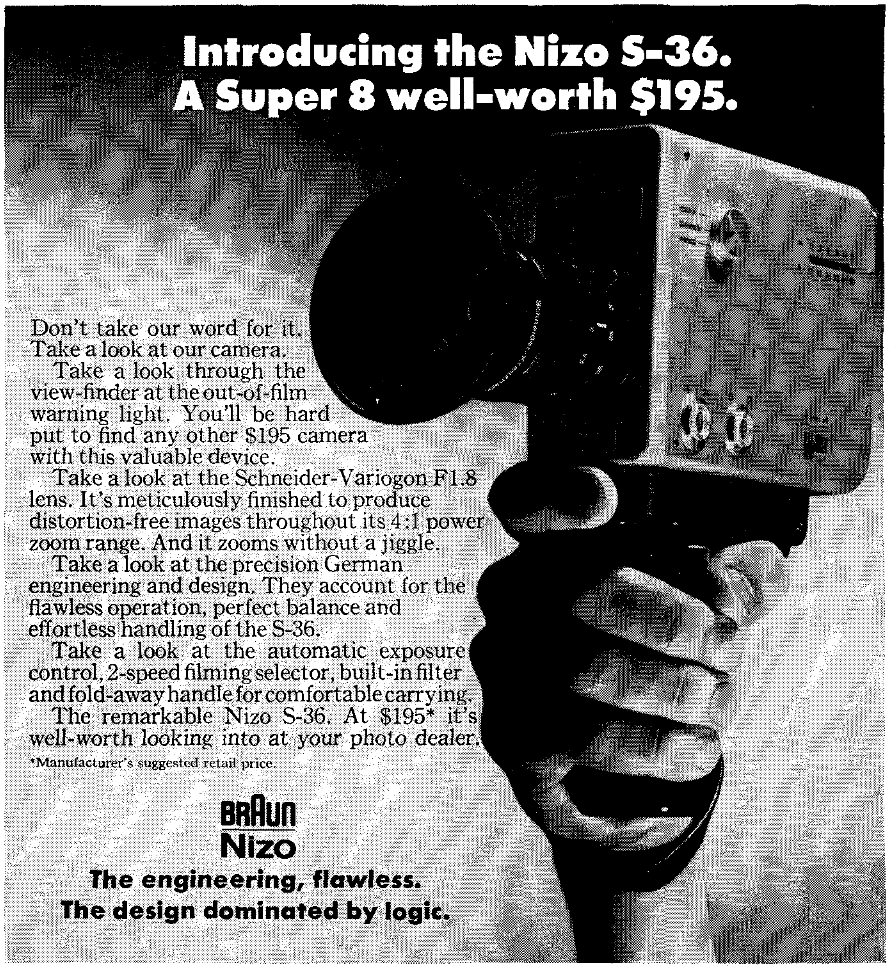

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the West Australia Championships, and he had competed in the 505 Class (sixteen-and-a-half-footers) in the World Championships at Adelaide in 1966, racing against Jim Hardy, who skippered Gretel II at Newport last month. Miss Smith and Mr. Court were married in the autumn of 1967, and the following year, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Court returned to tournament tennis. She has been a splendid advertisement for the benefits of a happy marriage—conspicuously more relaxed, far less subject to those old *crises des nerfs* on the courts, surer of herself in all respects. Last year, she won three of the four major championships, losing her chance for a grand slam when Ann Jones upset her in the semifinals at Wimbledon. This year, she meant to do better.

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In January, she got off on the right foot, taking the Australian Championship without losing a set or allowing an opponent more than four games in a match. In the French (it is amazing how closely her fortunes this year paralleled Maureen Connolly's seventeen years before) she had a very rocky moment: in the second round she lost the opening set to Olga Morozova, the charming Russian girl, and was in deep trouble in the second set before surviving it, 8–6, but she won the third decisively, at 6–1. After that, no worries at all. In the final, she defeated Helga Niessen, of Germany, 6–2, 6–4. The women's ranks today are not especially strong to begin with, and at Wimbledon, since Miss Bueno was absent because of illness and the defending champion, Mrs. Jones, had chosen not to defend, the field was the weakest in years. If form held—and it did—Mrs. Court's only real opposition would come from her old and fervent rival Billie Jean King, of California, a three-time Wimbledon champion. They met in the final on a coolish afternoon under an oyster sky, and a remarkable match ensued. From the start, neither player hit the ball with maximum pace or tried for blazing winners. Each had a more defensive strategy. Mrs. Court was out to take away Mrs. King's brilliant volleying game by pinning her in the backcourt. Mrs. King was out to keep Mrs. Court away from her net, too, and was working to keep the ball away from her forehand. Both women were succeeding. I have never seen a match in which two adversaries maintained a higher level of concentration. Game after game went by with neither playing a careless stroke. It was a battle of attrition: most points were won only after a fairly long rally. The feeling one got as one stared down at the court was that, more than anything else, each player was determined not to let the other beat her. In the first set, for instance, Mrs. King broke Mrs. Court's service four times, and each time the set was hers for the taking, but each time Mrs. Court broke back immediately. The set moved on, to 9–9, to 10–10, the atmosphere fiercely quiet, neither player speaking a word or moving an eyebrow. At length, in the twenty-sixth game, Mrs. King's concentration wavered. She lost her serve at love and, with it, the set, 14–12. It had taken eighty-eight minutes. The spectators in the Centre Court leaned forward for the second set. There was no letdown. Game after game, the two women persevered with their vigilant tennis. When the score reached 7–7, Mrs. King, who had just staved off a match point, changed her tactics. Her right knee was beginning to bother her, and, with her mobility impeded, she decided to stay near the baseline and see if she could break up Mrs. Court's game with an artful mixture of deep drives and drop shots. Mrs. Court, however, with her speed of foot, got to just about everything. In the twentieth game, after holding three match points, she finally broke Mrs. King's serve to take the set, 11–9. In all, the match had lasted two hours and twenty-eight minutes and required forty-six games, exceeding by two the previous record for a women's final, established in 1919, when Suzanne Lenglen, making her début at Wimbledon, at the age of twenty, defeated Mrs. Lambert Chambers, a seven-time champion, 10–8, 4–6, 9–7. In the opinion of old Wimbledon hands, Lenglen vs. Chambers still stands as the most thrilling of all the women's finals. Though I know the match only through the famous account by A. Wallis Myers in the London *Daily Telegraph*, I think I would concur with that judgment. However, if Court vs. King was a lesser classic, it *was* a classic.

Three down and one to go—Forest Hills, the first two weeks in September. It was hard to see how Mrs. Court could fail to win there. First, Mrs. King, the one opponent she had reason to fear, was *hors de combat*, convalescing from a knee operation she had undergone after Wimbledon. Second, the week before Forest Hills, Mrs. Court had a piece of good luck: in the semifinals of the Marlboro Open, at East Orange, she had run into one of those old jittery spells and had been beaten by Patti Hogan, an erratic young Californian. This defeat, Mrs. Court's first in forty-two matches, eased the pressure that had been building up, and made it less likely that she would defeat herself at Forest Hills. There, on her way to the final, she lost a mere thirteen games in five matches, among them a 6–1, 6–1 victory over Miss Hogan. The final was different. Up against Rosemary Casals, a talented, spunky twenty-one-year-old San Franciscan, who is Mrs. King's doubles partner and closest friend, she won the first set, 6–2, but she dropped the second by the same score. The crucial point of the match came in the fifth game of the third, and deciding, set. Mrs. Court, serving, was leading, 3–1. The first point of this game went to Miss Casals when she hit a forehand return of service down the line for a placement. On the next point, Miss Casals, after driving deep to Mrs. Court's backhand, volleyed the weak return crisply cross-court for what appeared to be a clean winner. Flying up from the baseline and flinging herself toward the ball, Mrs. Court somehow got her racquet on it and batted it across the net. I happened to be sitting near Judy Tegart Dalton, the veteran Australian player, and as the rally continued she chirped up excitedly, "You wait and see. Margaret will win this point." Sure enough, after an extended exchange from the baseline, Miss Casals netted a forehand. Had Mrs. Court lost that point, she would have been down 0–30 and in danger of being broken. As it was, from 15–all she swept the next three points for the game. "On that second point, no one but Margaret could have got to that volley," Mrs. Dalton said. "That's a perfect example of why she's so hard to beat. She takes away your winning shots." A few minutes later, the match was over. Mrs. Court had won the third set, 6–1, and had completed her grand slam.

BECAUSE of her general superiority over the field at Forest Hills, Mrs. Court was never forced to engage in a tie-breaker—the revolutionary, nerve-racking, dramatic method of eliminating dreary marathon matches which at Forest Hills this year was used for the first time in an important national championship. There are several species of tie-breakers, but the one that Bill Talbert, the tournament director, selected (and the

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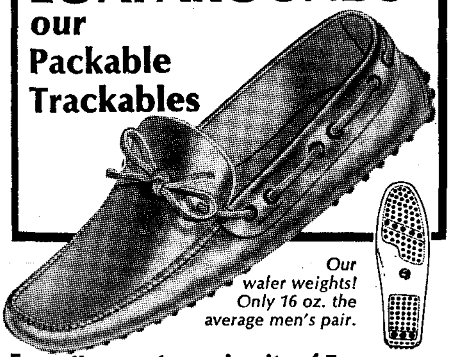
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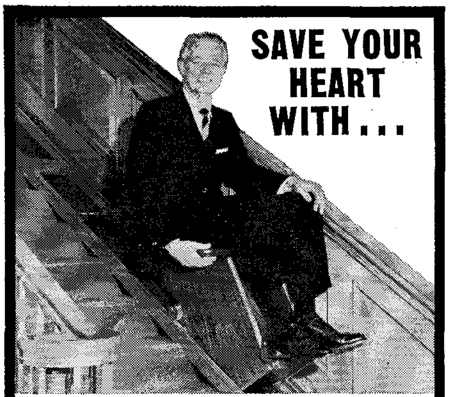

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I.L.T.F. subsequently approved) was the nine-point sudden-death variety. It works like this: Player A, whose turn it is to serve, serves the first two points; Player B serves the next two; the players change courts, and Player A serves two points; Player B then serves the last three points. Of course, as soon as either player has won five points, there is no need to proceed further. At Forest Hills, the spectators almost unanimously favored the tie-breaker and the players almost unanimously opposed it. The best players resented it most, and you could understand why: it took away the cushions they had long been accustomed to lean on. Now, for example, a man could lose a set without losing his serve. As the tournament wore on, other aspects of the innovation became increasingly clear. Obviously, it was a boon for older players with limited endurance. It also helped those players who are not known for their fighting qualities under gruelling conditions; all they had to do was fight long enough to get to 6–6 and then take their chances on the Russian roulette of the tie-breaker. Some players never got used to it; Ashe, for one, lost all four tie-breakers he played. Nevertheless, the tie-breaker is undoubtedly here to stay, because the fans love it. At Forest Hills, Talbert had the bright idea of hanging out a red flag whenever a match reached 6–6, to signal that a tie-breaker was in progress, but most of the time you could tell this without a flag, for the spectators at that particular court would be conspicuously hushed and grave. In the months ahead, there is bound to be considerable discussion about the fairest form of tie-breaker. At the moment, most people—and certainly most players—would vote for the twelve-point version, in which, if the score reaches 6–6, a player must win two points in a row to win the game and set.

One man who fared rather well in his tie-breakers was Rosewall, the eventual winner of the men's championship. He was involved in four of them and took three, the most important one coming in the third set of the final against Roche. Indeed, the spectacular quality of Rosewall's play in a tie-breaker in his fourth-round match with Nicki Pilic, of Yugoslavia, provided the first indication that he was a man to be carefully watched. In splitting the first two sets with Pilic, Rosewall had played only ordinarily well, but after falling behind, 6–5, in the third, with Pilic's serve coming up, he shifted into high gear. He broke Pilic's serve quickly, and then, after losing the first point

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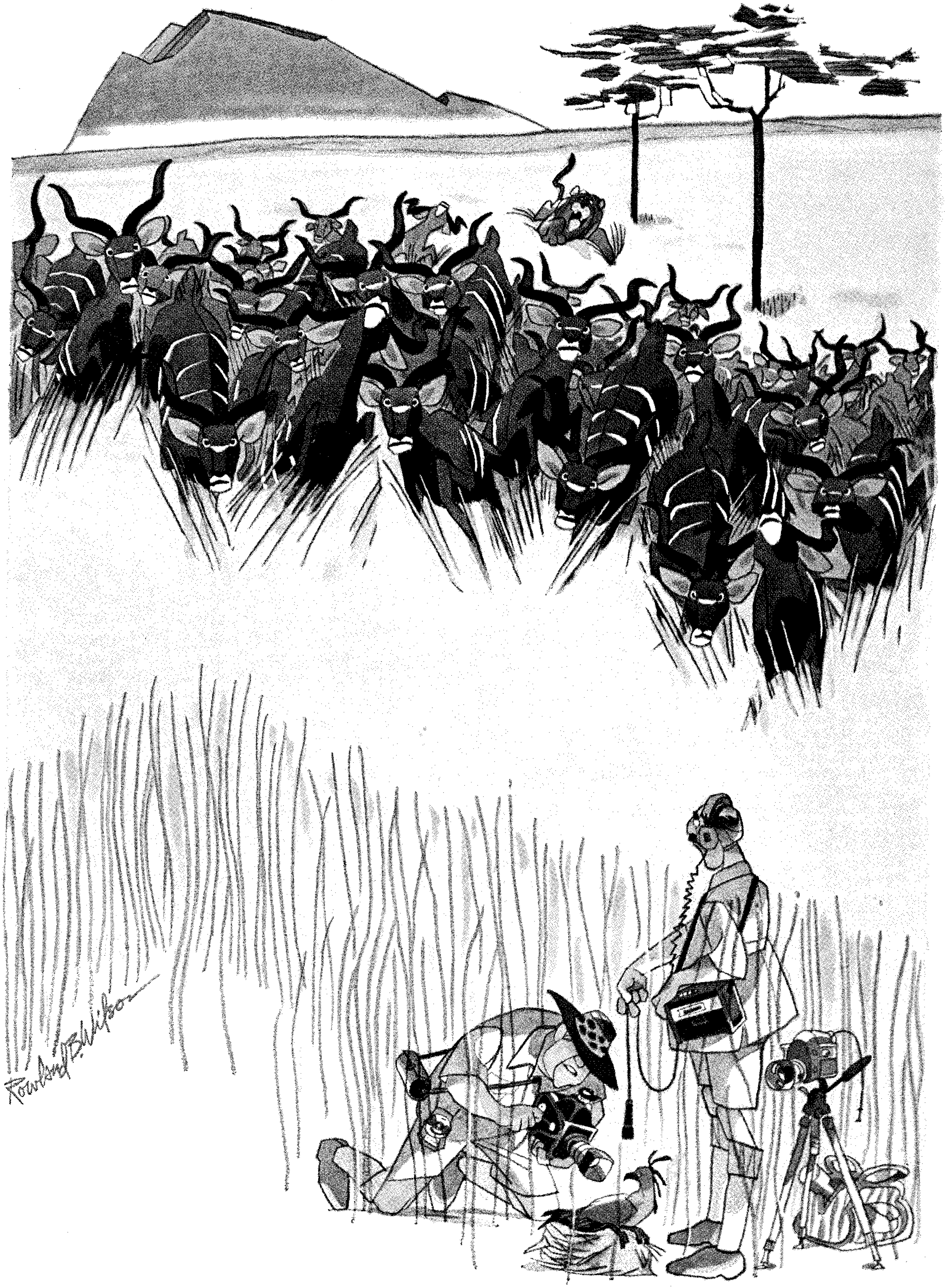

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of the tie-breaker, he ripped off five points with a succession of absolutely breathtaking shots. For the duration of the tournament, his timing was superb. The ball flew off his racquet in a low, flat trajectory, the way breakfast cereal used to be fired from guns.

Rosewall's victory came as a delightful surprise to that horde of tennis lovers who admire him as the supreme artist among the postwar players. The trim little Sydneysider (he stands five-seven and weighs around a hundred and forty-five) may not have changed much in appearance over the years, but the fact is that he is now close to thirty-six, which is old for a tennis player—even for a genius with Rosewall's coordination of eye and hand. To put it another way, a full fourteen years had passed since he won at Forest Hills in 1956—his last triumph in a major championship on grass, incidentally. This summer, when he made his way, with Newcombe, to the final at Wimbledon, just about everyone in the Centre Court except Newcombe's wife and mother was pulling for Rosewall, recognizing that this would probably be his last chance to win the one big championship that had eluded him. He couldn't quite bring it off, going down 5–7, 6–3, 6–2, 3–6, 6–1. The gallery had virtually won him the fourth set with a huge surge of support, but it could not win him the fifth. In that last set, Rosewall, looking old and weary, was no match for Newcombe, with his crashing serves and spread-eagle volleys.

Forest Hills was another story. From the first round on, Rosewall moved like a boy, and after finding his groove in his match with Pilic he played with such consummate generalship and skill that he not only defeated his last three opponents but utterly dismantled them. In the quarter-finals, Stan Smith, who had come on the court loaded with confidence after eliminating Emerson, went down in confusion, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2. In the semis, Rosewall met Newcombe. In the first two games that Rosewall served, Newcombe had game point, but Rosewall managed to hold him off, and that, believe it or not, was the match. The scores were 6–3, 6–4, 6–3. It should be mentioned that Newcombe happened to be in noticeably poor form, but he is a tremendous competitor and can usually contrive to fight his way into a match; against Rosewall he was helpless to do so. In the final, Rosewall needed a set to adjust his tactics to Roche, a rangy left-hander, but after dropping that set, 2–6, he won the next three, 6–4, 7–6, 6–3. In

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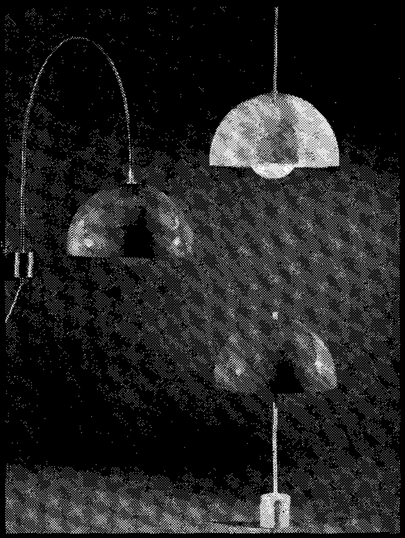

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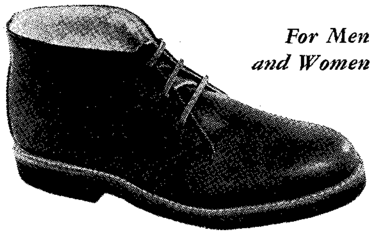

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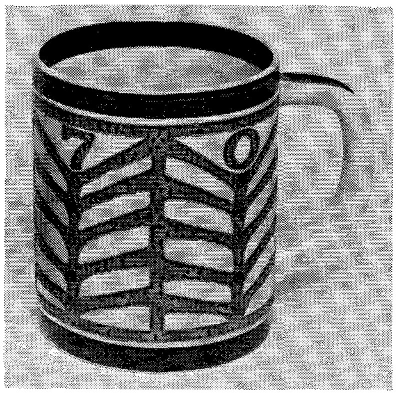

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felling Smith, Newcombe, and Roche, Rosewall did all the things he is known for: he returned service magnificently, he scored countless placements with his wonderful backhand, he was so certain with his volleys and smashes that he went whole sets without making a real error in the forecourt, and his anticipation was so sure that it seemed as if the ball were attracted to his racquet. In addition to all this, for the first time that I can remember, Rosewall's least impressive stroke—his serve—was perhaps his most destructive weapon. It isn't a particularly fast serve and it doesn't carry exceptional spin, but against Smith, Newcombe, and Roche he had it under such precise control that they couldn't handle it at all. For example, if Smith was shaded over toward the alley when receiving in the backhand court, Rosewall would often serve directly at him, and as Smith stepped back to take it on his backhand the ball would break in toward him with more zip than he was expecting. Rosewall kept Newcombe off balance by feeding him soft, hanging stuff. After the first set, he served so well to Roche that time after time the ball came back shoulder-high, whereupon Rosewall would volley it away like swatting a fly. (One of the most memorable pictures at Forest Hills was Rosewall's effort during that opening set against Roche to determine, first, why his serve was giving the left-hander no trouble and, second, what changes he would have to make so that it would. After each losing point, you could practically hear Rosewall's mind turning over as he trudged back to the baseline, took in a breath of air, and studied Roche long and patiently before moving into his serve. By the beginning of the second set, he had the problem figured out.)

Rosewall's tennis at Forest Hills will go down as one of the virtuoso performances of the modern era, and the fact that he accomplished it at the age of thirty-five is bound to enhance his standing among the great champions. I suppose, too, that, whatever its administrative problems and commercial vagaries, tennis will always make sense as long as there are players like Rosewall around.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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AT ALL LEVELS
—*Headline in the Gaithersburg (Md.) Gazette.*

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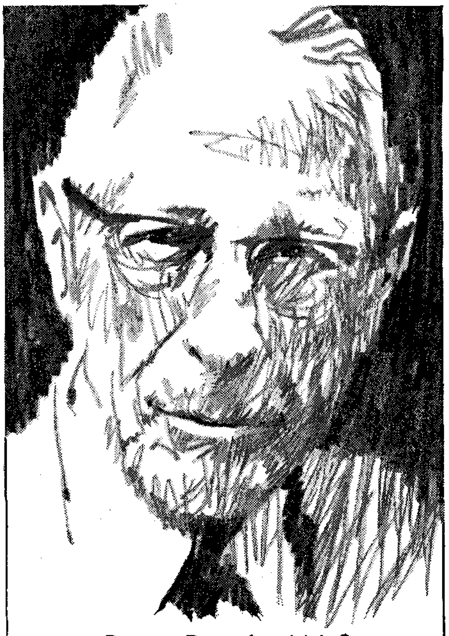

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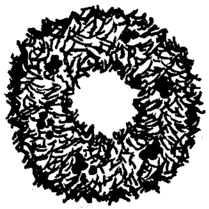

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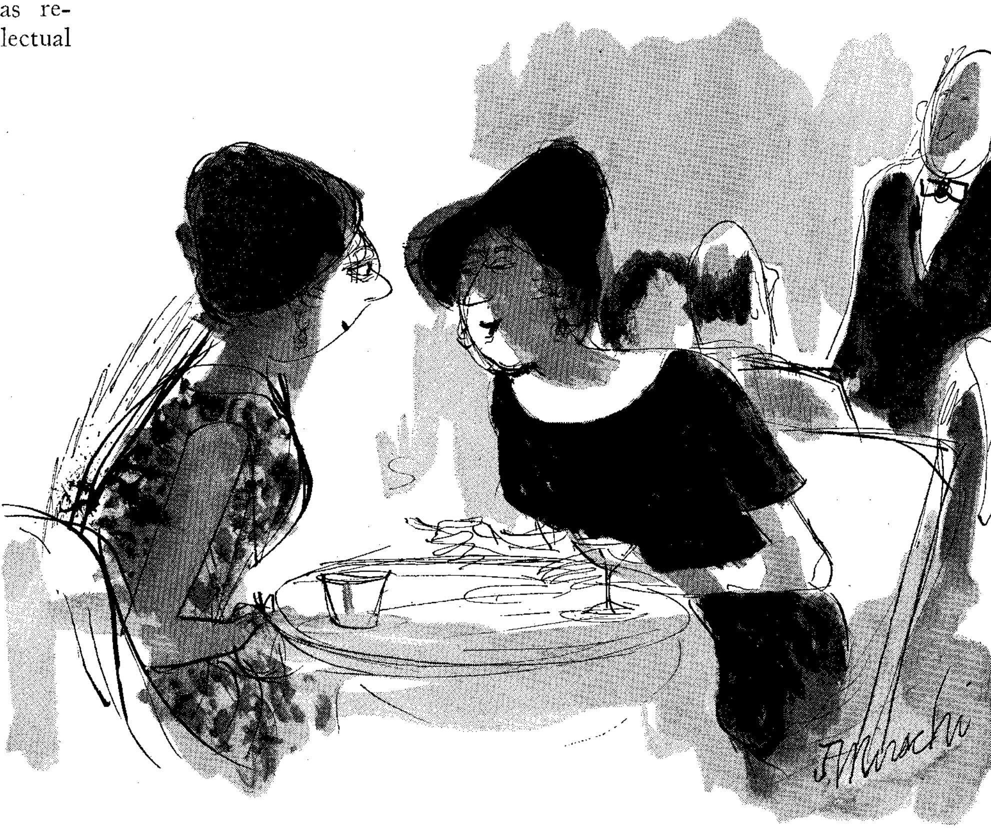
BOOKS

West

A HUNDRED and twenty-five pages into Jay Martin's laborious, voluminous, and eventually worthwhile biography, "Nathanael West: The Art of His Life" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), I wearied of Mr. Martin's sturdy, turbid prose and decided, for a breather, to reread a little of West. It is perhaps a rather unfair contrast, but the flat, terse brilliance of the first few pages of "The Day of the Locust" felled me and I read on, hooked, through all of that book and into, and out of, "Miss Lonelyhearts" and "A Cool Million." If that is the response Mr. Martin's book provokes in even a fraction of his readers, his stupefyingly scholarly labors—which included interviews and correspondence with hundreds of people, six solid pages of whom are listed, seriatim, in his preface—cannot have been in vain. Whatever its faults, this first biography of West will introduce a writer of great importance to a large audience—something that, shamefully, has not happened in the thirty years since his death. Hemingway's popularity has never abated and Fitzgerald has been successfully revived, but West has remained almost solely an intellectual cult object. Yet of the three men he has the most to say to us today. While Hemingway and Fitzgerald are rightly praised for their historicity—their evocation, in widely differing styles, of American lives against the sharply realized backgrounds of Europe and America in the twenties and thirties—West has hardly yet been recognized for his timelessness and his contemporaneity, for his unique ability to sense and seize upon the central rootlessness, emptiness, and violence of American dreams and to project those dreams, and their consequences, into our present and our future. The magic of "The Sun Also Rises" is *that* Paris and *that* Pamplona; the magic of "The Great Gatsby" is *that* New York; the magic of "The Day of the Locust" is *this* Los Angeles and *this* America. West's Middle Americans, the people who "had come to California to die," whose "eyes filled with hatred" when their stares were returned, who followed strange religious and political messiahs and stood in line for hours to catch a glimpse of great stars at film premières, are the Orange County voters and, by extension, the silent majority of today; the all-consuming riot with which his novel ends is Watts, is Kent State, is, by extension, all the disjunctures attendant upon the termination of the American dream; "The Burning of Los Angeles," the great picture Tod Hackett, West's protagonist, "was soon to paint," is the conflagration our country faces now. "The Day of the Locust"—quite apart from its inherent felicities as a novel—is a prophetic book. So, for its terrifying vision of city life, its exploration of the loss of faith and the impossibility of replacing it, and its despairing assessment of the consequences of concern, involvement, responsibility, and love in America, is "Miss Lonelyhearts." Taken together, these two novels say more about the way we live now—and the things that brought us to our present pass—than any other work of fiction I can think of. Add their novelistic virtues of breadth, brevity, telling description and dialogue, unsentimentality, and their methodical madness of tone and incident, and you have two books that must be read and will endure. Thus the importance of Mr. Martin's biography in securing West at last his rightful audience.

I began this review a little irreverently. Before I cite my reasons, let me say that, within certain imaginative limitations, Mr. Martin has done a needed job and done it thoroughly. He has consulted all the documents he could find, and, I would guess, brought new ones to light; more important, he has interviewed virtually all of West's living contemporaries. He has assembled his really staggering research into a long and repetitious but complete account of the events of West's short life; in addition, he has supplied a gloss and an analysis of West's four novels, in the course of which he includes a number of fresh and useful connections between West's life and literary influences and the form and context of his books. Less hopefully, he has furnished summaries of miscellaneous writings, such as juvenilia and movie scripts. Finally, he has thoughtfully provided the reader with a splendid twenty pages of photographs of West and his friends—



"They're calling it a trial separation, but I happen to know he's edited her out of all their home movies."

something I'm all for in a serious biography.

But perhaps that is the trouble with this book. It's serious—all too serious, not to say solemn. Mr. Martin seems awed by his subject, unable to stand back and see him in perspective. There is a great deal of analysis and interpretation of his motivation and state of mind at various points in his life, but the obvious, particularly when it reflects badly on the subject, tends to be overlooked. For example, West is shown, in a long series of incidents, to be an obsessive fabulizer and fabricator, not always purely for effect and often, at least in his early years, for his own gain; a heroic cutter of classes, he did not graduate from high school, he got into Tufts only by forging credits on his transcript, and then, dropped by Tufts for non-attendance, appropriated another man's credits in order to transfer to Brown. This is abnormal, almost psychopathic behavior, yet Mr. Martin simply recounts the incidents without any real attempt to identify or isolate the childhood wound that must have created such an intense revulsion in West against his parents' desire for his education, and such ingenious frauds to make it appear that he was completing that education according to their wishes. And I question Mr. Martin's conclusions on West's whole lifelong problem of identity, particularly in the matter of his name. Born Nathan Weinstein, he was calling himself Nathaniel von Wallenstein Weinstein—Wallenstein was his mother's maiden name; the "von" was appropriated from Schiller's hero—by the time he got to Brown. In 1926, he had his name legally changed to Nathanael West. Mr. Martin attributes this last change mainly to West's wish to symbolize "his rejection of commercial values and . . . of his family." He mentions, as a "more superficial" reason, West's resentment of anti-Semitism, and goes on to remark that "he denied emphatically that such a thing as a Jew really exists. He held . . . that the original Jewish people had . . . blended so deeply into the blood of the countries they found that it was senseless to identify them as a blood strain. He did not regard himself as a Jew at all, but as an American." Nonetheless, says Mr. Martin, though "he had no shame about his Semitic heritage," he spoke of himself at Brown as a "Jewish outsider," a "Jew and a not-Jew at the same time." These contradictions suggest that West was indeed mortified by his Jewishness and by the taunts it drew at Brown—which, like some oth-

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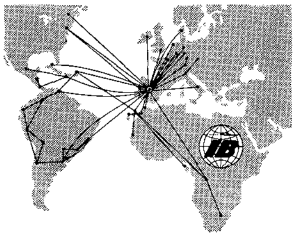

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Making print ads can sometimes be dull. You have to sit, and stare at a typewriter because the words don't sound right. You move the logo around until the client likes where it is, and then make it bigger. And you have to argue more because people who don't know from reverse iris wipes always have opinions about words and pictures.

Dick Coffey, Promotion Director of TIME, recently fired off a memo to his agency which asked: "How come when we review a TV commercial there are always 15 people in the screening room, and when we're trying to close an ad it's just me and the poor damn print production guy?"

But the Dick Coffeys can't be excused, either. Square old clients, with cuffs on their pants and laces in their shoes, get that greasepaint in their veins, too. They go to the locations. They bask in the sun. They dig the scene.

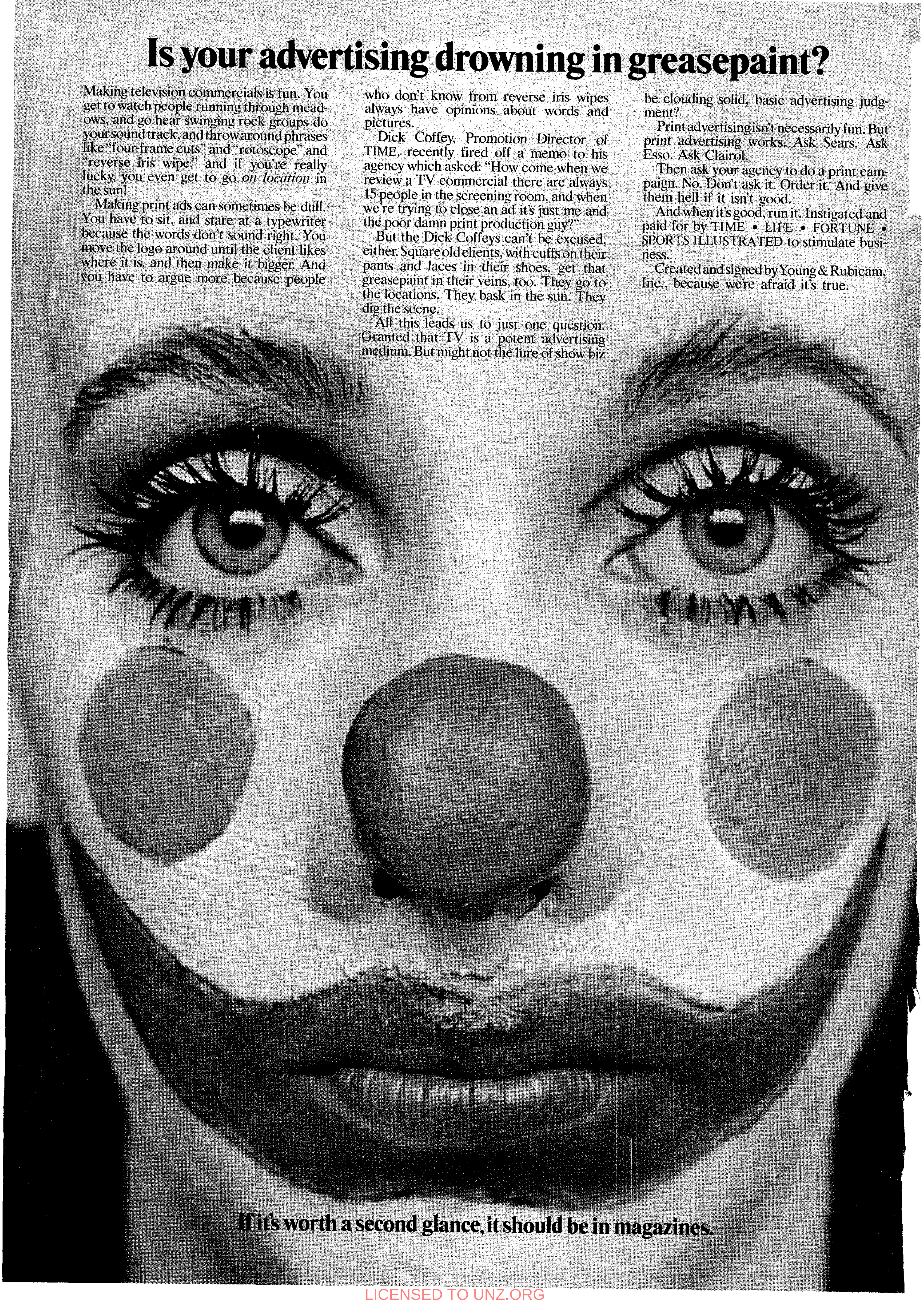
All this leads us to just one question. Granted that TV is a potent advertising medium. But might not the lure of show biz be clouding solid, basic advertising judgment?

Print advertising isn't necessarily fun. But *print* advertising works. Ask Sears. Ask Esso. Ask Clairol.

Then ask your agency to do a print campaign. No. Don't ask it. Order it. And give them hell if it isn't good.

And when it's good, run it. Instigated and paid for by TIME • LIFE • FORTUNE • SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to stimulate business.

Created and signed by Young & Rubicam, Inc., because we're afraid it's true.



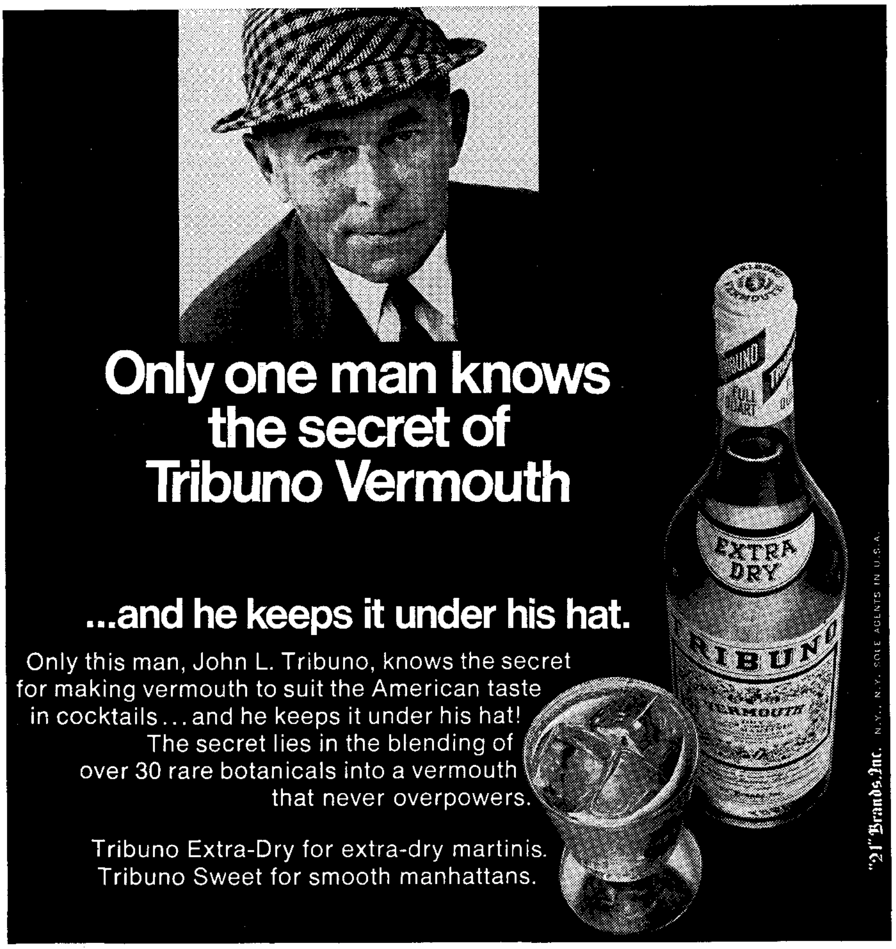
If it's worth a second glance, it should be in magazines.

er Ivy League schools of the twenties, was narrowly Anglo-Saxon and Protestant—and that he attempted to remove the onus of his race by becoming a college dandy (in, significantly, Brooks Brothers clothes), by achieving a reputation as an eccentric and exotic (again significantly, he became rather an expert on the history of the Roman Catholic Church), and, finally, by changing his name.

Mr. Martin does not give us a clear idea of the relative importance of West's four novels. All are summarized at length, and so is their critical reception, but never does Mr. Martin suggest that, say, "A Cool Million" is in any way inferior to "Miss Lonelyhearts." His book is not billed as a critical biography, but I think the reader deserves to know that, as Edmund Wilson wrote as early as 1941, "The Dream Life of Balso Snell" is "a not very successful exercise" and that "A Cool Million" is "a less ambitious book" than "Miss Lonelyhearts."

Lastly, a small complaint and a large one. As I have already suggested, it is unfair to expect the biographer of an outstanding writer to possess an equally accomplished style. Yet Mr. Martin does put one off with his occasional archness (West, he relates, "appeared at the tea dances . . . in company with a certain willowy Pembroke student"), awkwardness ("The key symbol of this attitude is certainly the bookplate"), and portentousness. For an instance of this last, Martin follows a quotation from "The Plastered Duchess," a college play whose title gives an idea of the level of its humor, with the ringing summation that "for a moment, the spirit of the absurd stalked College Hill." For another, Martin ends his description of the wretched sequence of events that brought about the tying up of the first printing of "Miss Lonelyhearts" in litigation in April, 1933, with the fatuous comment that "Eliot's famous description of April, though by then already a cliché, was indeed appropriate for West." So much for the small complaint. The large one concerns the person, the character, the spirit of Nathanael West. They do not come to life in Mr. Martin's book. Though I can recall many of the things West did and said, I *cannot* visualize him for a moment as a living human being. At the end of this long book, he is still an abstraction. It is only when I return to his own books that he comes to life.

West. The name was ironically well chosen. His parents came, already full of American dreams, to the West from



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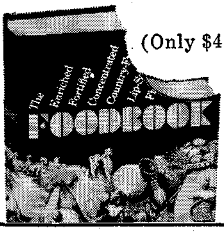

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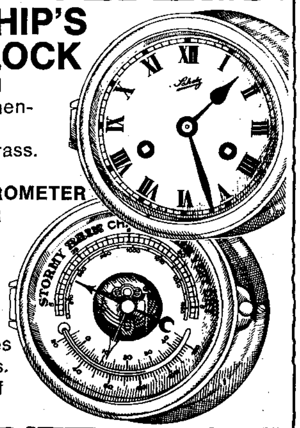

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the Old Country. He wrote the story of the failure of those dreams in our big cities. Then he went on West—to California—and wrote the story of what may be the coming failure of our country. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOOK OF SANSEVERO, by Andrea Giovene, translated from the Italian by Marguerite Waldman (Houghton Mifflin). The author is a member of a ducal family who grew up in and around Naples before the First World War, and so is this novel's protagonist, Giuliano Sansevero. The hero, and narrator, who has been turned by his withdrawn family into a reserved person, is not sure where he belongs, and the novel accompanies him on his search for a place. In so doing, it portrays several societies that have disappeared. First, the Neapolitan nobility that considered its legitimate rulers to be the Bourbons, though they had not ruled since 1860, and considered the House of Savoy, which had ruled, to be usurpers. Later, the pre-Fascist Italian cavalry, where Giuliano does his military service—eighteenth-century in discipline, seventeenth-century in ideas. An intellectual set in Rome given over to philosophy and perversion. The tourists' Paris of the early nineteen-thirties. Giuliano never succeeds in adapting himself to the world as it wags—Mussolini bores him; he falls in love with the sister of the girl he is expected to marry—but succeeds merely in accepting himself. The novel, reflecting Giuliano's personality, is strikingly original in its sensitivities and deep in its emotions and is marked by a passionate integrity.

SCAPEGOATS, by George Mandel (Delacorte). A young middle-class white couple buy and renovate a brownstone house on a Manhattan street that is largely black. One morning, with her husband at work (teaching philosophy at C.U.N.Y.) and her son at nursery school, the wife is suddenly confronted in her kitchen by a black with a gun. He is there as a hired assassin, he announces, but first he intends to rape her. Mr. Mandel then steps confidently out of the commonplace and into a hallucinated reality of physical combat and orgiastic sexuality that reaches a pitch of almost unbearable revelation. A truly, and seriously, shocking novel.

NOTE: Muriel Spark's short novel

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The author of *Malcolm* and *Cabot Wright Begins* focuses on the loves, hates, prides, and prejudices of one small Midwestern town in his most brilliant novel to date

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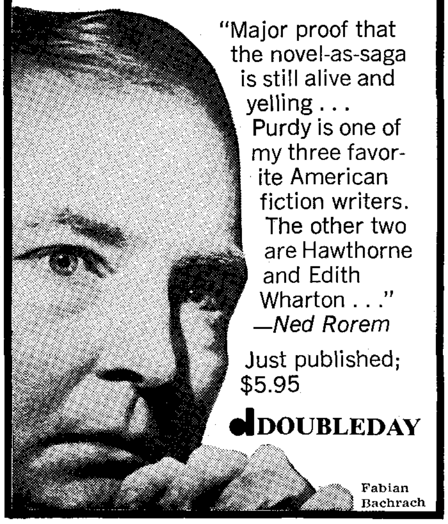

"Major proof that the novel-as-saga is still alive and yelling . . . Purdy is one of my three favorite American fiction writers. The other two are Hawthorne and Edith Wharton . . ." —*Ned Rorem*

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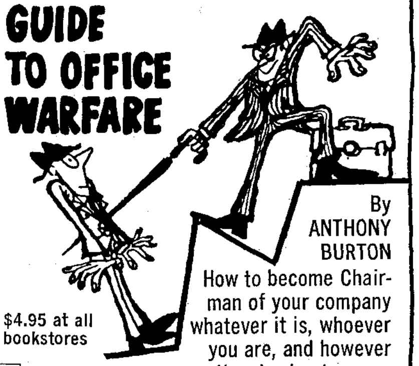

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MORROW

"The Driver's Seat," which first appeared in *The New Yorker,* has been published by Knopf.

GENERAL

ONE MILLION, by Hendrik Hertzberg (Simon & Schuster). The aim of this highly entertaining but also rather sobering book is to enable us to visualize the enormous numbers that we read or hear and take for granted every day. It consists of a million little black dots, five thousand of which are printed in identical columns on each of two hundred pages, together with occasional marginal comments of a statistical nature. Dot No. 2 is defined as "Population of the Garden of Eden." Dot No. 5,790 represents "Languages and dialects spoken by the people of the world." Dot No. 180,000 represents "Americans addicted to heroin." Dot No. 558,000 represents "Gallons of water needed to produce one ton of alfalfa." Dot No. 797,583 represents "Circulation of 'Hot Rod' magazine." But it is the cavalcade of dots that most impresses. Nobody who has turned the eerily kinetic pages of this exercise can ever again speak glibly of a million this or a million that.

MY GRANDFATHER, HIS WIVES AND LOVES, by Diana Holman-Hunt (Norton). Nobody is certain what natural sexual behavior is, so nobody can say that Victorian propriety was one of history's most peculiar distortions of sexuality, but the romantic career of William Holman Hunt, the famous Pre-Raphaelite painter, was a desperate, comic, and unsuccessful attempt to combine Victorian propriety with sex. Like his best friend Millais, Hunt was a realist in two senses: he painted from life, and he wanted to arrive. For the first he needed artists' models; for the second a wife who would be a social asset. Unfortunately, the respectable working girl had not yet been invented, and models, though gayer and in every way more attractive than well-brought-up young ladies, were fallen women, and illiterate besides. Hunt tried to lick the problem by educating Annie Miller, the beautiful young child of the slums who was his model and mistress. While he went off to the Holy Land to find authentic backgrounds for his religious paintings, he arranged for her schooling under the supervision of an extremely proper matron. Annie, however, preferred to stay fallen during and after Hunt's trip. Her

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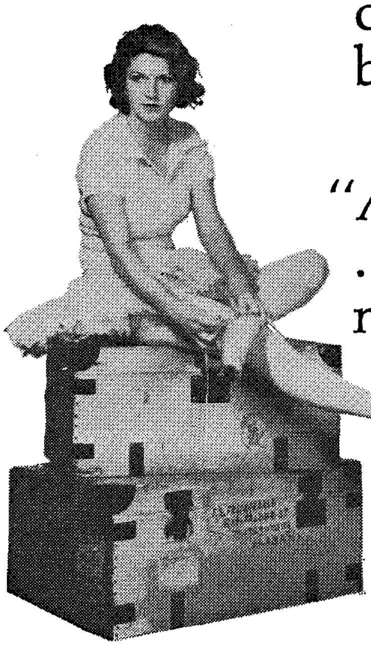
—ELIZABETH JANEWAY, *Saturday Review*



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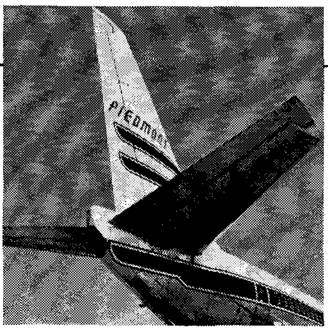

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extracurricular activities did not turn out badly for her, since she married, in 1863, Thomas Ranelagh Thomson, who was a cousin of one of her non-artist lovers, the seventh Viscount Ranelagh, and they lived happily ever after. Hunt had a harder time. He married a respectable upper-middle-class young lady, Fanny Waugh, and was received into the uncomfortable bosom of a Victorian family. Poor Fanny died after childbirth in 1866. Nine years later, the widower married Fanny's younger sister Edith, the author's grandmother, in Switzerland, for the law that forbade marrying a deceased wife's sister was not repealed in England until 1907. So Hunt settled down at last in a happy marriage that was something less than proper, being technically incestuous. The author recounts in a charming preface how her cousin Evelyn Waugh encouraged her to write this work, and Waugh himself contributed an afterpiece, but Cousin Evelyn was not responsible for this work's excellence; that is all Miss Holman-Hunt's doing. Her delicate appreciation that these stormy love stories are at once ridiculous and affecting is superb, like her clean prose.

THE RISE OF NEW YORK PORT, 1815-60, by Robert Greenhalgh Albion (Scribners). An enthralling scholarly work, first published in 1939 and long out of print. Professor Albion tells us that the early primacy of New York as a port led to the city's supremacy in other fields, notably banking, and that New York established its maritime lead—years before the Erie Canal was built—simply because New York merchants and shipowners had more get-up-and-go than their counterparts in other cities. Once the port's top rank was established, however, the city's trade was taken over by immigrants, mainly from Connecticut. These new New Yorkers drove the old New Yorkers into real estate and manufacturing, but the city continued to nourish its seaborne trade; for example, it charged the lowest wharfage of any port. Although New York was never all-conquering, the port's great head start enabled it to keep ahead. The excitement of the book is not wholly the story it tells but also how it tells it: in minute detail, so that a reader knows exactly what it was like to be a clerk in a counting house, a mate on a packet, an upcountry storekeeper doing business with a Manhattan merchant, a newspaperman trying to get a scoop on European news, a harbor pilot, a shipwright, or anyone else whose livelihood depended on the Port of New York. Fifteen dollars.

NO HAIL, NO FAREWELL, by Louis Heren (Harper & Row). The American editor of the London *Times*, who used to be its Washington correspondent, reviews the Presidency of Lyndon Johnson with a detachment that is probably attainable right now only by a foreign observer. He calls attention to the President's achievements, such as real progress in civil rights, and emergency aid that saved India from famine, and to his failures, such as his inability to articulate his reasons for his Vietnam policy. And Mr. Heren is considerably less disturbed by Johnson's personal, or Texan, style than many of Johnson's critics were. (Indeed, Mr. Heren's indifference to social distinctions that Americans take seriously recalls Edward VII's query "What is a Biddle?") Mr. Heren, a good, plain writer, draws no one lesson or conclusion from the widespread rejection of an able, ambitious, earnest President; perhaps, as in the British rejection of Churchill in 1945, the country rather than the leader changed, or perhaps the moral is that for a President patriotism is not enough.

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JEAN COCTEAU, drawn from his lifetime writings by Robert Phelps and translated from the French by Richard Howard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Bits and pieces artfully collated to tell the story of a life dedicated to arts and letters and gossip; to opium addiction, homosexuality, bereavement, and illness; to famous friends, famous works, and famous frivolities. Everything is concise and bright, and nearly everything is affectionate. Nobody knows what kind of genius Cocteau was, but this book shows him to have been a topnotch entertainer with a genius for tenderness.

NOTE: Bobbs-Merrill has published "Prince and Mrs. Charming," a collection of cartoons by Warren Miller, all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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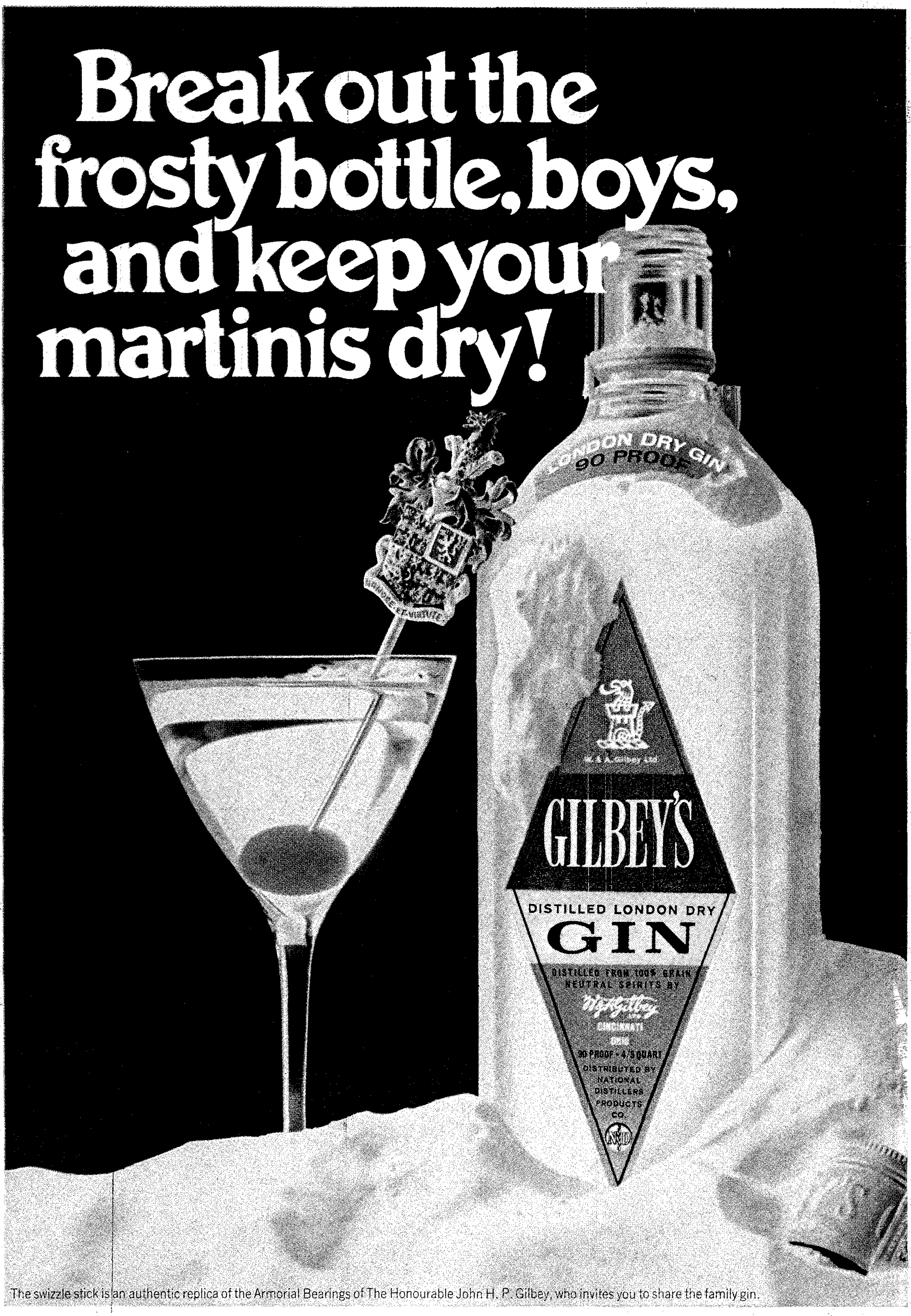
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